

**THE
TEMPLE
CLASSICS**

**THE BOROUGH
BY THE
REV. GEORGE CRABBE**



NOT TO BE LENT OUT
THE
BOROUGH
A POEM
BY
THE REV.
GEORGE
CRABBE

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"Paulo majore canamus."—VIRG.

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Dedication

TO

HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND

MARQUIS OF GRANBY

RECORDER OF CAMBRIDGE AND SCARBOROUGH
LORD-LIEUTENANT AND CUSTOS-ROTULORUM OF THE
COUNTY OF LEICESTER, K.G. AND LL.D.

MY LORD,—The Poem, for which I have ventured to solicit your Grace's attention, was composed in a situation so near to Belvoir Castle, that the author had all the advantage to be derived from prospects extensive and beautiful, and from works of grandeur and sublimity; and though nothing of the influence arising from such situation should be discernible in these verses, either from want of adequate powers in the writer, or because his subjects do not assimilate with such views, yet would it be natural for him to indulge a wish, that he might inscribe his labours to the Lord of a scene which perpetually excited his admiration, and he would plead the propriety of placing the titles of the House of Rutland at the entrance of a volume written in the Vale of Belvoir.

But, my Lord, a motive much more powerful than a sense of propriety, a grateful remembrance of benefits conferred by the noble Family in which you preside, has been the great inducement for me to wish that I might be permitted to inscribe this *Work* to your Grace: the honours of that time were to me unexpected, they were unmerited, and they were transitory; but since I am thus allowed to make public my gratitude, I am in some degree restored to the honour of that period; I have again the happiness to find myself favoured, and my exertions stimulated, by the condescension of the Duke of Rutland.

It was my fortune, in a Poem which yet circulates, to write of the virtues, talents, and heroic death of Lord Robert Manners, and to bear witness to the affection of a Brother whose grief was poignant, and to be soothed only by remembrance of his worth whom he so deeply deplored. In a Patron thus favourably predisposed, my Lord, I might look for much lenity, and could not fear the severity of critical examination: from your Grace, who, happily, have no such impediment to justice, I must not look for the same kind of indulgence. I am assured, by those whose situation gave them opportunity for knowledge, and whose abilities and attention guarded them from error, that I must not expect my failings will escape detection from want of discernment, neither am I to fear that any merit will be undistinguished through deficiency of taste: It is from this information, my Lord, and a consciousness of much which needs for-

giveness, that I entreat your Grace to read my verses, with a wish, I had almost added, with a purpose to be pleased, and to make every possible allowance for subjects not always pleasing; for manners sometimes gross, and for language too frequently incorrect.

With the fullest confidence in your Grace's ability and favour; in the accuracy of your judgment and the lenity of your decision, with grateful remembrance of benefits received, and due consciousness of the little I could merit, with prayers that your Grace may long enjoy the dignities of the House of Rutland, and continue to dictate improvement for the surrounding country;—I terminate an address, in which a fear of offending your Grace has made me so cautious in my expressions, that I may justly fear to offend many of my readers, who will think that something more of animation should have been excited by the objects I view, the benevolence I honour, and the gratitude I profess.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obliged

and obedient humble servant,

GEORGE CRABBE.

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LETTER I

GENERAL DESCRIPTION

These did the Ruler of the Deep ordain,
To build proud Navies, and to rule the Main.

—*Pope's Homer's Iliad*, Book vi., line 45.

Such scenes has Deptford, Navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich.

—*Pope's Imitation of Spenser*.

—Et cum coelestibus undis
Æquoræ miscentur aquæ: caret ignibus æther,
Cœcæque nox premitur tenebris hiemisque suisque;
Discutient tamen has, præbentque micantia lumen
Fulmina: fulmineis ardescunt ignibus undæ.

—*Ovid, Metamorph.*, lib. xi., ver. 520

THE BOROUGH

The Difficulty of describing Town Scenery—A Comparison with certain Views in the Country—The River and Quay—The Shipping and Business—Ship-Building—Sea-Boys and Port Views—Village and Town Scenery again compared—Walks from Town—Cottage and adjoining Heath, &c.—House of Sunday Entertainment—The Sea: A Summer and Winter View—A Shipwreck at Night, and its Effects on Shore—Evening Amusements in the Borough—An Apology for the imperfect View which can be given of these Subjects.

THE BOROUGH

LETTER I

GENERAL DESCRIPTION

“DESCRIBE the Borough”—though our idle The
Tribe Borough

May love Description, can we so describe,
That you shall fairly Streets and Buildings trace,
And all that gives distinction to a place?
This cannot be; yet, mov'd by your request,
A part I paint—let Fancy form the rest.

Cities and Towns, the various haunts of men,
Require the pencil; they defy the pen:
Could he, who sang so well the Grecian Fleet,
So well have sung of Alley, Lane, or Street? 20
Can measur'd lines these various Buildings show,
The Town-Hall Turning, or the Prospect Row?
Can I the seats of Wealth and Want explore,
And lengthen out my Lays from door to door?

Then let thy Fancy aid me—I repair
From this tall Mansion of our last-year's Mayor,
Till we the Out-skirts of the Borough reach,
And these half-buried Buildings next the Beach;

Ship- While the loud Seaman and the angry Hind,
 building Mingling in Business, bellow to the Wind.

177
 burning

Near these a Crew amphibious in the Docks, 177
 Rear, for the Sea, those Castles on the Stocks: 80
 See! the long Keel, which soon the Waves must hide,
 See! the strong Ribs which form the roomy Side,
 Bolts yielding slowly to the sturdiest stroke,
 And Planks¹ which curve and crackle in the smoke.
 Around the whole rise cloudy Wreathes, and far
 Bear the warm pungence of o'er-boiling Tar,

Dabbling on shore half-naked Sea-Boys crowd,
 Swim round a Ship, or swing upon the Shroud,
 Or in a Boat purlin'd, with Paddles play,
 And grow familiar with the Watery Way: 90
 Young though they be, they feel whose Sons they are,
 They know what British Seamen do and dare;
 Proud of that Fame, they raise and they enjoy
 The rustic wonder of the Village-Boy.

Before you bid these busy Scenes adieu,
 Behold the Wealth that lies in public view,
 Those far-extended heaps of Coal and Coke,
 Where fresh-fill'd Lime-kilns breathe their stifling
 Smoke.

This shall pass off, and you behold instead,
 The Night-fire gleaming on its chalky bed; 100
 When from the Light-house brighter beams will arise,
 To show the Shipman where the Shallow lies.

¹ The curvature of planks for the sides of a ship, &c., is, I am informed, now generally made by the power of steam. Fire is nevertheless still used for boats and vessels of the smaller kind.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION

7

Thy Walks are ever pleasant; every Scene
Is rich in beauty, lively, or serene—
Rich—is that varied View with Woods around,
Seen from the Seat, within the Shrubbery bound;
Where shines the distant Lake, and where appear
From Ruins bolting, unmolested Deer;
Lively—the Village-Green, the Inn, the Place,
Where the good Widow schools her Infant-race; 110
Shops, whence are heard, the Hammer and the Saw,
And Village pleasures unprov'd by Law.
Then how serene! when in your favourite Room,
Gales from your Jasmines soothe the Evening Gloom;
When from your upland Paddock you look down,
And just perceive the Smoke which hides the Town;
When weary Peasants at the close of Day
Walk to their Cots, and part upon the way;
When Cattle slowly cross the shallow Brook,
And Shepherds pen their Folds, and rest upon their
Crook.

The sur-
rounding
Country

120

We prune our Hedges, prime our slender Trees,
And nothing looks untutor'd and at ease,
On the wide Heath, or in the flow'ry Vale,
We scent the Vapours of the sea-born Gale;
Broad-beaten Paths lead on from Stile to Stile,
And Sewers from Streets, the Road-side Banks defile;
Our guarded Fields a sense of danger show,
Where Garden-crops with Corn and Clover grow;
Fences are form'd of Wreck and plac'd around,
(With tenters tipp'd) a strong repulsive bound; 130
Wide and deep Ditches by the Gardens run,
And there in ambush lie the Trap and Gun;
Or yon broad Board, which guards each tempting Prize,
"Like a tall Bully, lifts its head and lies."

View now the Winter-Storm! above, one Cloud,
 Black and unbroken, all the Skies o'erthrou'd;
 Th' unwieldy Porpoise through the day before,
 Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore;
 And sometimes hid and sometimes shew'd his form,
 Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam, 200
 The breaking Billows cast the flying Foam
 Upon the Billows rising—all the Deep
 Is restless change; the Waves so swell'd and steep,
 Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
 Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells;
 But nearer Land you may the Billows trace,
 As if contending in their watery chace;
 May watch the mightiest till the Shoal they reach,
 Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
 Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force, 210
 And then re-flowing, take their grating course,
 Raking the rounded Flints, which ages past
 Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Far off the Petrel, in the troubled way
 Swims with her Brood, or flutters in the Spray;
 She rises often, often drops again,
 And sports at ease on the tempestuous Main.

High o'er the restless Deep, above the reach
 Of Gunner's hope, vast flights of Wild-ducks stretch;
 Far as the eye can glance on either side, 220
 In a broad space and level line they glide:
 All in their wedge-like flight from the North,
 Day after day, flight after flight go forth.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION

In-shore their passage Tribes of Sea-gulls urge,
And drop for Prey within the sweeping Surge;
Off in the rough opposing Blast they fly
Far back, then turn and all their forces apply,
While to the Storm they give their weak complaining
cry;
Or clap the sleek white Pinion to the breast,
And in the restless Ocean dip for Rest: 230

Darkness begins to reign; the louder Wind
Appals the weak and awes the firmer mind;
But frights not him, whom Evening and the Spray
In part conceal—yon Prowler on his way:
Lo! he has something seen; he runs apace,
As if he fear'd Companion in the chase;
He sees his Prize, and now he turns again,
Slowly and sorrowing—"Was your search in vain?"
Gruffly he answers, "'Tis a sorry sight!
A Seaman's Body: there'll be more to-night!" 240

Hark! to those sounds, they're from Distress at Sea!
How quick they come! What terrors may there be!
Yes, 'tis a driven Vessel: I discern
Lights, signs of terror, gleaming from the Stern;
Others behold them too, and from the Town,
In various parties Seamen hurry down;
Their Wives pursue, and Damsels urg'd by dread,
Lest Men so dear be into danger led;
Their head the gown has hooded, and their call
In this sad night, is piercing like the squall; 250
They feel their kinds of woe, and when they meet,
Chide, fondle, weep, dare, threaten or intreat.

The See one poor Girl, all terror and alarm;
 Those Has fondly seiz'd upon her Lover's arm;
 "Thou shalt not venture;" and he answers "No!"
 I will not"—still she cries, "Thou shalt not go."

No need of this; not here the stoutest Boat,
 Can through such Breakers, o'er such Billows float;
 Yet may they view these Lights upon the Beach,
 Which yield them Hope, whom Help can never reach. 260

From parted Clouds the Moon her radiance throws
 On the wild Waves and all the Danger shows;
 But shows them beaming in her shining vest,
 Terrific splendour! gloom in glory drest!
 This for a moment, and then Clouds again,
 Hide every beam, and fear and darkness reign.

But hear we now these Sounds? do Lights appear?
 I see them not! the Storm alone I hear:
 And lo! the Sailors homeward take their way;
 Man must endure—let us submit and pray. 270

Such are our Winter-views: but Night comes on,
 Now Business sleeps, and daily Cares are gone;
 Now Parties form; and some their Friends assist,
 To waste the idle hours at sober Whist;
 The Tavern's pleasure, or the Concert's charm,
 Unnumber'd moments of their sting disarm;
 Play-bills and open Doors a Crowd invite,
 To pass off one dread portion of the Night;
 And Show and Song and Luxury combin'd,
 Lift off from Man this burthen of Mankind. 280

GENERAL DESCRIPTION

13

Others advent'rous walk abroad and meet
Returning Parties pacing through the Street;
When various Voices in the dying Day,
Hum in our Walks, and greet us in our Way;
When Tavern-Lights sit on from Room to Room,
And guide the tippling Sailor staggering home:
There as we pass the jingling Bells betray,
How Business rises with the closing Day:
Now walking silent, by the River's side,
The Ear perceives the rippling of the Tide;
Or measur'd cadence of the Lads who tow
Some enter'd Floy, to fix her in her row;
Or hollow sound, which from the Parish-Bell,
To some departed Spirit bids farewell!

Tavern
habits

290

Thus shall you something of our BOROUGH know,
Far as a Verse, with Fancy's aid, can show;
Of Sea or River, of a Quay or Street,
The best Description must be incomplete;
But when an happier Theme succeeds, and when
Men are our subjects and the deeds of Men;
Then may we find the muse in happier style,
And we may sometimes sigh and sometimes smile.

300

LETTER II

THE CHURCH

Festinat enim decurrere velox.
Flosculus angustæ miseræque brevissima Vita
Portio! dum bibimus, dum sarta, unguenta, puellas
Roscinus, obrepat non intellecta senectus.

—JUVENAL, *Satir.*, ix., line 126.

And when at last thy Love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

—Pope.

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THE CHURCH

Several Meanings of the word *Church*—The Building so called, here intended—Its Antiquity and Grandeur—Columns and Aisles—The Tower: The Stairs made by Time compared with the mock Antiquity of the Artist—Progress of Vegetation on such Buildings—Bells—Tombs: One in Decay—Mural Monuments, and the Nature of their Inscriptions—An instance in a departed Burgess—Church-yard Graves—Mourners for the Dead—A Story of a betrothed Pair in humble Life, and Effects of Grief in the Survivor.

LETTER II

THE CHURCH

"WHAT is a Church?"—Let Truth and Reason ^{speaking,} The Church—
They would reply, "The Faithful, Pure and Meek; What
From Christian folds, the one selected Race, is it?
Of all Professions, and in every place."

"What is a Church?"—"A Flock," our Vicar cries,
"Whom Bishops govern, and whom Priests advise;
Wherein are various states and due degrees,
The Bench for Honour, and the Stall for Ease;
That Ease be mine, which, after all his cares,
The pious, peaceful Prebendary shares." 10

"What is a Church?"—Our honest Sexton tells,
"'Tis a tall Building, with a Tower and Bells;
Where Priest and Clerk with joint exertion strive
To keep the ardour of their Flock alive;
That, by his periods eloquent and grave;
This, by responses, and a well-set stave:
These for the Living; but when Life be fled,
I toll myself the Requiem for the Dead."

'Tis to this Church I call thee, and that place
Where slept our Fathers when they'd run their race: 20

Description of the Building We too shall rest, and then our Children keep
 Their road in Life, and then, forgotten, sleep;
 Meanwhile the Building slowly falls away,
 And, like the Builders, will in time decay.

The old Foundation—but it is not clear
 When it was laid,—you care not for the Year;
 On this, as Parts decay'd by Time and Storms,
 Arose these varied disproportion'd Forms;
 Yet Gothic all, the Learn'd who visit us
 (And our small Wonders) have decided thus:
 "Yon noble Gothic Arch," "that Gothic Door:"
 So have they said; 'of proof you'll need no more.

Here large plain Columns rise in solemn style,
 You'd love the Gloom they make in either Aile;
 When the Sun's Rays, enfeebled as they pass
 (And shorn of splendour) through the storied Glass,
 Faintly display the Figures on the Floor,
 Which pleas'd distinctly in their place before.

But ere you enter, yon bold Tower survey,
 Tall and entire and venerably grey,
 For Time has soften'd what was harsh when new,
 And now the Stains are all of sober hue;
 The living Stains which Nature's hand alone,
 Profuse of Life, pours forth upon the Stone;
 For ever growing; where the common Eye
 Can but the bare and rocky Bed descry:
 "There Science loves to trace her Tribes minute,
 The juiceless Foliage, and the tasteless Fruit;
 There she perceives them round the surface creep,
 And while they meet, their due distinctions keep;
 Mix'd but not blended; each its name retains,
 And these are Nature's ever-during Stains.

And wouldst thou, Artist; with thy Tints and Brush, ^{Descrip-}
 Form Shades like these? Pretender, where thy Blush? ^{ture of the}
 In three short Hours shall thy presuming Hand ^{Painting}
 Th' effect of three slow Centuries command?¹
 Thou may'st thy various Greens and Greys contrive;
 They are not Lichens, nor like aught alive;
 But yet proceed; and when thy Tints are lost,
 Fled in the Shower, or crumbled by the Frost; 60
 When all thy Work is done away as clean
 As if thou never spread'st thy Grey and Green;
 Then may'st thou see how Nature's Work is done,
 How slowly true she lays her Colours on;
 When her least Speck upon the hardest Flint
 Has Mark and Form and is a living Tint;
 And so embodied with the Rock, that few
 Can the small Germ upon the Substance view.²

Seeds, to our Eye invisible, will find
 On the rude Rock the Bed that fits their kind; 70

¹ If it should be objected, that Centuries are not slower than Hours, because the speed of Time must be uniform; I would answer, that I understand so much, and mean that they are slower in no other sense, than because they are not finished so soon.

² This kind of vegetation, as it begins upon siliceous stones, is very thin, and frequently not to be distinguished from the surface of the Flint. The *Dyros Jolithus* of Linnæus (*Lepraria Jolithus* of the present System), an adhesive carmine crust on rocks and old buildings, was, even by scientific persons, taken for the substance on which it spread. A great variety of these minute vegetables are to be found in some parts of the coast, where the beach, formed of stones of various kind, is undisturbed, and exposed to every change of weather: in this situation, the different species of Lichen, in their different stages of growth, have an appearance interesting and agreeable even to those who are ignorant of, and indifferent to the cause.

What in their tempers toss'd as on distress'd,
 Is, with our anger and the Dead, at rest;
 And much we grieve, no longer trait made,
 For that impatience which we then display'd; 130
 Now to their Love and Worth of every kind,
 A soft compunction turns th' afflicted mind;
 Virtues neglected then, ador'd become,
 And Graces slighted, blossom on the Tomb.

'Tis well; but let not Love nor Grief believe,
 That we assent (who neither lov'd nor grieve)
 To all that Praise, which on the Tomb is read,
 To all that Passion dictates for the Dead;
 But more indignant, we the Tomb deride,
 Whose bold inscription Flattery sells to Pride. 140

Read of this Burgess—on the Stone appear,
 How worthy he! how virtuous! and how dear!
 What wailing was there when his Spirit fled,
 How mourn'd his Lady for her Lord when dead,
 And tears abundant through the Town were shed; }
 See! he was liberal, kind, religious, wise,
 And free from all disgrace and all disguise;
 His sterling worth which words cannot express,
 Lives with his Friends, their pride and their distress.

All this of *Jacob Holmes*? for his the name; 150
 He thus kind, liberal, just, religious?—Shame!
 What is the truth? Old *Jacob* married thrice;
 He dealt in Coals, and Avarice was his vice;
 He rul'd the Borough, when his Year came on,
 And some forget, and some are glad he's gone;
 For never yet with shilling could he part,
 But when it left his hand, it struck his heart.

Yet, here will Love its last attentions pay,
 And place Memorials on these Beds of Clay.
 Large level Stones lie flat upon the Grave,
 And half a Country's Sun and Tempest brave
 But many an honest tear and heartfelt sigh,
 Have follow'd those who now unnotic'd lie :
 Of these what numbers rest on every side !
 Without one token left by Grief or Pride ;
 Their Graves soon levell'd to the Earth, and then
 Will other Hallocks rise o'er other Men ;
 Daily the Dead on the Decay'd are thrust,
 And Generations follow, "dust to dust."

Mourners
 for the
 Dead.

160

Yes ! there are real Mourners—I have seen 170
 A fair, sad Girl, mild, suffering, and serene ;
 Attention (through the day) her duties claim'd,
 And to be useful as resign'd she aim'd ;
 Neatly she dress'd, nor vainly seem'd t' expect
 Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect ;
 But when her wearied Parents sunk to sleep,
 She sought her place to meditate and weep ;
 Then to her mind was all the past display'd,
 That faithful Memory brings to Sorrow's aid :
 For then she thought on one regretted Youth, 180
 Her tender trust, and his unquestion'd truth ;
 In every place she wander'd, where they'd been,
 And sadly-sacred held the parting-scene ;
 Where last for Sea he took his leave—that place
 With double interest would she nightly trace ;
 For long the Courtship was, and he would say,
 Each time he sail'd,—"This once, and then the
 day :"
 Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
 He drew from pitying Love a full consent.

The ¹⁹⁰ Happy he sail'd, and great the care she took,
 That he should softly sleep, and smartly look ;
 White was his better linen, and his check
 Was made more trim than any on the deck ;
 And every comfort Men at Sea can know,
 Was her's to buy, to make, and to bestow :
 For he to Greenland sail'd, and much she told,
 How he should guard against the climate's cold ;
 Yet saw not danger ; dangers he'd withstood,
 Nor could she trace the Fever in his blood :
 His Messmates smil'd at flushings in his cheek, ²⁰⁰
 And he too smil'd, but seldom would he speak ;
 For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
 With grievous symptoms he could not explain ;
 Hope was awaken'd, as for home he sail'd,
 But quickly sank, and never more prevail'd.

He call'd his Friend, and prefac'd with a sigh
 A Lover's message—"Thomas, I must die :
 Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
 My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
 And gazing go !—if not, this trifle take, ²¹⁰
 And say, till death I wore it for her sake :
 Yes ! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on !
 Give me one look, before my life be gone,
 Oh ! give me that, and let me not despair,
 One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more ; I will not paint
 The Lover's meeting : she beheld him faint,—
 With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
 Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew ;
 He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said, ²²⁰
 "Yes ! I must die," and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nurs'd him; tender thoughts meantime **Death of**
 Were interchang'd; and hopes and views sublime. **the Sailor**
 To her he came to die, and every day
 She took some portion of the dread away;
 With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
 Sooth'd the faint heart, and held the aching head;
 She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
 Apart she sigh'd; alone, she shed the tear;
 Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave 23a
 Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
 The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
 They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think,
 Yet said not so—"perhaps he will not sink;"
 A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
 A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;—
 She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
 And led him forth and plac'd him in his chair;
 Lively he seem'd and spoke of all he knew, 24b
 The friendly many, and the favourite few;
 Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
 But she has treasur'd, and she loves them all;
 When in her way she meets them, they appear
 Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
 He nam'd his Friend, but then his hand she prest,
 And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to rest;"
 "I go," he said; but as he spoke, she found
 His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
 Then gaz'd affrighten'd; but she caught a last, 25a
 A dying look of love,—and all was past!

She plac'd a decent Stone his Grave above,
 Neatly engrav'd—an offering of her Love;

Grief of the Survivor Far that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to Duty and the Dead;
She would have griev'd, had Friends presum'd to part
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

Here will she come and, on the Grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if Observer pass, will take her round, 260
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While Visions please her, and while Woes destroy.

Forbear, sweet Maid! nor be by Fancy led,
To hold mysterious converse with the Dead;
For sure at length thy thoughts, thy spirits pain,
In this sad conflict will disturb thy brain;
All have their tasks and trials; thine are hard,
But short the time and glorious the reward;
Thy patient spirit to thy duties give, 270
Regard the Dead, but to the Living, live.¹

¹ It has been observed to me, that in the first part of the story I have represented this young woman as resigned and attentive to her duties; from which it should appear that the concluding advice is unnecessary: but if the reader will construe the expression "to the living live," into the sense—live entirely for them, attend to duties only which are real, and not those imposed by the imagination; I shall have no need to alter the line which terminates the story.

LETTER III

THE VICAR—THE CURATE, &c.

And telling me the sov'reign'st thing on earth
Was parasitism for an inward bruiser.

—SHAKESPEARE, *Henry IV.*, Act I.

So gentle, yet so brisk, so wond'rous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet.

—CHURCHILL.

Much are the precious hours of Youth misspent,
In climbing Learning's rugged, steep ascent:
When, to the top the bold Adventurer's got,
He reigns vain Monarch of a barren spot;
While in the Vale of Ignorance below,
Folly and Vice to rank Luxuriance grow;
Honours and Wealth pour in on every side,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.

—CHURCHILL.

The lately departed Minister of the Borough—His soothing and supplicatory Measures—His cool and timid Affections—No Praise due to such negative Virtue—Address to Characters of this Kind—The Vicar's Employments—His Talents and moderate Ambition—His Dislike of Innovation—His mild but ineffectual Benevolence—A Summary of his Character.

CURATE

Mode of paying the Borough Minister—The Curate has no such Resources—His Learning and Poverty—Erroneous Idea of his Parent—His Feelings as an Husband and Father—The dutiful Regard of his numerous Family—His Pleasure as a Writer, now interrupted—No Resource in the Press—Vulgar Insult—His Account of a Literary Society, and a Fund for the Relief of indigent Authors. &c

LETTER III

THE VICAR

WHERE ~~was~~ our Chancel in a vaulted space,
Sleep the departed Vicars of the place;
Of most, all mention, memory, thought are past,
But take a slight memorial of the last.

Portrait
of the
Vicar

To what fam'd College we our Vicar owe,
To what fair County, let Historians show:
Few now remember when the mild young Man,
Ruddy and fair, his Sunday-Task began;
Few live to speak of that soft soothing look
He cast around, as he prepar'd his Book;
It was a kind of supplicating smile,
But nothing hopeless of applause, the while;
And when he finish'd, his corrected pride
Felt the desert, and yet the praise denied.
Thus he his race began, and to the end
His constant care, was no man to offend;
No haughty virtues stirr'd his peaceful mind,
Nor urg'd the Priest to leave the Flock behind;
He was his Master's Soldier, but not one,
To lead an army of his Martyrs on;
Fear was his ruling passion: yet was Love,
Of timid kind, once known his heart to move;

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11

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The It led his patient spirit where it paid
 Its languid offerings to a listening Maid :
 Icicle She, with her widow'd Mother, heard him speak,
 And sought awhile to find what he would seek :
 Smiling he came, he smil'd when he withdrew,
 And paid the same attention to the two ;
 Meeting and parting without joy or pain,
 He seem'd to come that he might go again. 30
 The wondering Girl, no prude, but something nice,
 At length was chill'd by his unmelting ice ;
 She found her tortoise held such sluggish pace,
 That she must turn and meet him in the chase ;
 This not approving, she withdrew till one
 Came who appear'd with livelier hope to run :
 Who sought a readier way the heart to move,
 Than by faint dalliance of unfixing love.

Accuse me not that I approving paint
 Impatient Hope or Love without restraint ; 40
 Or think the Passions, a tumultuous throng,
 Strong as they are, ungovernably strong,
 But is the Laurel to the Soldier due,
 Who cautious comes not into Danger's view ?
 What worth has Virtue by Desire untried,
 When Nature's self insists on Duty's side ?

The married Dame in vain assail'd the truth
 And guarded bosom of the Hebrew Youth ;
 But with the Daughter of the Priest of On
 The love was lawful, and the guard was gone ; 50
 But Joseph's fame had lessen'd in our view,
 Had he, refusing, fled the Maiden too.

Yet our good Priest to Joseph's praise aspir'd,
 As one rejecting what his heart desir'd,

"I am escap'd," he said, when none pursued;
 When none attack'd him, "I am unsubdued."
 "Oh pleasing pangs of Love," he sang again,
 Cold to the joy, and stranger to the pain.
 Ev'n in his age would he address the Young,
 "I too have felt these fires, and they are strong;" 60
 But from the time he left his favourite Maid,
 To ancient Females his devoirs were paid;
 And still they miss him after Morning Prayer;
 Nor yet Successor fills the Vicar's chair,
 Where kindred Spirits in his praise agree,
 An happy few, as mild and cool as he;
 The easy followers in the Female-train,
 Led without Love, and Captives without Chain.

Ye Lilies male! think (as your Tea you sip,
 While the Town Small-talk flows from lip to lip; 70
 Intrigues half-gather'd, Conversation-scrap,
 Kitchen-cabals, and Nursery-mishaps),
 If the vast World may not some scene produce,
 Some state where your small Talents might have use;
 Within Seraglio you might harmless move,
 'Mid ranks of Beauty, and in haunts of Love;
 There from too daring Man the Treasures guard,
 An easy duty and its own reward;
 Nature's soft substitutes you there might save,
 From Crime the Tyrant, and from Wrong the Slave. 80

But let applause be dealt in all we may,
 Our Priest was cheerful, and in season gay;
 His frequent visits seldom fail'd to please;
 Easy himself, he sought his Neighbour's ease:
 To a small Garden with delight he came,
 And gave successive Flowers a Summer's fame;

These he presented with a grace his own
 To his fair Friends, and made their beauties known,
 Not without moral compliment; how they
 "Like Flowers were sweet, and must like Flowers
 decay."

Simple he was, and lov'd the simple Truth;
 Yet had some useful Cunning, from his youth;
 A Cunning never to Dishonour sent,
 And rather for Defence than Conquest meant;
 'Twas fear of Power, with some desire to rise,
 But not enough to make him enemies;
 He ever aim'd to please; and to offend
 Was ever cautious; for he sought a Friend;
 Yet for the Friendship never much would pay,
 Content to bow, be silent, and obey,
 And by a soothing suff'rance find his way.

Fiddling and Fishing were his arts: at times
 He alter'd Sermons, and he aim'd at Rhymes;
 And his Fair Friends, not yet intent on Cards,
 Oft he amus'd with Riddles and Charades.

Mild were his Doctrines, and not one Discourse
 But gain'd in softness what it lost in force;
 Kind his Opinions; he would not receive
 An ill report, nor evil act believe;
 "If true, 'twas wrong; but blemish great or small
 Have all Mankind, yea, Sinners are we all."

If ever fretful Thought disturb'd his breast,
 If aught of Gloom that cheerful mind oppress,
 It sprang from innovation; it was then
 H: spake of Mischief made by restless Men.

The
Vicar's

Not by new Doctrines; never in his life
Would he attend to controversial Strife;
For Sects he car'd not; "They are not of us,
Nor need we," Brethren, their concerns discuss;
But 'tis the Change, the Schism at home I feel; 120
Ills few perceive, and none have skill to heal;
Not at the Altar our young Brethren read
(Facing their Flock) the Decalogue and Creed;
But at their Duty, in their Desks they stand,
With naked Surplus, lacking Hood and Band:
Churches are now of holy Song bereft,
And half our ancient Customs chang'd or left;
Few Sprigs of Ivy are at Christmas seen,
Nor crimson Berry tips the Holly's green;
Mistaken Choirs refuse the solemn Strain 130
Of ancient *Sternbold*, which from ours amain
Comes flying forth from Aile to Aile about
Sweet links of Harmony and long drawn out."

These were to him Essentials; all things new,
He deem'd superfluous, useless or untrue;
To all beside indifferent, easy, cold,
Here the fire kindled, and the word was told.

Habit with him was all the test of Truth,
"It must be right: I've done it from my youth."
Questions he answer'd in as brief a way, 140
"It must be wrong—it was of yesterday."

Though mild Benevolence our Priest possess'd,
"I was but by wishes or by words express'd:
Circles in water as they wider flow,
The less conspicuous in their progress grow;
And when at last they touch upon the shore,
Distinction ceases, and they're view'd no more:

His Love, like that last Circle, all embrac'd;
But with effect that never could be trac'd.

Now tells our Vicar. They who knew him best, 150
Proclaim his Life t'have been entirely set;
Free from all Evils which disturb his Mind,
Whom Studies vex and Controversies bind.

The Rich approv'd—of them in awe he stood;
The Poor admir'd—they all believ'd him good:
The Old and Serious of his Habits spoke;
The Frank and Youthful lov'd his pleasant Joke;
Mothers approv'd a safe contented Guest,
And Daughters one who back'd each small request;
In him his Flock found nothing to condemn: 160
Him Sectaries lik'd—he never troubled them;
No trifles fail'd his yielding Mind to please,
And all his Passions sunk in early Ease;
Nor one so old has left this World of Sin,
More like the Being that he enter'd in.

THE CURATE

Ask you what Lands our Pastor tithes?—Alas!
But few our Acres, and but short our Grass;
In some fat Pastures of the Rich indeed,
May roll the single Cow or favourite Steed;
Who, stable-fed, is here for Pleasure seen, 170
His sleek sides bathing in the dewy green:
But these, our hilly Heath and Common wide
Yield a slight portion for the Parish-guide;
No Crops luxuriant in our borders stand,
For here we plough the Ocean, not the Land;

Portrait
of the
Curate

Still Reason wills that we our Pastor pay,
And Custom does it at a certain day;
Much is the Duty, small the legal Due,
And this with grateful minds we keep in view;
Each makes his off'ring, some by habit led, 180
Some by the thought that all men must be fed;
Duty and Love and Piety and Pride
Have each their force, and for the Priest provide.

Not thus our Curate, one whom all believe
Pious and just, and for whose fate they grieve;
All see him poor, but ev'n the Vulgar know
He merits love, and their respect bestow.
A man so learn'd you shall but seldom see,
Nor one so honour'd, so aggriev'd as he;—
Not griev'd by years alone; though his appear 190
Dark and more dark; severer on severe;
Not in his head—and yet we all must grant,
How painful 'tis for feeling Age to want;
Nor in his body's sufferings; yet we know,
Where Time has plough'd, there Misery loves to sow;
But in the wearied Mind, that all in vain
Wars with Distress and struggles with its pain.

His Father saw his powers—"I'll give," quoth he,
"My First-born learning; 'twill a portion be."
Unhappy gift! a portion for a Son! 200
But all he had;—he learn'd, and was undone!

Better, apprentic'd to an humble Trade,
Had he the Carack, for the Priesthood, made,
Or thrown the Shuttle, or the Saddle shap'd;
And all those pangs of feeling South escap'd.

The
Quaker
saying
Ah! who shall whisper to that Miserly Petros?
And say that Want and Indolence shall cease? 276

"But why not publish?" — Those who know too well,
Dealers in Greek, are fearful 'twill not sell;
Then he himself is timid, troubled, slow,
Nor likes his labours nor his griefs to show:
The hope of Fame may in his heart have place,
But he has dread and horror of Disgrace;
Nor has he that confiding, easy way,
That might his Learning and himself display;
But to his Work he from the World retreats,
And frets and glories o'er the favourite sheets. 280

But see! the Man himself; and sure I trace
Signs of new joy exulting in that face
O'er Care that sleeps—we err, or we discern
Life in thy looks—the reason may we learn?

"Yes," he replied, "I'm happy, I confess,
To learn that some are pleas'd with happiness;
Which others feel—there are who now combine
The worthiest natures in the best design,
To aid the letter'd Poor, and soothe such ills as mine:
We who more keenly feel the World's contempt,
And from its miseries are the least exempt;
Now Hope shall whisper to the wounded breast,
And Grief, in soothing expectation, rest."

"Yes, I am taught that Men who think, who feel,
Unite the pains of thoughtful Men to heal;
Not with disdainful Pride, whose bounties make
The Needy curse the Benefits they take;
Not with the idle Vanity that knows
Only a selfish joy when it bestows."

Not with o'erbearing Wealth, that, in disdain,
 Hurl the superfluous bliss at groaning Pain;
 But these are Men, who yield such blest relief,
 That with the grievance they destroy the grief;
 Their timely aid the needy Sufferers find,
 Their generous manner soothes the suffering Mind;
 Their's is a gracious bounty, form'd to raise
 Him whom it aids; their Charity is praise;
 A common bounty may relieve distress,
 But whom the Vulgar succour, they oppress;
 This though a favour, is an honour too,
 Though Mercy's duty, yet 'tis Merit's due;
 When our relief from such resources rise,
 All painful sense of obligation dies;
 And grateful feelings in the bosom wake,
 For 'tis their Offerings, not their Alms we take.

300 ~~the~~
Wishes

310

"Long may these founts of Charity remain,"
 And never shrink, but to be fill'd again;
 True! to the Author they are now confin'd,
 To him who gave the Treasures of his Mind,
 His Time, his Health, and thankless found Man-
 kind:

But there is hope that from these founts may flow 321
 A side-way stream, and equal good bestow;
 Good that may reach us, whom the day's distress
 Keeps from the fame and perils of the Press;
 Whom Study beckons from the Ills of Life,
 And they from Study; melancholy strife!
 Who then can say, but Bounty now so free,
 And so diffus'd, may find its way to me?

"Yes! I may see my decent Table yet
 Cheer'd with the Meal, that adds not to my Debt; 330

SECTS

Are numerous and successive—General Effect of false Zeal
—Deists—Fanatical Idea of Church Reformers—The
Church of Rome—Baptists—Swedenborgians—Uni-
versalists—Jews.

Methodists of two kinds ; Calvinistic and Arminian.

The Preaching of a Calvinistic Enthusiast—His Contempt
of Learning—Dislike to sound Morality ; Why—His
Idea of Conversion—His Success and Pretensions to
Humility.

The Arminian Teacher of the older Flock—Their Notions of
the Operations and Power of Satan—Description of his
Devices—Their Opinion of regular Ministers—Com-
parison of these with the Preacher himself—A Rebuke
to his Hearers : introduces a Description of the power-
ful Effects of the Word in the early and awakening
Days of Methodism

LETTER IV

SECTS AND PROFESSIONS IN RELIGION

"SECTS in Religion?"—Yes, of every race **Variety
of Sects**
We nurse some portion in our favour'd place ;
Not one warm Preacher of one growing Sect
Can say our Borough treats him with neglect ;
Frequent as Fashions, they with us appear,
And you might ask "how think we for the year ?"
They come to us as Riders in a Trade,
And with much art exhibit and persuade.

Minds are for Sects of various kinds decreed,
As diff'rent Soils are form'd for diff'rent Seed ; 10
Some when converted, sigh in sore amaze,
And some are wrapt in Joy's ecstatic blaze ;
Others again will change to each extreme,
They know not why—as hurried in a dream ;
Unstable they, like water, take all forms ;
Are quick and stagnant ; have their calms and storms ;
High on the Hills, they in the sun-beams glow,
Then muddily they move debas'd and slow ;
Or cold and frozen rest, and neither rise nor flow. }

Yet none the cool and prudent Teacher prize, 20
On him they doat who wakes their ecstasies ;
With Passions ready prim'd such Guide they meet,
And warm and kindle with th' imparted heat ;

Truth 'Tis he who wakes the nameless strong desire,
 must The melting rapture, and the glowing fire ;
 prevail 'Tis he who pierces deep the tortur'd breast,
 And stirs the terrors, never more to rest.

Oppos'd to these we have a prouder kind,
 Rash without heat ! and without raptures blind ;
 These our *Glad Tidings* unconcern'd peruse, 30
 Search without awe and without fear refuse ;
 The Truths, the Blessings found in Sacred Writ,
 Call forth their spleen, and exercise their wit ;
 Respect from these nor Saints nor Martyrs gain,
 The Zeal they scorn, and they deride the Pain ;
 And take their transient, cool, contemptuous view,
 Of that which must be tried, and doubtless—*may be true*.

Friends of our Faith we have, whom Doubts like
 these,
 And keen Remarks, and bold Objections please ;
 They grant such Doubts have weaker Minds oppress, 40
 Till sound Conviction gave the Troubled rest.

“ But still,” they cry, “let none their censures spare,
 They but confirm the glorious hopes we share ;
 From doubt, disdain, derision, scorn, and lies,
 With five-fold triumph sacred Truth shall rise.”

Yes ! I allow, so Truth shall stand at last,
 And gain fresh glory by the conflict past : —
 As *Solway-Moss* (a barren mass and cold,
 Death to the Seed and poison to the Fold),
 The smiling Plain and fertile Vale o'erlaid, 50
 Chok'd the green Sod, and kill'd the springing Blade ;
 That, chang'd by Culture, may in time be seen,
 Errich'd by golden Grain, and Pasture green ;

And these fair Acres rented and enjoy'd,
May those excell by *Solway-moss* destroy'd.¹

Pre-
eminence
of the
Church

Still must have mourn'd the Tenant of the day,
For Hopes destroy'd, and Harvests swept away ;
To him the gain of future years unknown,
The instant grief and suffering were his own :
So must I grieve for many a wounded heart, 60
Chill'd by those Doubts which bolder minds impart ;
Truth in the end shall shine divinely clear,
But sad the Darkness till those times appear ;
Contests for Truth, as Wars for Freedom, yield
Glory and Joy to those who gain the field ;
But still the Christian must in pity sigh
For all who suffer and uncertain die.

Here are who all the Church maintains, approve,
But yet the Church herself they will not love ;
In angry speech, they blame the carnal eye, 70
Which pure Religion lost her spirit by ;
What time from prisons, flames, and tortures led,
She slumber'd careless in a royal bed ;
To make, they add, the Churches' glory shine,
Should *Dioclesian* reign, not *Constantine*.

" In pomp," they cry, " is England's Church
array'd,
Her cool Reformers wrought like men afraid ;
We would have pull'd her gorgeous Temples down,
And spurn'd her Mitre, and defil'd her Gown ;
We would have trodden low both Bench and Stall, 80
Nor left a Tithe remaining, great or small."

¹ For an account of this extraordinary and interesting event, I refer my readers to the Journals of the Year 1772.

Every Let us be serious—Should such trials come,
man Are they themselves prepar'd for Martyrdom?
clings to It seems to us that our Reformers knew
his own Th' important work they undertook to do;
Creed An equal Priesthood they were loth to try,
 Lest Zeal and Care should with Ambition die;
 To them it seem'd that, take the Tenth away,
 Yet Priests must eat, and you must feed or pay:
 Would they indeed, who hold such pay in scorn, 90
 Put on the muzzle when they tread the Corn?
 Would they all, gratis, watch and tend the Fold,
 Nor take one Fleece to keep them from the cold?

Men are not equal, and 'tis meet and right
 That Robes and Titles our respect excite;
 Order requires it, 'tis by vulgar Pride
 That such regard is censur'd and denied;
 Or by that false enthusiastic Zeal
 That thinks the Spirit will the Priest reveal,
 And show to all men, by their powerful speech, 100
 Who are appointed and inspir'd to teach:
 Alas! could we the dangerous rule believe,
 Whom for their teachers should the Crowd receive?
 Since all the varying kinds demand respect,
 All press you on to join their chosen Sect,
 Although but in this single point agreed,
 "Desert your Churches and adopt our-Creed."

We know full well how much our Forms offend
 The burthen'd Papist and the simple Friend;
 Him, who new Robes for every Service takes, 110
 And who in Drab and Beaver sighs and shakes;
 He on the Priest, whom Hood and Band adorn,
 Looks with the sleepy eye of silent scorn;

But him I would not for my Friend and Guide,
Who views such things with spleen or wears with pride. **The Church of Rome**

See next our several Sects,—but first behold
The *Church of Rome*, who here is poor and old :
Use not triumphant rail'ry, or at least
Let not thy Mother be a whore and beast ;
Great was her Pride indeed, in antient times, 120
Yet shall we think of nothing but her Crimes ?
Exalted high above all earthly things,
She plac'd her Foot upon the Necks of Kings ;
But some have deeply since aveng'd the Crown,
And thrown her Glory and her Honours down ;
Nor Neck nor Ear can she of Kings command,
Nor place a Foot upon her own fair Land.

Among her Sons, with us a quiet few,
Obscure themselves, her ancient State review ;
And fond and melancholy glances cast 130
On Power insulted, and on Triumph past :
They look, they can but look, with many a sigh,
On sacred Buildings doom'd in dust to lie ;—
“On Seats,” they tell, “where Priests 'mid Tapers dim
Breath'd the warm Prayer, or tun'd the midnight Hymn ;
Where trembling Penitents their Guilt confess'd,
Where Want had succour, and Contrition rest ;
There weary Men from Trouble found relief,
There Men in Sorrow found repose from Grief :
To scenes like these the fainting Soul retir'd ; 140
Revenge and Anger in these tells expir'd ;
By Pity sooth'd, Remorse lost half her fears,
And soften'd Pride dropt penitential tears.

“Then Convent-Walls and Nunnery-Spires arose,
In pleasant spots which Monk or Abbot chose,

Baptists When Counts and Barons, Saints devoted fed,
and And making cheap exchange, had Pray'r for Bread.
Sweden-
borgians

“Now all is lost, the Earth where Abbeyes stood,
 Is Layman's Land, the Glebe, the Stream, the Wood;
 His Oxen low where Monks retir'd to eat, 150
 His Cows repose upon the Prior's Seat;
 And wanton Doves within the Cloisters bill,
 Where the chaste Votary warr'd with wanton Will.”

Such is the change they mourn, but they restrain
 The rage of Grief and passively complain.

We've *Baptists* old and new; forbear to ask
 What the distinction—I decline the task;
 This I perceive, that when a Sect grows old,
 Converts are few, and the Converted cold:
 First comes the hot-bed Heat, and while it glows, 160
 The Plants spring up, and each with vigour grows;
 Then comes the cooler Day,—and though awhile
 The Verdure prospers and the Blossoms smile,
 Yet poor the Fruit and form'd by long delay,
 Nor will the Profits for the Culture pay;
 The skilful Gard'ner then no longer stops,
 But turns to other Beds for bearing Crops.

Some *Swedenborgians* in our streets are found,
 Those wandering Walkers on enchanted Ground;
 Who in our World, can other Worlds survey, 170
 And speak with Spirits though confin'd in Clay:
 Of Bible-Mysteries they the keys possess,
 Assur'd themselves where wiser Men but guess:
 'Tis theirs to see around, about, above,—
 How Spirits mingle thoughts and Angels move;

Those whom our grosser views from us exclude,
To them appear—an heavenly Multitude ;
While the dark Sayings, seal'd to Men like us,
Their Priests interpret and their Flocks discuss.

Spiritual
Phaëtons

But while these gifted men, a favour'd Fold, 180
New Powers exhibit and new Worlds behold ;
Is there not danger lest their Minds confound
The Pure above them with the Gross around ?
May not these *Phaëtons*, who thus contrive
Twixt Heaven above and Earth beneath to drive,
When from their flaming Chariots they descend,
The Worlds they visit in their Fancies blend ?
Alas ! too sure on both they bring disgrace,
Their Earth is crazy, and their Heaven is base.

We have, it seems, who treat, and doubtless well, 190
Of a chastising, not awarding Hell ;
Who are assur'd that an offended God
Will cease to use the Thunder and the Rod ;
A Soul on Earth, by crime and folly stain'd,
When here corrected, has Improvement gain'd ;
In other State still more improv'd to grow,
And nobler Powers in happier World to know ;
New strength to use in each divine employ,
And, more enjoying, looking more to Joy.

A pleasing vision ! could we thus be sure 200
Polluted Souls would be at length so pure ;
The view is happy, we may think it just,
It may be true—but who shall add, it must ?
To the plain words and sense of Sacred Writ,
With all my heart, I rev'rently submit ;
But where it leaves me doubtful, I'm afraid
To call Conjecture to my Reason's aid ;

Jews Thy Thoughts, thy Ways, great God ! are not as mine,
And to thy Mercy I my Soul resign.

Jews are with us, but far unlike to those, 210
Who, led by *David*, warr'd with *Israel's* Foes ;
Unlike to those whom his imperial Son
Taught Truths divine—the Preacher *Solomon* :
Nor War nor Wisdom yield our Jews delight,
They will not study, and they dare not fight.¹

These are, with us, a slavish, knavish Crew,
Shame and dishonour to the name of Jew ;
The poorest Masters of the meanest Arts,
With cunning Heads, and cold and cautious Hearts ;
They grope their dirty way to petty Gains, 220
While poorly paid for their nefarious Pains.

Amazing Race ! depriv'd of Land and Laws,
A general Language, and a public Cause ;
With a Religion, none can now obey,
With a Reproach that none can take away ;
A People still, whose common Ties are gone,
Who, mix'd with every Race, are lost in none.

What said their Prophet?—"Should'st thou dis-
obey,
The LORD shall take thee from thy Land away ;
Thou shalt a bye-word and a proverb be, 230
And all shall wonder at thy woes and thee ;
Daughter and Son shalt thou, while captive, have,
And see them made the Bond-maid and the Slave ;
He, whom thou leav'st, *the Lord thy God*, shall bring

¹ Some may object to this assertion ; to whom I beg leave to answer, that I do not use the word *fight* in the sense of the Jew *Mendoza*.

War to thy Country on an eagle-wing : Seceders
 A People strong and dreadful to behold,
 Stern to the Young, remorseless to the Old ;
 Masters whose speech thou canst not understand,
 By cruel signs shall give the harsh command :
 Doubtful of Life shalt thou by night, by day, 240
 For grief and dread and trouble pine away ;
 Thy evening-wish,—Would God ! I saw the Sun ;
 Thy morning-sigh,—Would God ! the Day were done.
 Thus shalt thou suffer, and to distant times
 Regret thy Misery and lament thy Crimes.”¹

A Part there are whom doubtless Man might trust,
 Worthy as wealthy, pure, religious, just ;
 They who with patience, yet with rapture look
 On the strong Promise of the Sacred Book :
 As, unfulfill'd, th' endearing Words they view, 250
 And blind to Truth, yet own their Prophets true ;
 Well pleas'd they look for *Sion's* coming state,
 Nor think of *Julian's* boast and *Julian's* fate.²

More might I add ; I might describe the Flocks
 Made by *Seceders* from the antient Stocks ;
 Those who will not to any Guide submit,
 Nor find one Creed to their Conceptions fit—
 Each Sect they judge, in something, goes astray,
 And every Church has lost the certain Way ;
 Then for themselves they carve out Creed and Laws, 260
 And weigh their Atoms, and divide their Straws.

¹ See the Book of Deuteronomy, chapter xxvii., and various other places.

² His boast, that he would rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem ;—his fate (whatever becomes of the miraculous part of the story), that he died before the foundation was laid.

Wes- A Sect remains, which though divided long
leyans In hostile Parties, both are fierce and strong, }
 And into each inlists a warm and zealous throng.
 Soon as they rose in fame, the strife arose,
 The *Calvinistic* these, th' *Arminian* those ;
 With *Wesley* some remain'd, the remnant *Whitfield* |
 chose.

Now various Leaders both the Parties take,
 And the divided Hosts their new Divisions make.

See yonder Preacher ! to his People pass, 270
 Borne up and swell'd by Tabernacle-gas ;
 Much he discourses, and of various points,
 All unconnected, void of limbs and joints ;
 He rails, persuades, explains, and moves the Will,
 By fierce bold Words, and strong mechanic Skill.

" That Gospel, *Paul* with zeal and love maintain'd,
 To others lost, to you is now explain'd ;
 No worldly Learning can these points discuss,
 Books teach them not as they are taught to us :
 Illiterate call us !—let their wisest Man 280
 Draw forth his thousands as your Teacher can :
 They give their Moral Precepts ; so, they say,
 Did *Epictetus* once and *Seneca* :
 One was a Slave, and Slaves we all must be,
 Until the SPIRIT comes and sets us free.
 Yet hear you nothing from such Men but Works,
 They make the Christian Service like the Turks.

" Hark to the Churchman : day by day he cries,
 ' Children of Men, be virtuous and be wise ;
 Seek Patience, Justice, Temp'rance, Meekness,
 Truth ; 290
 In Age be courteous, be sedate in Youth.'—

So they advise, and when such things be read,
How can we wonder that their Flocks are dead ?

Calvin-
istic
Chapel :
Charity

• “The Heathens wrote of Virtue ; they could dwell
On such light points : in them it might be well,
They might for Virtue strive ; but I maintain,
Our Strife for Virtue would be proud and vain.
When *Samson* carried Gaza's gates so far,
Lack'd he an helping Hand to bear the bar ?
Thus the most virtuous must in bondage groan : 300
Samson is grace and carries all alone.¹

“Hear you not Priests their feeble spirits spend,
In bidding Sinners turn to God, and mend ;
To check their Passions, and to walk aright,
To run the Race, and fight the glorious Fight ?
Nay more—to pray, to study, to improve,
To grow in goodness, to advance in love ?

“Oh ! Babes and Sucklings, dull of heart and slow,
Can Grace be gradual ? Can Conversion grow ?
The work is done by instantaneous Call ; 310
Converts at once are made, or not at all ;
Nothing is left to grow, reform, amend,
The first Emotion is the Movement's end :
If once forgiven, Debt can be no more ;
If once adopted, will the Heir be poor ?
The Man who gains the Twenty-thousand Prize,
Does he by little and by little rise ?
There can no Fortune for the Soul be made,
By peddling cares and savings in her trade.

¹ Whoever has attended to the Books or Preaching of these enthusiastic People, must have observed much of this kind of absurd and foolish application of Scripture History : it seems to them as reasoning.

Conver- "Why are our Sins forgiven?—Priests reply,— 320
sion —'Because by Faith on Mercy we rely;
 Because, believing, we repent and pray.'—
 Is this their Doctrine?—then they go astray:
 We're pardon'd neither for Belief nor Deed,
 For Faith nor Practice, Principle nor Creed;
 Not for our Sorrow for our former Sin,
 Not for our Fears when better Thoughts begin;
 Nor Prayers nor Penance in the cause avail,
 All strong Remorse, all soft Contrition fail;
 It is the *Call!* till that proclaims us free, 330
 In Darkness, Doubt, and Bondage we must be;
 Till that *assures* us, we've in vain endur'd,
 And all is over when we're once assur'd.

"This is Conversion:—First there comes a Cry
 Which utters, 'Sinner, thou'rt condemn'd to die;'
 Then the struck Soul to every Aid repairs,
 To Church and Altar, Ministers and Prayers;
 In vain she strives,—involv'd, ingulph'd in Sin;
 She looks for Hell, and seems already in:
 When in this travail, the New-birth comes on, 340
 And in an instant every Pang is gone;
 The mighty Work is done without our pains,—
 Claim but a part, and not a part remains.

"All this, Experience tells the Soul, and yet
 These moral Men their pence and farthings set }
 Against the terrors of the countless Debt:
 But such Compounders, when they come to Jail,
 Will find that Virtues never serve as Bail.

"So much to Duties: now to Learning look,
 And see their Priesthood piling Book on Book; 350

Yea, Books of Infidels, we're told, and Plays,
 Put out by Heathens in the wink'd-on days ;
 The very Letters are of crooked kind,
 And show the strange Perverseness of their Mind.
 Have I this Learning ? When the LORD would speak,
 Think ye he needs the Latin or the Greek ?
 And lo ! with all their Learning, when they rise
 To preach, in view the ready Sermon lies ;
 Some low-priz'd stuff they purchas'd at the Stalls,
 And more like *Seneca's* than *Mine* or *Paul's* : 360
 Children of Bondage, how should they explain
 The Spirit's Freedom, while they wear a Chain ?
 They study Words, for Meanings grow perplex'd,
 And slowly hunt for Truth from Text to Text,
 Through Greek and Hebrew :—we the meaning seek
 Of that within, who every tongue can speak :
 This all can witness ; yet the more I know,
 The more a meek and humble Mind I show.

**False
Humility**

“No ! let the Pope, the high and mighty Priest,
 Lord to the Poor, and Servant to the Beast ; 370
 Let Bishops, Deans, and Prebendaries swell
 With Pride and Fatness till their Hearts rebel :
 I'm meek and modest—If I could be proud,
 This crowded Meeting, lo ! th' amazing Crowd !
 Your mute Attention, and your meek Respect,
 My Spirit's fervour, and my Word's Effect.
 Might stir th' unguarded Soul ; and oft to me
 The Tempter speaks, whom I compel to flee ;
 He goes in fear, for he my force has tried,—
 Such is my power ; but can you call it pride ? 380

“No, fellow-pilgrims ! of the things I've shown
 I might be proud, were they indeed my own !

Arminian But they are lent; and well you know the Source
Latitude Of all that's mine, and must confide of course;
 Mine! no, I err; 'tis but consign'd to me,
 And I am nought but Steward and Trustee."

FAR other Doctrines yon *Arminian* speaks;
 "Seek Grace," he cries, "for he shall find who seeks."
 This is the antient Stock by *Wesley* led,
 They the pure Body; he the reverend Head; 390
 All Innovation they with dread decline,
 Their *John* the Elder, was the *John* Divine;
 Hence, still their moving Prayer, the melting Hymn,
 The varied Accent, and the active Limb;
 Hence that implicit faith in *Satan's* Might,
 And their own Matchless Prowess in the fight.
 In every act they see that lurking Foe
 Let loose awhile, about the World to go;
 A Dragon flying round the Earth to kill
 *The heavenly hope, and prompt the carnal will; 400
 Whom sainted Knights attack in Sinners' cause,
 And force the wounded Victim from his Paws;
 Who but for them would Man's whole race subdue,
 For not an Hireling will the Foe pursue.

"Show me one Churchman who will rise and pray }
 Through half the night, though lab'ring all the day, }
 Always abounding—show me him, I say: "
 Thus cries the Preacher, and he adds, "their Sheep
 Satan devours at leisure, as they sleep.
 Not so with us; we drive him from the Fold, 410
 For ever barking, and for ever bold:
 While they securely slumber, all his schemes
 Take full effect,—the Devil never dreams:

Watchful and changeful through the World he goes, **The**
 And few can trace this deadliest of their Foes; **Work-**
 But I detect, and at his work surprise **ings of**
 The subtle Serpent under all disguise. **the Spirit**

“ Thus to Man’s Soul, the Foe of Souls will speak,
 — ‘ A Saint-elect, you can have nought to seek ;
 Why all this labour in so plain a case, 420
 Such care to run when certain of the race ? ’
 All this he urges to the carnal will,
 He knows you’re slothful, and would have you still :
 Be this your answer,— ‘ Satan, I will keep
 Still on the watch till you are laid asleep.’
 Thus too the Christian’s progress he’ll retard :—
 ‘ The Gates of Mercy are for ever barr’d ;
 And that with Bolts so driven and so stout,
 Ten thousand Workmen cannot wrench them out.’
 To this deceit you have but one reply,— 430
 Give to the Father of all Lies, the Lie.

“ A Sister’s weakness he’ll by fits surprise,
 His her wild laughter, his her piteous cries :
 And should a Pastor at her side attend,
 He’ll use her organs to abuse her Friend :
 These are Possessions—unbelieving Wits
 Impute them all to Nature ; ‘ They’re her Fits,
 Caus’d by commotions in the Nerves and Brains ; ’—
 Vain talk ! but they’ll be fitted for their pains.

“ These are in part the Ills the Foe has wrought, 440
 And these the Churchman thinks not worth his thought ;
 They bid the Troubled try for peace and rest,
 Compose their Minds and be no more distress :
 As well might they command the passive Shore
 To keep secure, and be o’erflow’d no more ;

Armi- To the wrong subject is their Skill applied ;
nian Self- To act like Workmen, they should stem the Tide.
righteous-

ness “ These are the Church-physicians ; they are paid
 With noble fees for their advice and aid ;
 Yet know they not the inward pulse to feel, 450
 To ease the anguish, or the wound to heal.
 With the sick Sinner, thus their work begins,
 ‘ Do you repent you of your former Sins ?
 Will you amend if you revive and live ?
 And, pardon seeking, will you pardon give ?
 Have you belief in what your Lord has done,
 And are you thankful ?—all is well, my son.’

“ A way far different ours—we thus surprise
 A Soul with questions, and demand replies :

“ ‘ How dropt you first,’ I ask, ‘ the Legal Yoke ? 460
 What the first word the Living Witness spoke ?
 Perceiv’d you Thunders roar, and Lightnings shine,
 And Tempests gathering, ere the Birth divine ?
 Did Fire, and Storm, and Earthquake all appear
 Before that still small Voice, *What dost thou here ?*
 Hast thou by day and night, and soon and late,
 Waited and watch’d before Admission-gate ;
 And so a Pilgrim and a Soldier pass’d
 To *Sion’s* Hill through battle and through blast ?
 Then in thy way didst thou thy Foe attack, 470
 And mad’st thou proud *Apollyon* turn his back ?

“ Heart-searching things are these, and shake the
 Mind,
 Yea, like the rustling of a mighty Wind.

“ Thus would I ask :—‘ Nay, let me question now,
 How sink my Sayings in your Bosoms ? how ?

Feel you a quickening? drops the subject deep?
 Stupid and stony, no! you're all asleep;
 Listless and lazy, waiting for a close,
 As if at Church—Do I allow repose?
 Am I a Legal Minister? do I
 With Form or Rubrick, Rule or Rite comply?
 Then whence this quiet, tell me, I beseech?
 One might believe you heard your Rector preach,
 Or his assistant Dreamer:—Oh! return,
 Ye times of burning, when the Heart would burn;
 Now Hearts are Ice, and you, my freezing Fold,
 Have Spirits sunk and sad, and Bosoms stony-cold.*

Preachers
 of Terror

480

“ Oh! now again for those prevailing Powers,
 Which once began this mighty work of ours;
 When the wide field, God's Temple, was the place, 490
 And Birds flew by to catch a breath of Grace;
 When 'mid his timid Friends and threat'ning Foes,
 Our zealous Chief as *Paul* at *Athens* rose;
 When with infernal spite and knotty clubs
 The Ill-one arm'd his Scoundrels and his Scrubs;
 And there were flying all around the spot
 Brands at the Preacher, but they touch'd him not;
 Stakes brought to smite him, threaten'd in his cause,
 And tongues, attun'd to curses, roar'd applause;
 Louder and louder grew his awful tones, 500
 Sobbing and sighs were heard, and rueful groans;
 Soft Women fainted, prouder Man exprest
 Wonder and woe, and Butchers smote the breast;
 Eyes wept, ears tingled; stiff'ning on each head,
 The hair drew back, and *Satan* howl'd and fled.

“ In that soft Season when the gentle Breeze
 Rises all round and swells by slow degrees;

-The Till Tempests gather, when through all the Sky
 Battle The Thunders rattle, and the Lightnings fly;
 of the When Rain in torrents, Wood and Vale deform, 510
 Lord And all is Horror, Hurricane, and Storm :

“ So, when the Preacher in that glorious time,
 Than Clouds more melting, more than Storm sublime,
 Dropt the new Word, there came a charm around;—
 Tremors and terrors rose upon the sound;
 The stubborn Spirits by his force he broke,
 As the fork'd Lightning rives the knotted Oak :
 Fear, Hope, Dismay, all signs of Shame or Grace,
 Chain'd every Foot, or featur'd every Face;
 Then took his sacred Trump a louder swell, 520
 And now they groan'd, they sicken'd, and they fell :
 Again he sounded, and we heard the cry
 Of the Word-wounded, as about to die;
 Further and further spread the conquering Word,
 As loud he cried—‘ *the Battle of the Lord.*’
 Ev'n those apart who were the Sound denied,
 Fell down instinctive, and in Spirit died.
 Nor staid he yet—his Eye, his Frown, his Speech,
 His very Gesture had a power to teach;
 With out-stretch'd Arms, strong Voice, and piercing
 Call, 530
 He won the Field, and made the *Demons* fall,
 And thus in triumph took his glorious way,
 Through scenes of horror, terror, and dismay.”

LETTER V

ELECTIONS

Say then, which class to greater follies stoop,
The great in promise, or the poor in hope ?

Be brave, for your Leader is brave, and vows Reformation ; there shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny ; and the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops. I will make it felony to drink small-beer : all shall eat and drink on my score, and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers ; and they shall all worship me as their Lord. SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VI.*

THE ELECTION

The Evils of the Contest, and how in part to be avoided—
The Miseries endured by a Friend of the Candidate—
The various Liberties taken with him, who has no
personal Interest in the Success—The unreasonable Ex-
pectations of Voters—The Censures of the opposing
Party—The Vices as well as Follies shown in such time
of Contest—Plans and Cunning of Electors—Evils
which remain after the Decision, opposed in vain by
the Efforts of the Friendly: and of the Successful; among
whom is the Mayor—Story of his Advancement till he
was raised to the Government of the Borough—These
Evils not to be placed in balance with the Liberty of the
People, but are yet subjects of just Complaint.

LETTER V

THE ELECTION

YES, our Election's past, and we've been free,
Somewhat as Madmen without Keepers be;
And such desire of Freedom has been shown,
That both the Parties wish'd her all their own:
All our free Smiths and Cobblers in the Town,
Were loth to lay such pleasant Freedom down;
To put the Bludgeon and Cockade aside,
And let us pass unhurt and undefied.

**Party
Symbols**

True! you might then your Party's Sign produce,
And so escape with only half th' abuse; 10
With half the danger as you walk'd along,
With rage and threat'ning but from half the throng:
This you might do, and not your Fortune mend,
For where you lost a Foe, you gain'd a Friend:
And to distress you, vex you, and expose,
Election-Friends are worse than any Foes;
The Party-curse is with the Canvass past,
But Party-friendship, for your grief, will last.

Friends of all kinds; the Civil and the Rude,
Who humbly wish, or boldly dare t' intrude; 20
These beg or take a liberty to come,
(Friends should be free), and make your House their
home;

Various kinds of Supporters They know that warmly you their Cause espouse,
And come to make their boastings and their bows :
You scorn their manners, you their words mistrust,
But you must hear them, and they know you must.

One plainly sees a Friendship firm and true,
Between the noble Candidate and you ;
So humbly begs (and states at large the Case),
“ You’ll think of *Bobby* and the little Place.” 30

Stifling his shame by drink, a wretch will come,
And prate your Wife and Daughter from the room ;
In pain you hear him, and at heart despise,
Yet with heroic mind your pangs disguise ;
And still in patience to the Sot attend,
To show what Man can bear to serve a Friend.

One enters hungry—not to be denied,
And takes his place and jokes—“ We’re of a Side.”
Yet worse, the Proser who, upon the strength
Of his one Vote, has tales of three hours’ length ; 40
This sorry Rogue you bear, yet with surprise
Start at his Oaths, and sicken at his Lies.

Then comes there one, and tells in friendly way
What the Opponents in their anger say ;
All that through life has vex’d you, all Abuse,
Will this kind Friend in pure regard produce ;
And having through your own Offences run,
Adds (as appendage) what your Friends have done.

Has any female Cousin made a trip
To Gretna-Green, or more vexatious slip ? 50
Has your Wife’s Brother, or your Uncle’s Son
Done aught amiss, or is he thought t’ have done ?

Is there of all your Kindred some who lack
 Vision direct, or have a gibbous Back?
 From your unlucky Name may Quips and Puns
 Be made by these upbraiding Goths and Huns?
 To some great public Character have you
 Assign'd the fame to Worth and Talents due,
 Proud of your Praise?—In this, in any case,
 Where the Brute-spirit may affix disgrace,
 These Friends will smiling bring it, and the while
 You silent sit, and practise for a smile.

Suffer-
 ings of
 a Party
 Politician

60

Vain of their power, and of their value sure,
 They nearly guess the tortures you endure;
 Nor spare one pang—for they perceive your Heart
 Goes with the Cause; you'd die before you'd start;
 Do what they may, they're sure you'll not offend,
 Men who have pledg'd their Honours to your Friend.

Those Friends indeed, who start as in a Race,
 May love the sport, and laugh at this disgrace; 70
 They have in view the Glory and the Prize,
 Nor heed the dirty steps by which they rise:
 But we their poor Associates lose the Fame,
 Though more than Partners in the Toil and Shame.

Were this the whole, and did the time produce
 But Shame and Toil, but Riot and Abuse;
 We might be then from serious Grievs exempt,
 And view the whole with Pity and Contempt.
 Alas! but here the vilest Passions rule,
 It is Seduction's, is Temptation's School; 80
 Where Vices mingle in the oddest ways,
 The grossest Slander, and the dirtiest Praise;
 Flattery enough to make the vainest sick,
 And clumsy Stratagem, and scoundrel Trick:

The Nay more, your Anger and Contempt to cause,
Plots These, while they fish for Profit, claim Applause ;
Voter Brib'd, bought and bound, they banish Shame and
 Fear ;

Tell you they're staunch, and have a Soul sincere ;
 Then talk of Honour, and if doubt's exprest,
 Show where it lies, and smite upon the Breast. 90

Among these Worthies some at first declare
 For whom they vote ;—he then has most to spare ;
 Others hang off—when coming to the Post
 Is spurring Time, and then he'll spare the most :
 While some demurring, wait, and find at last
 The Bidding languish, and the Market past ;
 These will affect all Bribery to condemn,
 And be it Satan laughs, he laughs at them.

Some too are pious—One desir'd the Lord
 To teach him where “to drop his little word ; 100
 To lend his Vote, where it would profit best ;
 Promotion came not from the East or West ;
 But as their Freedom had promoted some,
 He should be glad to know which way 'twould come :
 It was a naughty World, and where to sell
 His precious Charge, was more than he could tell.”

“But you succeeded ?”—True, at mighty Cost,
 And our good Friend, I fear, will think he's lost :
 Inns, Horses, Chaises, Dinners, Balls, and Notes ;
 What fill'd their Purses, and what drench'd their
 Throats ; 110

The Private Pension, and indulgent Lease,—
 Have all been granted to these Friends who fleece ;
 Friends who will hang like Burrs upon his Coat,
 And boundless judge the value of a Vote.

And though the Terrors of the Time be past,
 There still remain the Scatterings of the Blast ;
 The Boughs are parted that entwin'd before,
 And antient Harmony exists no more ;
 The gusts of Wrath our peaceful Seats deform,
 And sadly flows the sighing of the Storm : 120
 Those who have gain'd, are sorry for the Gloom,
 But they who lost, unwilling Peace should come ;
 There open Envy, here suppress Delight,
 Yet live till Time shall better Thoughts excite,
 And so prepare us by a six-years' Truce,
 Again for Riot, Insult, and Abuse.

Our worthy Mayor, on the victorious part,
 Cries out for Peace, and cries with all his heart ;
 He, civil Creature ! ever does his best,
 To banish Wrath from every Voter's breast ; 130
 " For where," says he, with reason strong and plain,
 " Where is the Profit ? what will Anger gain ? "
 His short stout person he is wont to brace
 In good brown Broad-cloth, edg'd with two-inch Lace,
 When in his Seat : and still the Coat seems new,
 Preserv'd by common use of Seemap's blue.

He was a Fisher from his earliest day,
 And plac'd his Nets within the Borough's Bay ;
 Where by his Skates, his Herrings, and his Soles,
 He liv'd, nor dream'd of *Corporation-Doles* ;¹ 140

¹ I am informed that some explanation is here necessary, though I am ignorant for what class of my readers it can be required. Some corporate bodies have actual property, as appears by their receiving rents ; and they obtain money on the admission of members into their society : this they may lawfully share perhaps. There are, moreover, other doles, of still greater value, of which it is not necessary for me to explain the nature or to inquire into the legality.

Money But toiling sav'd, and saving, never ceas'd
makes Till he had box'd up Twelve-score Pounds at least :
Money He knew not Money's power, but judg'd it best
 Safe in his Trunk to let his Treasure rest ;
 Yet to a Friend complain'd :—"Sad charge, to keep
 "So many Pounds, and then I cannot sleep :"
 "Then put it out," replied the Friend :—"What, give
 My Money up ? why then I could not live :"
 "Nay, but for Interest place it in his hands,
 Who'll give you Mortgage on his House or Land :"
 "Oh, but," said Daniel, "that's a dangerous plan,
 He may be robb'd like any other Man ;"
 "Still he is bound, and you may be at rest,
 More safe the Money than within your Chest ;
 And you'll receive, from all deductions clear,
 Five Pounds for every Hundred, every Year."
 "What good in that?" quoth Daniel, "for 'tis
 plain,
 If part I take, there can but part remain :"
 "What ! you, my Friend, so skill'd in gainful
 things,
 Have you to learn what Interest Money brings ?" 160
 "Not so," said Daniel, "perfectly I know,
 He's the most Interest who has most to show."
 "True ! and he'll show the more, the more he lends ;
 Thus he his weight and consequence extends ;
 For they who borrow must restore each sum,
 And pay for use—What, Daniel, art thou dumb ?"
 For much amaz'd was that good Man—"Indeed !"
 Said he with glad'ning eye, "will Money breed ?
 How have I liv'd ? I grieve, with all my heart,
 For my late Knowledge in this precious Art :—"
 Five Pounds for every Hundred will he give ? 170
 And then the Hundred—I begin to live."—

So he began, and other means he found,
 As he went on, to multiply a Pound :
 Though blind so long to Interest, all allow
 That no Man better understands it now :
 Him in our Body-Corporate we chose,
 And once among us, he above us rose ;
 Stepping from post to post, he reach'd the Chair,
 And there he now reposes—that's the Mayor. 180

Party
 Trade

But 'tis not he, 'tis not the kinder Few,
 The Mild, the Good, who can our Peace renew ;
 A peevish humour swells in every Eye,
 The Warm are angry, and the Cool are shy ;
 There is no more the social Board at Whist,
 The good old Partners are with scorn dismiss'd ;
 No more with Dog and Lantern comes the Maid,
 To guide the Mistress when the Rubber's play'd ;
 Sad shifts are made lest Ribbons blue and green,
 Should at one Table, at one time be seen ; 190
 On Care and Merit none will now rely,
 'Tis Party sells, what Party Friends must buy ;
 The warmest Burgess wears a Bodger's Coat,
 And Fashion gains less Interest than a Vote ;
 Uncheck'd the Vintner still his Poison vends,
 For he too votes, and can command his Friends.

But this admitted ; be it still agreed,
 These ill Effects from noble Cause proceed ;
 Though like some vile Excrescences they be,
 The Tree they spring from is a sacred Tree, } 200
 And its true produce, Strength and Liberty.

Yet if we could th' attendant Ills suppress,
 If we could make the sum of Mischief less ;

The If we could warm and angry Men persuade,
Good No more Man's common Comforts to invade ;
Days And that old Ease and Harmony re-seat,
of Old In all our Meetings, so in Joy to meet ;
Much would of Glory to the Muse ensue,
And our good Vicar would have less to do.

LETTER VI
PROFESSIONS—LAW

Quid Leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt ?

—HORACE.

*
Væ ! misero mihi, mea nunc facinora
Apperjuntur, clam quæ speravi fore.

—MANILIUS.

THE PROFESSION OF LAW

Trades and Professions of every kind to be found in the Borough—Its Seamen and Soldiers—Law, the Danger of the Subject—Coddington's Offence—Attorneys increased; their splendid Appearance, how supported—Some worthy Exceptions—Spirit of Litigation,* how stirred up—A Boy articulated as a Clerk; his Ideas—How this Profession perverts the Judgment—Actions appear through this Medium in a false Light—Success from honest Application—Archer, a worthy Character—Swallow, a Character of different Kind—His Origin, Progress, and Success, &c.

LETTER VI

PROFESSIONS—LAW

“TRADES and Professions”—these are Themes
the Muse,
Left to her freedom, would forbear to choose ;
But to our Borough they in truth belong,
And we, perforce, must take them in our Song.

The
Borough's
Trades
and Pro-
fessions

Be it then known that we can boast of these
In all Denominations, Ranks, Degrees ;
All who our numerous Wants through Life supply,
Who soothe us sick, attend us when we die,
Or for the Dead their various talents try.
Then have we those who live by secret arts,
By hunting Fortunes, and by stealing Hearts ;
Or who by nobler means themselves advance ;
Or who subsist by Charity and Chance.

Say, of our native Heroes shall I boast,
Born in our Streets, to thunder on our Coast,
Our Borough Seamen ? Could the timid Muse
More Patriot-ardour in their Breasts infuse ;
Or could she paint their Merit or their Skill,
She wants not Love, Alacrity, or Will ;
But needless all, that Ardour is their own, 20
And for their Deeds, themselves have made them known.

The Soldiers in Arms! Defenders of our Soil!
 Uses of Who from Destruction save us; who from Spoil
 Law Protect the Sons of Peace, who traffic, or who toil; }
 Would I could duly praise you; that each Deed
 Your Foes might honour, and your Friends might read:
 This too is needless; you've imprinted well
 Your Powers, and told what I should feebly tell;
 Beside, a Muse like mine, to Satire prone,
 Would fail in Themes, where there is Praise alone. 30
 —*Law* shall I sing, or what to *Law* belongs?
 Alas! there may be danger in such Songs;
 A foolish Rhyme, 'tis said, a trifling thing,
 The Law found Treason, for it touch'd the King.
 But Kings have Mercy, in these happy Times,
 Or surely *One* had suffer'd for his Rhymes;
 Our glorious *Edwards* and our *Henrys* bold,
 So touch'd, had kept the Reprobate in hold;
 But he escap'd,—nor fear, thank Heav'n, have I,
 Who love my King, for such offence to die. 40
 But I am taught the Danger would be much,
 If these poor Lines should one *Attorney* touch—
 (One of those *Limbs* of *Law* who're always here;
 The *Heads* come down to guide them twice a Year).
 I might not swing indeed, but he in sport
 Would whip a Rhymer on from Court to Court;
 Stop him in each, and make him pay for all
 The long Proceedings in that dreadful Hall:—
 Then let my Numbers flow discreetly on,
 Warn'd by the fate of luckless *Coddington*,¹ 50
 Lest some *Attorney* (pardon me the name)
 Should wound a poor *Solicitor* for Fame.

¹ The account of *Coddington* occurs in "*The Mirror for Magistrates*": he suffered in the reign of *Richard III.*

One Man of Law in George the Second's reign,
Was all our frugal Fathers would maintain;
He too was kept for Forms; a Man of Peace,
To frame a Contract, or to draw a Lease:
He had a Clerk, with whom he us'd to write
All the Day long, with whom he drank at Night;
Spare was his Visage, moderate his Bill,
And he so kind, Men doubted of his Skill.

Lawyers
Old and
New

60

Who thinks of this, with some amazement sees,
For one so poor, three flourishing at ease;
Nay, one in splendour!—see that Mansion tall,
That lofty Door, that far-resounding Hall;
Well-furnish'd Rooms, Plate shining on the Board,
Gay liveried Lads, and Cellar proudly stor'd:
Then say how comes it that such Fortunes crown
These Sons of Strife, these Terrors of the Town?

Lo! that small Office! there th' incautious Guest
Goes blindfold in, and that maintains the rest;
There in his Web, th' observant Spider lies,
And peers about for fat intruding Flies;
Doubtful at first, he hears the distant hum,
And feels them flutt'ring as they nearer come;
They buzz and blink, and doubtfully they tread
On the strong Bird-line of the utmost thread;
But when they're once entangled by the Gin,
With what an eager clasp he draws them in;
Nor shall they 'scape, till after long delay,
And all that sweetens Life is drawn away.

70

80

"Nay, this," you cry, "is common-place, the tale
Of petty Tradesmen o'er their Evening-Ale;
There are who, living by the legal Pen,
Are held in honour,—'honourable Men.'"

The Spirit of Litigation Doubtless—there are who hold manorial Courts,
 Or whom the trust of powerful Friends supports;
 Or who, by labouring through a length of time,
 Have pick'd their way, unsullied by a Crime.
 These are the few—In this, in every place,
 Fix the litigious rupture-stirring Race;
 Who to Contention as to Trade are led,
 To whom Dispute and Strife are Bliss and Bread. 90

There is a doubtful Pauper, and we think
 'Tis not with us to give him Meat and Drink;
 There is a Child, and 'tis not mighty clear,
 Whether the Mother liv'd with us a Year:
 A Road's indicted, and our Seniors doubt
 If in our proper Boundary or without;
 But what says our Attorney? He our Friend
 Tells us 'tis just and manly to contend. 100

“What! to a neighbouring Parish yield your Cause?
 While you have Money, and the Nation Laws?
 What! lose without a Trial, that which tried,
 May—nay it must—be given on our side;
 All Men of Spirit would contend; such Men,
 Than lose a Pound, would rather hazard ten;
 What! be impos'd on? no! a British Soul
 Despises Imposition, hates Controul;
 The Law is open; let them, if they dare,
 Support their Cause; the Borough need not spare: 110
 All I advise is vigour and good-will:
 Is it agreed then?—Shall I file a Bill?”

The Trader, Grazier, Merchant, Priest and all,
 Whose Sons aspiring, for Professions call,
 Choose from their Lads some bold and subtle Boy,
 And judge him fitted for this grave Employ:

Him a keen old Practitioner admits,
 To write five Years and exercise his Wits :
 The Youth has heard—it is in fact his Creed,
 Mankind dispute, that Lawyers may be feed :
 Jails, Bailiffs, Writs, all terms and threats of Law,
 Grow now familiar as office Top and Taw ;
 Rage, Hatred, Fear, the Mind's severer ills,
 All bring Employment, all augment his Bills ;
 As feels the Surgeon for the mangled Limb,
 The mangled Mind is but a Job for him ;
 Thus taught to think, these legal Reasoners draw
 Morals and Maxims from their views of Law ;
 They cease to judge by Precepts taught in Schools,
 By Man's plain Sense, or by religious Rules ;
 No ! nor by Law itself, in Truth discern'd,
 But as its Statutes may be warp'd and turn'd ;
 How they should judge of Man ; his Word and
 Deed,

How
 Law per-
 warts
 Judgment

They in their Books and not their Bosoms read :
 Of some good Act you speak with just applause,
 "No ! no !" says he, "'twould be a losing Cause :"
 Blame you some Tyrant's Deed ?—he answers, "Nay,
 He'll get a Verdict ; heed you what you say."
 Thus to Conclusions from Examples led,
 The Heart resigns all Judgment to the Head ;
 Law, Law alone, for ever kept in view,
 His Measures guides, and rules his Conscience too :
 Of Ten Commandments, he confesses three
 Are yet in force, and tells you which they be,
 As Law instructs him ; thus : "Your Neighbour's
 Wife

You must not take, his Chattels, nor his Life ;
 Break these Decrees, for Damage you must pay,
 These you must reverence, and the rest—you may."

The Law was design'd to keep a State in peace;
Object To punish Robbery, that Wrong might cease; 150
of Law To be impregnable; a constant Fort;
 To which the Weak and Injur'd might resort:
 But these perverted Minds its force employ,
 Not to protect Mankind, but to annoy,
 And long as Ammunition can be found,
 Its Lightning flashes and its Thunders sound.

Or Law with Lawyers is an ample Still,
 Wrought by the Passions' heat with Chymic skill;
 While the Fire burns, the Gains are quickly made,
 And freely flow the Profits of the Trade; 160
 Nay, when the fierceness fails, these Artists blow
 The dying Fire, and make the Embers glow,
 As long as they can make the smaller Profits flow;
 At length the process of itself will stop,
 When they perceive they've drawn out every drop.

Yet I repeat, there are, who nobly strive
 To keep the sense of Moral Worth alive;
 Men who would starve, ere meanly deign to live
 On what Deception and Chican'ry give;
 And these at length succeed; they have their Strife, 170
 Their Apprehensions, Stops and Rubs in Life;
 But Honour, Application, Care, and Skill,
 Shall bend opposing Fortune to their Will.

Of such is *Archer*, he who keeps in awe
 Contending Parties by his threats of Law;
 He, roughly honest, has been long a Guide
 In Borough-Business, on the conquering side;
 And seen so much of both sides, and so long,
 He thinks the bias of Man's Mind goes wrong:

Thus, though he's friendly, he is still severe;
 Surly though kind, suspiciously sincere:
 So much he's seen of Baseness in the Mind,
 That, while a Friend to Man, he scorns Mankind;
 He knows the human Heart, and sees with dread,
 By slight temptation, how the strong are led;
 He knows how Interest can asunder rend
 The Bond of Parent, Master, Guardian, Friend,
 To form a new and a degrading tie
 'Twixt needy Vice and tempting Villainy.
 Sound in himself, yet when such Flaws appear,
 He doubts of all, and learns that Self to fear;
 For where so dark the Moral View is grown,
 A timid Conscience trembles for her own;
 The pitchy-taint of general Vice is such
 As daubs the Fancy, and you dread the touch.

180 The
 Char-
 acter of
 Archer

Far unlike him was One in former Times,
 Fam'd for the Spoil he gather'd by his Crimes;
 Who, while his Brethren nibbling held their Prey,
 He like an Eagle seiz'd and bore the whole away.

Swallow, a poor Attorney, brought his Boy
 Up at his Desk, and gave him his Employ;
 He would have bound him to an honest Trade,
 Could preparations have been duly made.
 The Clerkship ended, both the Sire and Son
 Together did what Business could be done;
 Sometimes they'd luck to stir up small Disputes
 Among their Friends, and raise them into Suits:
 Though close and hard, the Father was content
 With this resource, now old and indolent;
 But his young *Swallow*, gaping and alive
 To fiercer feelings, was resolv'd to thrive:

200

210

The "Father," he said, "but little can they win
 Who hunt in Couples where the Game is thin;
 Let's part in peace, and each pursue his Gain
 Where it may start—our Love may yet remain."
 The Parent growl'd, he couldn't think that Love
 Made the young Cockatrice his Den remove;
 But, taught by habit, he the Truth suppress,
 Forc'd a frank look, and said he "thought it best."
 Not long they'd parted ere Dispute arose,
 The Game they hunted quickly made them Foes;
 Some House, the Father by his art had won,
 Seem'd a fit cause of Contest to the Son,
 Who rais'd a Claimant, and then found a way
 By a staunch Witness to secure his Prey.
 The People curs'd him, but in times of need
 Trusted in one so certain to succeed:
 By Law's dark By-ways he had stor'd his Mind
 With wicked Knowledge, how to cheat Mankind.
 Few are the Freeholds in our antient Town,
 A Copy-right from Heir to Heir came down,
 From whence some Heat arose, when there was doubt
 In point of Heirship; but the Fire went out,
 Till our Attorney had the art to raise
 The dying Spark, and blow it to a blaze:
 For this he now began his Friends to treat,
 His way to starve them was to make them eat,
 And drink oblivious Draughts—to his applause
 It must be said, he never starv'd a Cause;
 He'd Roast and Boil'd upon his Board; the boast
 Of half his Victims was his Boil'd and Roast;
 And these at every hour—he seldom took
 Aside his Client, till he'd prais'd his Cook;
 Nor to an Office led him, there in pain
 To give his Story and go out again;

But, first the Brandy and the Chime were seen,
And then the Business came by starts between.

*Swallow's
Wiles*

"Well, if 'tis so, the House to you belongs;
But have you money to redress these Wrongs?
Nay, look not sad, my Friend, if you're correct, 250
You'll find the Friendship that you'd not expect."

If right the Man, the House was *Swallow's* own;
If wrong, his Kindness and Good-will were shown:
"Rogue!" "Villain!" "Scoundrel!" cried the
Losers all;

He let them cry, for what would that recall?
At length he left us, took a Village-Seat,
And like a Vulture look'd abroad for Meat;
The Borough-booty, give it all its praise,
Had only serv'd the Appetite to raise;
But if from simple Heirs he drew their Land, 260
He might a noble Feast at will command;
Still he proceeded by his former rules,
His Bait, their Pleasures, when he fish'd for Fools;—
Flaggons and Haunches on his Board were plac'd,
And subtle Avarice look'd like thoughtless Waste:
Most of his Friends, though Youth from him had fled,
Were young, were Minors of their Sires in dread;
Or those whom widow'd Mothers kept in bounds,
And check'd their generous rage for Steeds and Hounds;
Or such as travell'd 'cross the Land to view 270
A Christian's Conflict with a boxing Jew:
Some too had run upon Newmarket Heath
With so much speed that they were out of breath;
Others had tasted Claret till they now
To humbler Port would turn, and knew not how.
All these for Favours would to *Swallow* run,
Who never sought their Thanks for all he'd done;

THOU He kindly took them by the Hand, then bow'd
 Father Politely low, and thus his Love avow'd—
 (For he'd a way that many judg'd polite, 280
 A cunning Dog—he'd fawn before he'd bite)—

“Observe, my Friends, the Frailty of our Race
 When Age unmans us—let me state a Case :
 There's our friend *Rupert*—we shall soon redress
 His present Evil—drink to our Success—
 I flatter not; but did you ever see
 Limbs better turn'd? a prettier Boy than he?
 His Senses all acute, his Passions such
 As Nature gave—she never does too much;
 His the bold Wish the Cup of Joy to drain, 290
 And Strength to bear it without Qualm or Pain.

“Now view his Father as he dozing lies,
 Whose Senses wake not when he opens his Eyes;
 Who slips and shuffles when he means to walk,
 And lisps and gabbles if he tries to talk;
 Feeling he's none, he could as soon destroy
 The Earth itself, as aught it holds enjoy;
 A Nurse attends him to lay straight his Limbs,
 Present his Gruel, and respect his Whims :
 Now shall this Dotard from our Hero hold 300
 His Lands and Lordships? Shall he hide his Gold?
 That which he cannot use, and dare not show,
 And will not give—why longer should he owe?
 Yet, 'twould be murder should we snap the locks,
 And take the thing he worships from the box;
 So let him doat and dream, but till he die
 Shall not our generous Heir receive Supply?
 For ever sitting on the River's brink,
 And ever thirsty, shall he fear to drink?

The means are simple, let him only wish,
Then say he's willing, and I'll fill his dish." 320 *Swallow's Progress*

They all applauded, and not least the Boy;
Who now replied, "It fill'd his Heart with joy
To find he needed not deliverance crave
Of Death, or wish the Justice in the Grave;
Who, while he spent, would every art retain,
Of luring home the scatter'd Gold again;
Just as a Fountain gaily spirts and plays
With what returns in still and secret ways."

Short was the Dream of Bliss; he quickly found, 320
His Father's Acres all were *Swallow's* Ground;
Yet to those Arts would other Heroes lend
A willing ear, and *Swallow* was their Friend;
Ever successful, some began to think
That Satan help'd him to his Pen and Ink;
And shrewd Suspicions ran about the place,
"There was a Compact"—I must leave the Case.
But of the Parties, had the Fiend been one,
The Business could not have been speedier done:
Still when a Man has angled day and night, 330
The silliest Gudgeons will refuse to bite:
So *Swallow* try'd no more; but if they came
To seek his Friendship, that remain'd the same:
Thus he retir'd in peace, and some would say
He'd balk'd his Partner, and had learn'd to pray.
To this some Zealots lent an ear, and sought
How *Swallow* felt, then said, "a change is wrought:"
'Twas true there wanted all the Signs of Grace,
But there were strong Professions in their place;
Then too, the less that Men from him expect, 340
The more the Praise to the converting Sect;

Swallow's He had not yet subscrib'd to all their Creed,
Success Nor own'd a Call, but he confess'd the Need;
 His acquiescent Speech, his gracious Look,
 That pure Attention, when the Brethren spoke,
 Was all Contrition,—he had felt the Wound,
 And with Confession would again be sound.

True, *Swallow's* Board had still the sumptuous Treat,
 But could they blame? the warmest Zealots eat;
 He drank—'twas needful his poor Nerves to brace; 350
 He swore—'twas Habit; he was griev'd—'twas Grace:
 What could they do a new-born Zeal to nurse?
 "His Wealth's undoubted—let him hold our Purse;
 He'll add his Bounty, and the House we'll raise
 Hard by the Church, and gather all her Strays;
 We'll watch her Sinners as they home retire,
 And pluck the Brands from the devouring Fire."

Alas! such Speech was but an empty boast,
 The good Men reckon'd, but without their Host;
Swallow delighted, took the trusted Store, 360
 And own'd the Sum: they did not ask for more,
 Till more was needed; when they call'd for aid—
 And had it?—No, their Agent was afraid;
 "Could he but know to whom he should refund,
 He would most gladly—nay, he'd go beyond:
 But when such numbers claim'd, when some were gone,
 And others going—he must hold it on;
 The Lord would help them"—Loud their anger grew,
 And while they threat'ning from his door withdrew,
 He bow'd politely low, and bade them all adieu. 370

But lives the Man by whom such Deeds are done?
 Yes, many such—but *Swallow's* Race is run;

His Name is lost—for though his Sons have Name, His Suc-
It is not his, they all escape the shame ; cessors
Nor is there vestige now of all he had,
His Means are wasted, for his Heir was mad ;
Still we of *Swallow* as a Monster speak
An hard bad Man, who prey'd upon the weak.

LETTER VII

PROFESSIONS—PHYSIC

Finirent multi letho mala; credula vitam
Spes alit, et melius cras fore semper ait.

—TIBULLUS.

He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat—
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear.
A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
That him in place of Zany serv'd.

—BUTLER'S *Hudibras*.

PHYSIC

The Worth and Excellence of the true Physician—Merit, not the sole cause of Success—Modes of advancing Reputation—Motives of Medical Men for publishing their Works—The great Evil of Quackery—Present State of Advertising Quacks—Their Hazard—Some fail, and why—Causes of Success—How Men of Understanding are prevailed upon to have recourse to Empiricks; and to permit their Names to be advertised—Evils of Quackery: to nervous Females: to Youth: to Infants—History of an Advertising Empirick, &c.

LETTER VII

PHYSIC

NEXT, to a graver Tribe we turn our view,
And yield the Praise to Worth and Science due;
But this with serious Words and sober Style,
For these are Friends with whom we seldom smile:
Helpers of Men¹ they're call'd, and we confess
Theirs the deep Study, theirs the lucky Guess;
We own that numbers join with Care and Skill,
A temperate Judgment, a devoted Will;
Men who suppress their Feelings, but who feel
The painful Symptoms they delight to heal;
Patient in all their trials, they sustain
The starts of Passion, the reproach of Pain;
With Hearts affected, but with Looks serene,
Intent they wait through all the solemn Scene;
Glad if an hope should rise from Nature's Strife
To aid their Skill and save the lingering Life;
But this must Virtue's generous effort be,
And spring from nobler motives than a Fee:
To the Physician of the Soul, and these,
Turn the Distress'd for Safety, Hope, and Ease.

The
true
Physician

10

20

* But as Physicians of that nobler kind
Have their warm Zealots, and their Sectaries blind;

¹ Opiferae per orbem dicor.

More So among these for Knowledge most renown'd,
than Are Dreamers strange, and stubborn Bigots found :
Merit Some too, admitted to this honour'd Name,
needed Have, without Learning, found a way to Fame ;
 And some by Learning—young Physicians write,
 To set their Merit in the fairest light ;
 With them a Treatise is a Bait that draws
 Approving Voices—'tis to gain Applause, 30
 And to exalt them in the public view,
 More than a Life of worthy Toil could do.
 When 'tis propos'd to make the Man renown'd
 In every Age, convenient Doubts abound ;
 Convenient Themes in every Period start,
 Which he may treat with all the Pomp of Art ;
 Curious Conjectures he may always make,
 And either side of dubious Questions take :
 He may a System broach, or, if he please,
 Start new Opinions of an old Disease ; 40
 Or may some Simple in the Woodland trace,
 And be its Patron till it runs its Race ;
 As rustic Damsels from their Woods are won,
 And live in Splendour till their Race be run ;
 It weighs not much on what their Powers be shown,
 When all his Purpose is to make them known.

To show the World what long experience gains,
 Requires not Courage, though it calls for Pains ;
 But at Life's outset to inform Mankind,
 Is a bold effort of a valiant Mind. 50

The great good Man, for noblest Cause, displays
 What many Labours taught, and many Days ;
 These sound Instruction from Experience give,
 The others show us how they mean to live ;

That they have Genius, and they hope Mankind
Will to its Efforts be no longer blind. Quacks

These are beside, whom powerful Friends advance,
Whom Fashion favours, Person, Patrons, Chance :
And Merit sighs to see a Fortune made
By daring Rashness, or by dull Parade. 60

But these are trifling evils ; there is one
Which walks uncheck'd, and triumphs in the Sun :
There was a time, when we beheld the Quack,
On public Stage, the licens'd Tribe attack ;
He made his labour'd Speech with poor parade ;
And then a laughing Zany lent him aid :
Smiling we pass'd him, but we felt the while
Pity so much, that soon we ceas'd to smile ;
Assur'd that fluent Speech and flow'ry Vest
Disguis'd the troubles of a Man distress'd. 70

But now our Quacks are Gamesters, and they play
With Craft and Skill to ruin and betray ;
With monstrous Promise they delude the Mind,
And thrive on all that tortures Human-kind.

Void of all Honour, avaricious, rash,
The daring Tribe compound their boasted Trash—
Tincture or Syrup, Lotion, Drop or Pill ;
All tempt the Sick to trust the lying Bill ;
And twenty Names of Coblers turn'd to Squires,
Aid the bold Language of these blushless Lyars. 80
There are among them those who cannot read,
And yet they'll buy a Patent, and succeed ;
Will dare to promise dying Sufferers aid,
For who, when dead, can threaten or upbraid ?

Patent With cruel Avarice still they recommend
Medi- More Draughts, more Syrup to the Journey's end;
cines "I feel it not;"—"Then take it every hour:"
 "It makes me worse;"—"Why then it shows its
 power:"
 "I fear to die;"—"Let not your Spirits sink,
 You're always safe, while you believe and drink." 90

How strange to add, in this nefarious Trade,
 That Men of Parts are Dupes by Dunces made;
 That Creatures, Nature meant should clean our
 Streets,
 Have purchased Lands and Mansions, Parks and
 Seats;
 Wretches with Conscience so obtuse, they leave
 Their untaught Sons their Parents to deceive;
 And when they're laid upon their Dying-bed,
 No thought of Murder comes into the head;
 Nor one revengeful Ghost to them appears,
 To fill the Soul with penitential Fears. 100

Yet not the whole of this imposing Train,
 Their Gardens, Seats, and Carriages obtain;
 Chiefly, indeed, they to the Robbers fall,
 Who are most fitted to disgrace them all:
 But there is hazard—Patents must be bought,
 Venders and Puffers for the Poison sought;
 And then in many a Paper through the Year,
 Must Cures and Cases, Oaths and Proofs appear;
 Men snatch'd from Graves, as they were dropping in,
 Their Lungs cough'd up, their Bones pierc'd through
 their Skin; 110
 The Liver all one Scirrhus, and the Frame
 Poison'd with Evils which they dare not name;

Men who spent all upon Physicians' Fees,
Who never slept, nor had a moment's ease,
Are now as Roaches sound, and all as brisk as Bees.

Gains
of the
Empire

If the sick Gudgeons to the Bait attend,
And come in shoals, the Angler gains his end ;
But should the Advertising Cash be spent,
Ere yet the Town has due attention lent,
Then bursts the Bubble, and the hungry Cheat 120
Pines for the Bread he ill deserves to eat ;
It is a Lottery, and he shares perhaps
The rich Man's Feast, or begs the Pauper's Scraps.

From pow'ful Causes spring th' Empirick's
Gains,
Man's love of Life, his Weakness, and his Pains ;
These first induce him the vile Trash to try,
Then lend his Name, that other Men may buy :
This love of Life, which in our Nature rules,
To vile Imposture makes us Dupes and Tools ;
Then Pain compels the impatient Soul to seize 130
On promis'd Hopes of instantaneous Ease ;
And Weakness too with every wish complies,
Worn out and won by importunities.

Troubled with something in your Bile or Blood,
You think your Doctor does you little good ;
And grown impatient, you require in haste
The nervous Cordial, nor dislike the Taste ;
It comforts, heals, and strengthens ; nay, you think
It makes you better every time you drink ;
"Then lend your Name"—you're loth, but yet con-
fess 140
Its Powers are great, and so you acquiesce :

Julep Yet think a moment ere your Name you lend,
and With whose 'tis plac'd, and what you recommend;
Gin Who tipples Brandy will some comfort feel,
 But will he to the Med'cine set his Seal?
 Wait, and you'll find the Cordial you admire
 Has added fuel to your Fever's fire:
 Say, should a Robber chance your Purse to spare,
 Would you the Honour of the Man declare?
 Would you assist his Purpose? swell his Crime? 150
 Besides, he might not spare a second time.

Compassion sometimes sets the fatal sign,
 The Man was poor, and humbly begg'd a line;
 Else how should noble Names and Titles back
 The spreading Praise of some advent'rous Quack?
 But he the moment watches, and entreats
 Your Honour's Name,—your Honour joins the Cheats;
 You judg'd the Med'cine harmless, and you lent
 What help you could, and with the best intent;
 But can it please you thus, to league with all 160
 Whom he can beg or bribe to swell the Scrawl?
 Would you these Wrappers with your Name adorn,
 Which hold the Poison for the yet unborn?

No Class escapes them—from the poor Man's Pay,
 The Nostrum takes no trifling part away;
 See! those square patent Bottles from the Shop,
 Now Decoration to the Cupboard's top;
 And there a favourite Hoard you'll find within,
 Companions meet! the Julep and the Gin.

Time too with Cash is wasted; 'tis the fate 170
 Of real Helpers to be call'd too late;
 This find the Sick, when (Time and Patience gone)
 Death with his ten-fold Terror hurries on.

Dangers
of the
Young

Suppose the Case surpasses human Skill,
There comes a Quack to flatter Weakness still;
What greater Evil can a Flatterer do,
Than from himself to take the Sufferer's view?
To turn from sacred Thoughts his reasoning Powers,
And rob a Sinner of his dying Hours?
Yet this they dare, and, craving to the last, 180
In Hope's strong bondage hold their Victim fast:
For Soul or Body no concern have they,
All their inquiry, "Can the Patient pay?
And will he swallow Draughts until his dying-
day?"

Observe what Ills to nervous Females flow,
When the Heart flutters and the Pulse is low;
If once induc'd these cordial Sips to try,
All feel the Ease, and few the Danger fly;
For while obtain'd, of Drams they've all the force,
All when denied, then Drams are the resource. 190

Nor these the only Evils—there are those
Who for the troubled Mind prepare repose;
They write: the Young are tenderly address'd,
Much Danger hinted, much Concern express'd;
They dwell on freedoms Lads are prone to take,
Which makes the Doctor tremble for their sake;
Still if the youthful Patient will but trust
In one so kind, so pitiful, and just;
If he will take the Tonic all the time,
And hold but moderate intercourse with Crime; 200
The Sage will gravely give his honest word,
That Strength and Spirits shall be both restor'd;
In plainer English—if you mean to sin,
Fly to the Drops, and instantly begin.

Infant Who would not lend a sympathising sigh,
Slaughter To hear yon Infant's pity-moving Cry?
 That feeble Sob, unlike the new-born Note,
 Which came with vigour from the op'ning Throat;
 When Air and Light first rush'd on Lungs and Eyes,
 And there was Life and Spirit in the Cries; 210
 Now an abortive, faint attempt to weep,
 Is all we hear; Sensation is asleep:
 The Boy was healthy, and at first express'd
 His Feelings loudly, when he fail'd to rest;
 When cramm'd with Food, and tighten'd every Limb,
 To cry aloud, was what pertain'd to him;
 Then the good Nurse (who, had she borne a Brain,
 Had sought the Cause that made her Babe complain)
 Has all her efforts, loving Soul! applied,
 To set the Cry and not the Cause, aside; 220
 She gave her powerful Sweet without remorse,
The sleeping Cordial—she had tried its force,
 Repeating oft: the Infant, free'd from Pain,
 Rejected Food, but took the Dose again,
 Sinking to sleep; while she her joy express'd,
 That her dear Charge could sweetly take his rest:
 Soon may she spare her Cordial; not a doubt
 Remains, but quickly he will rest without.

This moves our grief and pity, and we sigh
 To think what numbers from these causes die; 230
 - But what contempt and anger should we show,
 Did we the Lives of these Impostors know?

Ere for the World's I left the Cares of School,
 One I remember who assum'd the Fool;
 Part well suited—when the idler Boys
 This, shout around him, and he lov'd the noise;
 Death,

They call'd him *Neddy*,—*Neddy* had the art, *Neddy*
the Fool
 To play with skill his ignominious part;
 When he his Trifles would for sale display,
 And act the Mimic for a School-boy's Pay. 240
 For many Years he plied his humble Trade,
 And us'd his Tricks and Talents to persuade;
 The Fellow barely read, but chanc'd to look
 Among the Fragments of a tatter'd Book;
 Where after many efforts made to spell
 One puzzling word, he found it *Oxymel*;
 A potent Thing, 'twas said to cure the Ills
 Of ailing Lungs—the *Oxymel* of *Squills*;
 Squills he procur'd, but found the Bitter strong,
 And most unpleasant; none would take it long; 250
 But the pure Acid and the Sweet would make
 A Med'cine numbers would for pleasure take.

There was a Fellow near, an artful Knave,
 Who knew the plan, and much assistance gave;
 He wrote the Puffs, and every Talent plied
 To make it sell: it sold, and then he died.

Now all the Profit fell to *Ned's* controul,
 And Pride and Avarice quarrel'd for his Soul;
 When mighty Profits by the Trash were made,
 Pride built a Palace, Avarice groan'd and paid; 260
 Pride plac'd the signs of Grandeur all about,
 And Avarice barr'd his Friends and Children out.

Now see him Doctor! yes, the idle Fool,
 The Butt, the Robber of the Lads at School;
 Who then knew nothing, nothing since acquir'd,
 Became a Doctor, honour'd and admir'd;
 His Dress, his Frown, his Dignity were such,
 Some who had known him thought his Knowledge much;

Oxymel Nay, Men of Skill, of Apprehension quick,
 Spite of their Knowledge, trusted him when sick : 270
 Though he could neither reason, write nor spell,
 They yet had hope his Trash would make them well ;
 And while they scorn'd his Parts, they took his
 Oxymel.

Oh! when his Nerves had once receiv'd a shock,
 Sir *Isaac Newton* might have gone to *Rock* :¹
 Hence Impositions of the grossest kind,
 Hence Thought is feeble, Understanding blind ;
 Hence Sums enormous by these Cheats are made,
 And Deaths unnumber'd by their dreadful Trade.

Alas! in vain is my contempt express, 280
 To stronger Passions are their words address ;
 To Pain, to Fear, to Terror their Appeal,
 To those who, weakly reasoning, strongly feel.

What then our Hopes?—Perhaps there may by Law
 Be method found, these Pests to curb and awe ;
 Yet in this Land of Freedom, Law is slack
 With any Being to commence attack ;
 Then let us trust to Science—there are those
 Who can their Falsehoods and their Frauds dis-
 close,

All their vile Trash detect, and their low Tricks } 290
 expose :

Perhaps their Numbers may in time confound
 Their Arts—as Scorpions give themselves the Wound ;
 For when these Curers dwell in every Place,
 While of the Cur'd we not a Man can trace,
 Strong Truth may then the public Mind persuade,
 And spoil the Fruits of this nefarious Trade.

¹ An empirick who *flourished* at the same time with this great man.

LETTER VIII

TRADES

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beātum : rectiùs occupet
Nomea Beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati.

—HOR., lib. iv., od. 9.

Non uxor saluum te vult, non filius; omnes
Vicini oderunt; noti pueri atque puellæ;
Miraris cùm tu argento post omnia ponas,
Si nemo præstet, quem non merearis, amorem.

—HOR., *Sat.*, lib. i.

Non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidem,
Sed cæci vitio propter patrimonia vivunt.

—JUVENAL, *Sat.*, xii.

TRADES

No extensive Manufactories in the Borough: yet considerable Fortunes made there—Ill Judgment of Parents in disposing of their Sons—The best educated not the most likely to succeed—Instance—Want of Success compensated by the lenient Power of some Avocations—The Naturalist—The Weaver an Entomologist, &c.—Hunting Butterflies, &c.—A Prize-Flower—Story of Walter and William.

LETTER VIII

TRADES

OF Manufactures, Trades, Inventions rare, No great
Steam-towers and Looms you'd know our Factories
Borough's share—

'Tis small: we boast not those rich Subjects here,
Who hazard thrice ten thousand Pounds a Year;
We've no huge Buildings, where incessant noise
Is made by Springs and Spindles, Girls and Boys;
Where, 'mid such thundering sounds, the Maiden's Song
Is "Harmony in uproar"¹ all day long.

Still common Minds with us in common Trade,
Have gain'd more Wealth than ever Student made;
And yet a Merchant, when he gives his Son
His College-learning, thinks his Duty done;
A way to Wealth he leaves his Boy to find,
Just when he's made for the Discovery blind.

Jones and his Wife perceiv'd their elder Boy
Took to his Learning, and it gave them joy;
This they encourag'd, and were blest to see
Their Son a Fellow with a high Degree;
A Living fell, he married, and his Sire
Declar'd 'twas all a Father could require;

¹ The title of a short piece of humour by *Arbutnot*.

Chances Children then blest them, and when Letters came,
of Trade The Parents proudly told each Grandchild's Name.

Meantime the Sons at home in Trade were plac'd,
 Money their object—just the Father's taste;
 Saving he liv'd and long, and when he died
 He gave them all his Fortune to divide:—

“Martin,” said he, “at vast expence was taught,
 He gain'd his Wish, and has the Ease he sought.”

Thus the good Priest (the Christian-scholar) finds
 What estimate is made by vulgar Minds; 30
 He sees his Brothers who had every gift
 Of thriving, now assisted in their thrift;
 While he whom Learning, Habits, all prevent,
 Is largely mulct for each impediment.

“Yet let us own that Trade has much of Chance,
 Not all the Careful by their Care advance;
 With the same Parts and Prospects, one a Seat
 Builds for himself; one finds it in the *Fleet*.
 Then to the Wealthy, you will see denied,
 Comforts and Joys that with the Poor abide; 40
 There are who labour through the Year, and yet
 No more have gain'd than—not to be in Debt;
 Who still maintain the same laborious course,
 Yet Pleasure hails them from some favourite source;
 And Health, Amusements, Children, Wife or Friend,
 With Life's dull views their Consolations blend.

Nor these alone possess the lenient power
 Of soothing Life in the desponding hour;
 Some favourite Studies, some delightful Care,
 The Mind, with Trouble and Distresses, share; 50

And by a Coin, a Flower, a Verse, a Boat,
 The stagnant Spirits have been set afloat;
 They pleas'd at first, and then the habit grew,
 Till the fond Heart no higher Pleasure knew;
 Till (from all Cares and other Comforts free'd)
 Th' important Nothing took in Life the lead.

Natural-
 ists and
 Entomolo-
 gists

With all his Phlegm, it broke a Dutchman's heart,
 At a vast Price, with one lov'd Root to part;
 And Toys like these fill many a British Mind,
 Although their Hearts are found of firmer kind. 60

Oft have I smil'd the happy Pride to see
 Of humble Tradesmen, in their Evening Glee;
 When of some pleasing, fancied Good possess'd,
 Each grew alert, was busy, and was blest;
 Whether the *Call-Bird* yield the Hour's delight,
 Or, magnified in Microscope, the Mite;
 Or whether *Tumblers*, *Croppers*, *Carriers* seize
 The gentle Mind, they rule it and they please.

There is my friend the *Weaver*; strong desires
 Reign in his breast; 'tis Beauty he admires: 70
 See! to the Shady Grove he wings his way,
 And feels in hope the Raptures of the Day—
 Eager he looks; and soon, to glad his eyes,
 From the *Net Bower*, by Nature form'd, arise
 Bright troops of virgin Moths and fresh-born Butter-
 flies;
 Who broke that Morning from their half-year's Sleep,
 To fly o'er Flow'rs where they were wont to creep.

Above the sovereign Oak, a sovereign skims,
 The *purple Emp'ror*, strong in Wing and Limbs;
 There fair *Camilla* takes her Flight serene, 80
Adonis blue, and *Paphia* silver-queen;

The With every filmy Fly from Mead or Bower,
Prize And hungry *Sphinx* who threads the honey'd Flower;
Flower She o'er the Larkspur's Bed, where Sweets abound,
 Views ev'ry Bell, and hums th' approving Sound;
 Pois'd on her busy Plumes, with Feeling nice
 She draws from every Flower, nor tries a Floret twice.

He fears no Bailiff's wrath, no Baron's blame,
 His is untax'd and undisputed Game;
 Nor less the place of curious Plant he knows;¹
 He both his *Flora* and his *Fauna* shows;
 For him is blooming in its rich array,
 The glorious Flower which bore the palm away;
 In vain a Rival tried his utmost art,
 His was the Prize, and joy o'erflowed his heart.

"This, this! is Beauty; cast, I pray, your eyes
 On this my Glory! see the Grace, the Size!
 Was ever Stem so tall, so stout, so strong,
 Exact in breadth, in just proportion, long?
 These brilliant Hues are all distinct and clean,
 No kindred Tint, no blending Streaks between;
 This is no shaded, run-off,² pin-ey'd³ thing,
 A King of Flowers, a Flower for England's King:

¹ In botanical language "*the habitat*," the favourite soil or situation of the more scarce species.

² This, it must be acknowledged, is contrary to the opinion of Thomson, and I believe of some other poets, who, in describing the varying hues of our most beautiful flowers, have considered them as lost and blended with each other; whereas their beauty, in the eye of a florist (and I conceive in that of the uninitiated also), depends upon the distinctness of their colours: the stronger the bounding line, and the less they break into the neighbouring tint, so much the richer and more valuable is the flower esteemed.

³ Pin-ey'd—An auricula, or any other single flower, is so

I own my pride, and thank the favouring Star
Which shed such beauty on my fair *Bitarve*." ¹

The two
Brothers

Thus may the Poor the cheap Indulgence seize,
While the most Wealthy pine and pray for Ease;
Content not always waits upon Success,
And more may he enjoy who profits less.

Walter and *William* took (their Father dead) 110
Jointly the Trade to which they both were bred;
When fix'd, they married, and they quickly found
With due success their honest labours crown'd:
Few were their losses, but although a few,
Walter was vex'd and somewhat peevish grew;—
"You put your trust in every pleading Fool,"
Said he to *William*, and grew strange and cool.
"Brother, forbear," he answer'd, "take your due,
Nor let my lack of caution injure you:"
Half Friends they parted,—better so to close, 120
Than longer wait to part entirely Foes.

Walter had Knowledge, Prudence, jealous Care;
He let no idle Views his Bosom share;
He never thought nor felt for other Men—
"Let one mind one, and all are minded then."
Friends he respected, and believ'd them just,
But they were Men, and he would no Man trust;
He tried and watch'd his People day and night,—
The Good it harm'd not; for the Bad 'twas right;

called when the *stigma* (the part which arises from the seed-vessel) is protruded beyond the tube of the flower, and becomes visible.

¹ This word, so far as it relates to flowers, means those variegated with three or more colours irregularly and indeterminately.

Their Characters He could their humours bear, nay disrespect, 130
 But he could yield no pardon to neglect;
 That all about him were of him afraid
 "Was right," he said—"so should we be obey'd."

These Merchant-maxims, much Good-fortune too,
 And ever keeping one grand Point in view,
 To vast Amount his once small Portion drew.

William was kind and easy; he complied
 With all requests, or griev'd when he denied;
 To please his Wife he made a costly Trip,
 To please his Child he let a Bargain slip; 140
 Prone to compassion, mild with the Distrest,
 He bore with all who Poverty profess'd,
 And some would he assist, nor one would he arrest;
 He had some Loss at Sea, bad Debts at Land,
 His Clerk absconded with some Bills in hand,
 And Plans so often fail'd that he no longer plann'd.
 To a small House (his Brother's) he withdrew,
 At easy Rent—the Man was not a Jew;
 And there his Losses and his Cares he bore,
 Nor found that want of Wealth could make him poor, 150

No, he in fact was rich, nor could he move,
 But he was follow'd by the looks of Love;
 All he had suffer'd, every former Grief,
 Made those around more studious in relief;
 He saw a cheerful Smile in every Face,
 And lost all thoughts of Error and Disgrace.

Pleasant it was to see them in their Walk
 Round their small Garden, and to hear them talk;
 Free are their Children, but their Love refrains
 From all Offence—none murmurs, none complains; 160

Whether a Book amus'd them, Speech or Play, *Walter's*
 Their looks were lively, and their Hearts were gay : *Wealth*
 There no forc'd efforts for Delight were made,
 Joy came with Prudence, and without Parade ;
 Their common Comforts they had all in view,
 Light were their Troubles and their Wishes few :
 Thrift made them easy for the coming Day,
 Religion took the dread of Death away ;
 A cheerful Spirit still insur'd Content,
 And Love smil'd round them wheresoe'er they went. 170

Walter, meantime, with all his *Wealth's* increase,
 Gain'd many Points, but could not purchase Peace ;
 When he withdrew from business for an hour,
 Some fled his Presence, all confess'd his Power ;
 He sought Affection, but receiv'd instead,
 Fear undisguis'd and Love-repelling Dread ;
 He look'd around him—"Harriet, dost thou love ?"
 "I do my Duty," said the timid Dove ;
 "Good Heav'n, your Duty ! prithee, tell me now—
 To Love and Honour—was not that your Vow ?" 180
 Come, my good Harriet, I would gladly seek
 Your inmost Thought—Why can't the Woman
 speak ?

Have you not all things ?"—"Sir, do I complain ?"—
 "No, that's my part, which I perform in vain ;
 I want a simple Answer, and direct—
 But you evade ; yes ! 'tis as I suspect.
 Come then, my Children ! *Watt* ! upon your knees
 Vow that you love me."—"Yes, Sir, if you please."—
 "Again ! By Heav'n, it mads me ; I require
 Love, and they'll do whatever I desire : 190
 Thus too my People shun me ; I would spend
 A thousand Pounds to get a single Friend ;

His I would be happy—I have means to pay
 Misery For Love and Friendship, and you run away;
 Ungrateful Creatures! why you seem to dread
 My very Looks; I know you wish me dead.
 Come hither, *Nancy*! you must hold me dear;
 Hither, I say; why! what have you to fear?
 You see I'm gentle—Come, you Trifler, come;
 My God! she trembles! Idiot, leave the room! 200
 Madam! your Children hate me; I suppose
 They know their cue; you make them all my Foes;
 I've not a Friend in all the World—not one;
 I'd be a Bankrupt sooner; nay, 'tis done;
 In every better hope of Life I fail,
 You're all Tormentors, and my House a Jail;
 Out of my sight! I'll sit and make my Will—
 What, glad to go? stay, devils, and be still;
 'Tis to your Uncle's Cot you wish to run,
 To learn to live at ease and be undone; 210
 Him you can love, who lost his whole Estate,
 And I, who gain you Fortunes, have your Hate;
 'Tis in my absence, you yourselves enjoy:
Tom! are you glad to lose me?—tell me, boy:
 Yes! does he answer?"—"Yes! upon my Soul;"
 "No Awe, no Fear, no Duty, no Controul!
 Away! away! ten thousand Devils seize
 All I possess, and plunder where they please!
 What's Wealth to me?—yes, yes! it gives me sway,
 And you shall feel it—Go! begone, I say." 220

LETTER IX

AMUSEMENTS

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis,
Ut possis animo quemvis sufferre laborem.

—CATULL., lib. iii., dist. 5.

Nostra fatiscat
Laxaturque chelys, vires instigat alitque
Tempestiva quies, major post otia virtus.

—STATIUS SYLV., lib. iv.

Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant;
Omnia pontus erat : deerant quoque littora ponto.

—OVID, *Metamorph.*, lib. i.

Ocean Bounded by backs of Buildings form'd of Clay,
and the By Stables, Styes, and Coops, et-cætera.
Shore

The Needy-vain, themselves awhile to shun,
For Dissipation to these Dog-holes run;
Where each (assuming petty Pomp) appears,
And quite forgets the Shopboard and the Shears.

For them are cheap Amusements: they may slip
Beyond the Town and take a private Dip;
When they may urge that, to be safe they mean, 30
They've heard there's danger in a light Machine;
They too can gratis move the Quays about,
And gather kind Replies to every Doubt;
There they a pacing, lounging Tribe may view,
The Stranger's Guides, who've little else to do;
The Borough's Place-men, where no more they gain,
Than keeps them idle, civil, poor and vain.
Then may the Poorest with the Wealthy look
On Ocean, glorious page of Nature's book!
May see its varying Views in every hour, } 40
All softness now, then rising with all power,
As sleeping to invite, or threat'ning to devour:
'Tis this which gives us all our choicest Views,
Its Waters heal us, and its Shores amuse.

See! those fair Nymphs upon that rising Strand,
Yon long salt Lake has parted from the Land;
Well pleas'd to press that Path, so clean, so pure,
To seem in Danger, yet to feel secure;
Trifling with Terror, while they strive to shun } 50
The curling Billows; laughing as they run;
They know the Neck that joins the Shore and Sea,
Or, ah! how chang'd that fearless Laugh would be.

Observe how various Parties take their way,
 By Sea-side Walks, or make the Sand-hills gay;
 There group'd are laughing Maids and sighing Swains,
 The Healthy Invalid

And some apart who feel unpitied Pains;
 Pains from Diseases, Pains which those who feel,
 To the Physician, not the Fair, reveal;
 For Nymphs (propitious to the Lover's Sigh)
 Leave these poor Patients to complain and die. 60

Lo! where on that huge Anchor sadly leans
 That sick tall Figure, lost in other Scenes;
 He late from India's Clime impatient sail'd,
 Where, as his Fortune grew, his Spirits fail'd;
 For each Delight, in search of Wealth he went,
 For Ease alone, the Wealth acquir'd is spent—
 And spent in vain; enrich'd, aggriev'd, he sees
 The envied Poor possess'd of Joy and Ease:
 And now he flies from Place to Place, to gain
 Strength for Enjoyment, and still flies in vain; 70
 Mark! with what Sadness, of that pleasant Crew,
 Boist'rous in Mirth, he takes a transient View;
 And fixing then his Eye upon the Sea,
 Thinks what has been and what must shortly be:
 Is it not strange that Man should Health destroy,
 For Joys that come when he is dead to Joy?

Now is it pleasant in the Summer-eve,
 When a broad Shore retiring Waters leave,
 Awhile to wait upon the firm fair Sand,
 When all is calm at Sea, all still at Land; 80
 And there the Ocean's Produce to explore,
 As floating by, or rolling on the Shore;

Marine Those living Jellies¹ which the Flesh inflame,
Marvels Fierce as a Nettle, and from that its Name;
 Some in huge masses, some that you may bring
 In the small compass of a Lady's ring;
 Figured by Hand divine—there's not a Gem
 Wrought by Man's Art to be compar'd to them;
 Soft, brilliant, tender, through the Wave they glow,
 And make the Moon-beam brighter where they flow. 90
 Involv'd in Sea-wrack, here you find a race,
 Which Science doubting, knows not where to place;
 On Shell or Stone is dropt the Embryo-seed,
 And quickly vegetates a vital Breed.²

While thus with pleasing wonder you inspect
 Treasures the Vulgar in their scorn reject,
 See as they float along th' entangled Weeds
 Slowly approach, upborne on bladdery Beads;

¹ Some of the smaller species of the *Medusa* (sea-nettle) are exquisitely beautiful: their form is nearly oval, varied with serrated longitudinal lines; they are extremely tender, and, by no means which I am acquainted with, can be preserved, for they soon dissolve in either spirit of wine or water, and lose every vestige of their shape, and indeed of their substance: the larger species are found in misshapen masses of many pounds weight; these, when handled, have the effect of the nettle, and the stinging is often accompanied or succeeded by the more unpleasant feeling, perhaps in a slight degree resembling that caused by the torpedo.

² Various tribes and species of marine vermes are here meant: that which so nearly resembles a vegetable in its form, and perhaps in some degree, manner of growth, is the coralline called by naturalists *Sertularia*, of which there are many species in almost every part of the coast. The animal protrudes its many claws (apparently in search of prey) from certain pellucid vesicles which proceed from an horny, tenacious, branchy stem.

Wait till they land, and you shall then behold
 The fiery Sparks those tangled Frons' infold,
 Myriads of living Points; ¹ th' unaided Eye
 Can but the Fire and not the Form descry.
 And now your view upon the Ocean turn,
 And there the Splendour of the Waves discern;
 Cast but a Stone, or strike them with an Oar,
 And you shall Flames within the Deep explore;
 Or scoop the Stream phosphoric as you stand,
 And the cold Flame shall flash along your Hand;
 When lost in wonder, you shall walk and gaze
 On Weeds that sparkle and on Waves that blaze.²

Winter
 Views

100

110

The Ocean too has Winter-Views serene,
 When all you see through densest Fog is seen;
 When you can hear the Fishers near at hand
 Distinctly speak, yet see not where they stand;
 Or sometimes them and not their Boat discern,
 Or half-conceal'd some Figure at the Stern;
 The View's all bounded, and from side to side
 Your utmost Prospect but a few ells wide;
 Boys who, on Shore, to Sea the Pebble cast,
 Will hear it strike against the viewless Mast;
 While the stern Boatman growls his fierce Disdain,
 At whom he knows not, whom he threats in vain.

120

'Tis pleasant then to view the Nets float past,
 Net after Net till you have seen the last?

¹ These are said to be a minute kind of animal of the same class; when it does not shine, it is invisible to the naked eye.

² For the cause or causes of this phenomenon, which is sometimes, though rarely, observed on our coasts, I must refer the reader to the writers on natural philosophy and natural history.

The And as you wait till all beyond you slip,
Dance A Boat comes gliding from an anchor'd Ship,
 Breaking the Silence with the dipping Oar,
 And their own Tones, as labouring for the Shore;
 Those measur'd Tones which with the Scene agree,
 And give a Sadness to Serenity. 130

All Scenes like these the tender Maid should shun,
 Nor to a misty Beech in Autumn run;
 Much should she guard against the Evening Cold;
 And her slight Shape with fleecy Warmth infold;
 This she admits, but not with so much ease
 Gives up the Night-Walk when th' Attendants please:
 Her have I seen, pale, vapour'd through the Day,
 With crowded Parties at the midnight Play;
 Faint in the Morn; no powers could she exert,
 At Night with Pam delighted and alert; 140
 In a small Shop she's ruffled with a Crowd,
 Breath'd the thick Air, and cough'd and laugh'd aloud;
 She who will tremble if her Eye explore
 "The smallest monstrous Mouse that creeps on Floor;"
 Whom the kind Doctor charg'd with shaking Head,
 At early Hour to quit the Beaux for Bed:
 She has, contemning Fear, gone down the Dance,
 Till she perceiv'd the rosy Morn advance;
 Then has she wonder'd, fainting o'er her Tea,
 Her Drops and Julep should so useless be; 150
 Ah! sure her Joys must ravish every Sense,
 Who buys a portion at such vast Expence.

Among those Joys 'tis one at Eve to sail
 from the broad River with a favouring Gale;
 certain no rough Waves upon the Bosom ride,
 tenacious, wheel cuts, nor rises on the Tide;

Safe from the Stream the nearer Gunwale stands,
 Where playful Children trail their idle Hands,
 Or strive to catch long-grassy Leaves that float
 On either side of the impeded Boat :
 What time the Moon arising shows the Mud,
 A shining Border to the silver Flood ;
 When by her dubious Light, the meanest Views,
 Chalk, Stones and Stakes obtain the richest Hues ;
 And when the Cattle as they gazing stand,
 Seem nobler Objects than when view'd from Land :
 Then anchor'd Vessels in the Way appear,
 And Sea-boys greet them as they pass—"What cheer?"
 The sleeping Shell-ducks at the sound arise,
 And utter loud their unharmonious Cries ;
 Fluttering they move their weedy Beds among,
 Or instant diving, hide their plumeless Young.

A Sail
 on the
 River

160

170

Along the Wall, returning from the Town,
 The weary Rustic homeward wanders down ;
 Who stops and gazes at such joyous Crew,
 And feels his Envy rising at the View ;
 He the light Speech and Laugh indignant hears,
 And feels more prest by Want, more vex'd by Fears.

Ah ! go in peace, good Fellow, to thine Home,
 Nor fancy these escape the general Doom ;
 Gay as they seem, be sure with them are Hearts
 With Sorrow tried ; there's Sadness in their Parts :
 If thou could'st see them when they think alone,
 Mirth, Music, Friends, and these Amusements gone :
 Could'st thou discover every secret Ill
 That pains their Spirit or resists their Will ;
 Could'st thou behold forsaken Love's Distress,
 Or Envy's Pang at Glory and Success,

180

The Or Beauty, conscious of the Spoils of Time,
Sandy Or Guilt alarm'd when Memory shows the Crime; 190
Islet All that gives Sorrow, Terror, Grief, and Gloom;
 Content would cheer thee trudging to thine Home.¹

There are, 'tis true, who lay their Cares aside,
 And bid some Hours in calm Enjoyment glide;
 Perchance some Fair-one to the sober Night
 Adds (by the Sweetness of her Song) Delight;
 And as the Music on the Waters float,
 Some bolder Shore returns the soften'd Note:
 Then, Youth, beware, for all around conspire
 To banish Caution and to wake Desire; 200
 The Day's Amusement, Feasting, Beauty, Wine,
 These Accents sweet and this soft Hour combine,
 When most unguarded then, to win that Heart of
 thine : }

But see, they land! the fond Enchantment flies,
 And in its place Life's common Views arise.

Sometimes a Party, row'd from Town, will land
 On a small Islet form'd of shelly Sand,
 Left by the Water when the Tides are low,
 But which the Floods in their return o'erflow;
 There will they anchor, pleas'd awhile to view 210
 The watery Waste, a Prospect wild and new;
 The now receding Billows give them space,
 On either side the growing Shores to pace;
 And then returning, they contract the Scene,
 Till small and smaller grows the Walk between;

¹ This is not offered as a reasonable source of contentment, but as one motive for resignation: there would not be so much envy if there were more discernment.

As Sea to Sea approaches, Shores to Shores,
Till the next Ebb the sandy Isle restores...

The
Company
on the
Islet

Then what alarm! what danger and dismay,
If all their trust, their Boat should drift away;
And once it happen'd—Gay the Friends advanc'd, 220
They walk'd, they ran, they play'd, they sang, they
danc'd;

The Urns were boiling, and the Cups went round,
And not a grave or thoughtful Face was foud;
On the bright Sand they trod with nimble Feet,
Dry shelly Sand that made the Summer-seat;
The wondering Mews flew fluttering o'er the Head,
And Waves ran softly up their shining Bed.

Some form'd a Party from the rest to stray,
Pleas'd to collect the Trifles in their way;
These to behold they call their Friends around, 230
No Friends can hear or hear another sound;
Alarm'd, they hasten, yet perceive not why,
But catch the Fear that quickens as they fly.

For lo! a Lady sage, who pac'd the Sand
With her fair Children, one in either hand,
Intent on home, had turn'd, and saw the Boat
Slipt from her Moorings and now far afloat;
She gaz'd, she trembled, and though faint her call,
It seem'd, like thunder, to confound them all.
Their Sailor-guides, the Boatman and his Mate, 240
Had drank and slept regardless of their state;
“Awake!” they cried aloud. “Alarm the Shore!
Shout all, or never shall we reach it more!”
Alas! no Shout the distant Land can reach,
Nor Eye behold them from the foggy Beach;

The Boat drifts away
 Again they join in one loud powerful Cry,
 Then cease, and eager listen for reply;
 None came—the rising Wind blew sadly by:
 They shout once more, and then they turn aside,
 To see how quickly flow'd the coming Tide; 250
 Between each Cry they find the Waters steal
 On their strange Prison, and new Horrors feel;
 Foot after foot on the contracted Ground
 The Billows fall, and dreadful is the sound;
 Less and yet less the sinking Isle became,
 And there was Wailing, Weeping, Wrath and Blame.

Had one been there, with Spirit strong and high,
 Who could observe, as he prepar'd to die,
 He might have seen of Hearts the varying kind,
 And trac'd the movement of each different Mind; 260
 He might have seen, that not the gentle Maid
 Was more than stern and haughty Man afraid;
 Such calmly-grieving, will their Fears suppress,
 And silent Prayers to Mercy's Throne address;
 While fiercer Minds, impatient, angry, loud,
 Force their vain Grief on the reluctant Crowd:
 The Party's Patron, sorely sighing, cried,
 "Why would you urge me? I at first denied."
 Fiercely they answer'd, "Why will you complain,
 Who saw no Danger, or was warn'd in vain?" 270
 A few essay'd the troubled Soul to calm,
 But Dread prevail'd, and Anguish and Alarm.

Now rose the Water through the lessening Sand,
 And they seem'd sinking while they yet could stand;
 The Sun went down, they look'd from side to side,
 Nor ought except the gathering Sea describ'd;

Dark and more dark, more wet, more cold it grew, Saved
 And the most lively bade to Hope adieu ;
 Children by Love, then lifted from the Seas,
 Felt not the Waters at the Parents' knees, 280
 But wept aloud ; the Wind increas'd the sound,
 And the cold Billows as they broke around.

“ Once more, yet once again, with all our strength,
 Cry to the Land—we may be heard at length.”
 Vain hope if yet unseen ! But hark ! an Oar,
 That sound of bliss ! comes dashing to their Shore ;
 Still, still the Water rises ; “ Haste ! ” they cry,
 “ Oh ! hurry, Seamen, in delay we die : ”
 (Seamen were these who in their ship perceiv'd
 The drifted Boat, and thus her Crew reliev'd.) 290
 And now the Keel just cuts the cover'd Sand,
 Now to the Gunwale stretches every Hand ;
 With trembling Pleasure all confus'd embark,
 And kiss the Tackling of their welcome Ark ;
 While the most giddy, as they reach the Shore,
 Think of their Danger, and their God adore.

LETTER X

CLUBS AND SOCIAL MEETINGS

* Non inter lances mensasque nitentes
Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, et cum.
Acclivis falsis animus meliora recusat;
Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite.

—HOR., *Sat.*, ii.

O prodiga rerum
Luxuries, nunquam parvo contenta paratu,
Et quæditorum terra pelagoque ciborum
Ambitiosa fames et lautæ gloria mensæ.

—LUCAN., lib. iv.

Et quæ non prosunt singula, juncta juvant.

Rusticus agricolam, miles fera bella gerentem,
Rectorum dubiæ navita puppis amat.

—OVID, *Pont.*, lib. ii.

CLUBS AND SOCIAL MEETINGS

Desire of Country Gentlemen for Town Associations—
Book-Clubs—Too much of literary Character expected
from them—Literary Conversation prevented: by
Feasting: by Cards—Good, notwithstanding, results
—Card-Club with eagerness resorted to—Players—
Umpires at the Whist-table—Petulances of Temper
there discovered—Free-and-Easy Club: not perfectly
easy or free—Freedom how interrupted—The superior
Member—Termination of the Evening—Drinking and
Smoking Clubs—The Midnight Conversation of the
delaying Members—Society of the poorer Inhabitants:
its Use: gives Pride and Consequence to the humble
Character—Pleasant Habitations of the frugal Poor—
Sailor returning to his Family—Free-Masons' Club—
The Mystery—What its Origin—Its professed Advan-
tages—Griggs and Gregorians—A kind of Masons—
Reflections on these various Societies.

LETTER X

CLUBS AND SOCIAL MEETINGS

YOU say you envy in your calm Retreat
Our social Meetings;—'tis with joy we meet : Social
Meetings
In these our Parties you are pleas'd to find *
Good Sense and Wit, with Intercourse of Mind ;
Compos'd of Men who read, reflect and write,
Who, when they meet, must yield and share Delight :
To you our *Book-club* has peculiar charm,
For which you sicken in your quiet Farm ;
Here you suppose us at our leisure plac'd,
Enjoying Freedom, and displaying Taste ; 10
With Wisdom cheerful, temperately gay,
Pleas'd to enjoy, and willing to display.

If thus your Envy gives your Ease its Gloom,
Give Wings to Fancy and among us come,
We're now assembled ; you may soon attend—
I'll introduce you—"Gentlemen, my Friend."

"Now, are you happy ? you have past a night
In gay Discourse, and rational Delight."

"Alas, not so : for how can Mortals think, 20
Or thoughts exchange, if thus they eat and drink ?
No ! I confess, when we had fairly din'd,
That was no time for intercourse of Mind ;

Lazy There was each Dish prepar'd with Skill t'invite
Loungers And to detain the struggling Appetite ;
 On such occasions Minds with one consent
 Are to the comforts of the Body lent ;
 There was no Pause—the Wine went quickly round,
 Till struggling Fancy was by Bacchus bound ;
 Wine is to Wit as Water thrown on Fire, 30
 By duly sprinkling both are rais'd the higher ;
 Thus largely dealt, the vivid Blaze they choke,
 And all the genial Flame goes off in Smoke."

"But when no more your Boards these Loads contain,
 When Wine no more o'erwhelms the labouring Brain,
 But serves, a gentle stimulus ; we know,
 How Wit must sparkle, and how Fancy flow."

It might be so, but no such Club-Days come,
 We always find these Dampers in the Room :
 If to converse were all that brought us here, 40
 A few odd Members would in turn appear ;
 Who dwelling nigh, would saunter in and out,
 O'erlook the List, and toss the Books about ;
 Or yawning read them, walking up and down,
 Just as the Loungers in the Shops in Town ;
 Till fancying nothing would their Minds amuse,
 They'd push them by, and go in search of News.

But our Attractions are a stronger sort,
 The earliest Dainties and the oldest Port ;
 All enter then with glee in every look, 50
 And not a Member thinks about a Book.

Still let me own, there are some vacant Hours,
 When Minds might work and Men exert their Powers :

Ere Wine to Folly spurs the giddy Guest,
 But gives to Wit its vigour and its zest ;
 Then might we reason, might in turn display
 Our several Talents, and be wisely gay ;
 We might—but who a tame Discourse regards,
 When Whist is nam'd, and we behold the Cards ?

Effects
 of Club
 Life

We from that time art neither grave nor gay, 60
 Our Thought, our Care, our Business is to play ;
 Fix'd on these Spots and Figures, each attends
 Much to his Partners, nothing to his Friends.

Our public Cares, the long, the warm Debate,
 That kept our Patriots from their Beds so late ;
 War, Peace, Invasion, all we hope or dread,
 Vanish like Dreams when Men forsake their Bed ;
 And groaning Nations and contending Kings
 Are all forgotten for these painted Things :
 Paper and Paste, vile Figures, and pure Spots, 70
 Level all Minds, Philosophers and Sots ;
 And give an equal Spirit, Pause, and Force,
 Join'd with peculiar Diction, to Discourse :
 " Who deals ?—you led—we're three by Cards—had
 you
 Honour in hand ? "—" Upon my Honour two."
 Hour after hour, Men thus contending sit,
 Grave without Sense, and pointed without Wit.

Thus it appears these envied Clubs possess
 No certain means of social Happiness :
 Yet there's a good that flows from Scenes like these, 80
 Man meets with Man at leisure and at ease ;
 We to our Neighbours and our Equals come,
 And rub off pride that Man contracts at home ;

Talker For there, admitted Master, he is prone
and To claim Attention and to talk alone;
Listener But here he meets with neither Son nor Spouse,
 No humble Cousin to his bidding bows;
 To his rais'd Voice his Neighbour's Voices rise,
 To his high Look as lofty Look replies;
 When much he speaks, he finds that Ears are clos'd, 90
 And certain Signs inform him when he's pros'd;
 Here all the value of a Listener know,
 And claim, in turn, the Favour they bestow.

No pleasure gives the Speech, when all would speak,
 And all in vain a civil Hearer seek.
 To Chance alone we owe the free Discourse,
 In vain you purpose what you cannot force;
 'Tis when the favourite Themes unbidden spring,
 That Fancy soars with such unwearied Wing;
 Then may you call in aid the moderate Glass, 100
 But let it slowly and unprompted pass;
 So shall there all things for the end unite,
 And give that Hour of rational Delight.

Men to their Clubs repair, themselves to please,
 To care for nothing, and to take their Ease;
 In fact, for Play, for Wine, for News they come,
 Discourse is shar'd with Friends or found at home.

But Cards with Books are incidental things,
 We've Nights devoted to these Queens and Kings;
 Then if we choose the social Game we may, 110
 Now 'tis a duty, and we're bound to play;
 Nor ever Meeting of the social kind
 Was more engaging, yet had less of Mind.

Our eager Parties, when the lunar Light
 Throws its full Radiance on the festive Night,
 Of either Sex, with punctual hurry come,
 And fill, with one accord, an ample Room ;
 Pleas'd, the fresh Packs on Cloth of Green they
 see,

And seizing, handle with preluding glee ;
 They draw, they sit, they shuffle, cut and deal ;
 Like Friends assembled, but like Foes to feel :
 But yet not all,—an happier few have Joys
 Of mere Amusement, and their Cards are Toys ;
 No Skill nor Art, not fretful Hopes have they,
 But while their Friends are gaming, laugh and play.

Others there are, the Veterans of the Game,
 Who owe their Pleasure to their envied Fame ;
 Through many a Year, with hard-contested Strife,
 Have they attain'd this Glory of their Life :
 Such is that antient Burgess, whom in vain
 Would Gout and Fever on his Couch detain ;
 And that large Lady, who resolves to come,
 Though a first Fit has warn'd her of her Doom !
 These are as Oracles, in every Cause
 They settle Doubts, and their Decrees are Laws ;
 But all are troubled, when, with dubious look,
Diana questions what *Apollo* spoke.

Here Avarice first, the keen desire of Gain,
 Rules in each Heart, and works in every Brain ;
 Alike the Veteran-Dames and Virgins feel,
 Nor care what Grey-beards or what Striplings deal ;
 Sex, Age, and Station, vanish from their view,
 And Gold, their sov'reign good, the mingled Crowd
 pursue.

Quarrels of Partners Hence they are jealous, and as Rivals, keep
 A watchful Eye on the beloved Heap;
 Meantime Discretion bids the Tongue be still;
 And mild Good-humour strives with strong Ill-will;
 Till Prudence fails; when, all impatient grown,
 They make their Grief, by their Suspicions, known.

"Sir, I protest, were *Job* himself at play, 130
 He'd rave to see you throw your Cards away;
 Not that I care a button—not a pin
 For what I lose; but we had Cards to win:
 A Saint in Heaven would grieve to see such Hand
 Cut up by one who will not understand."

"Complain of me! and so you might indeed,
 If I had ventur'd on that foolish Lead,
 That fatal Heart—but I forgot your Play—
 Some Folk have ever thrown their Hearts away."

"Yes, and their Diamonds: I have heard of one 160
 Who made a Beggar of an only Son."

"Better a Beggar, than to see him tied
 To Art and Spite, to Insolence and Pride."

"Sir, were I you, I'd strive to be polite,
 Against my Nature, for a single Night."

"So did you strive, and, Madam! with success;
 I knew no Being we could censure less."

Is this too much? alas! my peaceful Muse
 Cannot with half their Virulence abuse.
 And hark! at other Tables Discord reigns, 170
 With feign'd Contempt for Losses and for Gains;

Passions awhile are bridled ; then they rage,
 In waspish Youth, and in resentful Age ;
 With scraps of Insult—" Sir, when next you play,
 Reflect whose Money 'tis you throw away.
 No one on Earth can less such things regard,
 But when one's Partner doesn't know a Card——"

The Free
 and Easy

" I scorn suspicion, Ma'am, but while you stand
 Behind that Lady, pray keep down your Hand."

" Good Heav'n revoke ! remember, if the Set 180
 Be lost, in honour you should pay the Debt."

" There, there's your Money ; but, while I have life,
 I'll never more sit down with Man and Wife ;
 They snap and snarl indeed, but in the heat
 Of all their Spleen, their Understandings meet ;
 They are Free-Masons, and have many a Sign,
 That we, poor devils ! never can divine :
 May it be told, do ye divide th' Amount,
 Or goes it all to Family Account ?"

Next is the Club, where to their Friends in Town, 190
 Our Country Neighbours once a Month come down ;
 We term it *Free-and-Easy*, and yet we
 Find it no easy matter to be free :
 Ev'n in our small Assembly, Friends among,
 Are Minds perverse, there's something will be wrong ;
 Men are not equal ; some will claim a right
 To be the Kings and Heroes of the Night ;
 Will their own favourite Themes and Notions start,
 And you must hear, offend them, or depart.

Sir There comes *Sir Thomas* from his Village-Seat, and
 Thomas Happy he tells us all his Friends to meet ;
 and his He brings the ruin'd Brother of his Wife,
 Butt Whom he supports, and makes him sick of Life ;
 A ready Witness whom he can produce
 Of all his Deeds—a Butt for his Abuse :
 Soon as he enters, has the Guests espied,
 Drawn to the Fire, and to the Glass applied—
 “ Well, what’s the Subject ? — what are you
 about ?

The News, I take it—come, I’ll help you out ; ” —
 And then, without one Answer, he bestows 210
 Freely upon us all he hears and knows ;
 Gives us Opinions, tells us how he votes,
 Recites the Speeches, adds to them his Notes,
 And gives old ill-told Tales for new-born Anecdotes ; }
 Yet cares he nothing what we judge or think,
 Our only Duty’s to attend and drink :
 At length, admonish’d by his Gout, he ends
 The various Speech, and leaves at peace his Friends ;
 But now, alas ! we’ve lost the pleasant Hour,
 And Wisdom flies from Wine’s superior power. 220

Wine, like the rising Sun, Possession gains,
 And drives the mist of Dulness from the Brains ;
 The gloomy Vapour from the Spirit flies,
 And views of Gaiety and Gladness rise :
 Still it proceeds ; till from the glowing Heat,
 The Prudent calmly to their Shades retreat ;—
 Then is the Mind o’ercast—in wordy Rage
 And loud Contention angry Men engage ;
 Then Spleen and Pique, like Fire-works, thrown in
 spite,
 To Mischief turn the Pleasures of the Night ; 230

Anger abuses, Malice loudly rails,
 Revenge awakes, and Anarchy prevails :
 Till Wine, that rais'd the Tempest, makes it cease,
 And maudlin Love insists on instant Peace ;
 He noisy Mirth and roaring Song commands,
 Gives idle Toasts, and joins unfriendly Hands ;
 Till fuddled Friendship vows Esteem and weeps,
 And jovial Folly drinks and sings and sleeps.

Smoking
 Club

A Club there is of *Smokers*—Dare you come
 To that close, clouded, hot, narcotic Room ? 240
 When Midnight past, the very Candles seem
 Dying for Air and give a ghastly Gleam ;
 When curling Fumes in lazy Wreaths arise,
 And prozing Topers rub their winking Eyes ;
 When the long Tafé, renew'd when last they met,
 Is splic'd anew, and is unfinish'd yet ;
 When but a few are left the House to tire,
 And they half-sleeping by the sleepy Fire ;
 Ev'n the poor ventilating Vane, that flew
 Of late so fast, is now grown drowsy too ; 250
 When sweet, cold, clammy Punch its aid bestows,
 Then thus the Midnight Conversation flows :—

“Then, as I said, and—mind me—as I say,
 At our last Meeting—you remember”—“Aye ; ”
 “Well, very well—then freely as I drink
 I spoke my Thought—you take me—what I think :
 And Sir,” said I, “if I a Freeman be,
 It is my bounden Duty to be free.”

“Aye, there you pos'd him : I respect the Chair,
 But Man is Man, although the Man's a Mayor : 260

The If *Muggins* live—no, no!—if *Muggins* die,
Poor He'll quit his Office—Neighbour, shall I try?"
Man's
Club

"I'll speak my Mind—for here are none but
 Friends :

They're all contending for their private ends ;
 No public Spirit—once a Vote would bring,
 I say a Vote—was then a pretty thing,
 It made a Man to serve his Country and his King :
 But for that Place, that *Muggins* must resign,
 You've my advice—'tis no affair of mine."

The Poor-Man has his Club, he comes and spends 27c
 His hoarded Pittance with his chosen Friends ;
 Nor this alone,—a Monthly Dole he pays,
 To be assisted when his Health decays ;
 Some part his Prudence, from the Day's Supply,
 For Cares and Troubles in his Age, lays by ;
 The printed Rules he guards with painted Frame,
 And shows his Children where to read his Name ;
 Those simple Words his honest Nature move,
 That Bond of Union tied by Laws of Love :
 This is his Pride, it gives to his Employ 28c
 New Value, to his Home another Joy :
 While a religious Hope its balm applies
 For all his Fate inflicts and all his State denies.

Much would it please you, sometimes to explore
 The peaceful Dwellings of our Borough Poor ;
 To view a Sailor just return'd from Sea,
 His Wife beside ; a Child on either Knee,

And others crowding near, that none may lose
 The smallest Portion of the welcome News ; Free-
masons
 What Dangers past, "when seas ran Mountains high, 290
 When Tempests rav'd, and Horrors veil'd the Sky ;
 When Prudence fail'd, when Courage grew dismay'd,
 When the Strong fainted, and the Wicked pray'd,—
 Then in the yawning Gulph far down we drove,
 And gaz'd upon the billowy Mount above ;
 Till up that Mountain, swinging with the Gale,
 We view'd the Horrors of the watery Vale."

The trembling Children look with stedfast Eyes,
 And panting, sob involuntary Sighs :
 Soft Sleep awhile his torpid touch delays, 300
 And all is Joy and Piety and Praise.

Masons are ours, Free-Masons—but, alas !
 To their own Bards I leave the mystic Class ;
 In vain shall one, and not a gifted Man,
 Attempt to sing of this enlighten'd Clan :
 I know no Word, boast no directing Sign,
 And not one Token of the Race is mine ;
 Whether with *Hiram*, that wise Widow's Son,
 They came from *Tyre* to royal *Solomon*,
 Two Pillars raising by their skill profound, 310
Boaz and *Jachin* through the East renown'd :
 Whether the sacred Books their Rise express,
 Or Books profane, 'tis vain for me to guess ;
 It may be, lost in Date remote and high,
 They know not what their own Antiquity ;
 It may be too, deriv'd from Cause so low,
 They have no wish their Origin to show :

Loneli- This is a Scene which few Companions grace,
 ness of And where the Heart's first Favourites yield their
 Man Place. 380

Here all the Aid of Man to Man must ead,
 Here mounts the Soul to her eternal Friend ;
 The tenderest Love must here its tie resign,
 And give th' aspiring Heart to Love divine.

Man feels his Weakness, and to numbers run,
 Himself to strengthen, or himself to shun ;
 But though to this our Weakness may be prone,
 Let's learn to live, for we must die, alone.

LETTER XI

INNS

ALL the Comforts of Life in a Tavern are known,
'Tis his Home who possesses not one of his own ;
And to him who has rather too much of that one,
'Tis the House of a Friend where he's welcome to run :
The instant you enter my Door you're my Lord,
With whose Taste and whose Pleasure I'm proud to accord ;
And the louder you call and the longer you stay,
The more I am happy to serve and obey.

To the House of a Friend if you're pleas'd to retire,
You must all things admit, you must all things admire ;
You must pay with Observance the Price of your Treat,
You must eat what is prais'd, and must praise what you eat :
But here you may come, and no Tax we require,
You may loudly condemn what you greatly admire ;
You may growl at our Wishes and Pains to excel,
And may snarl at the Rascals who please you so well.

At your Wish we attend, and confess that your Speech
On the Nation's Affairs might the Minister teach ;
His Views you may blame, and his Measures oppose,
There's no Tavern-Treason—you're under the Rose :
Should Rebellions arise in your own little State,
With me you may safely their consequence wait ;
To recruit your lost Spirits 'tis prudent to come,
And to fly to a Friend when the Devil's at Home.

That I've Faults is confess'd ; but it won't be denied,
'Tis my Interest the Faults of my Neighbours to hide ;
If I've sometimes lent Scandal occasion to prate,
I've often conceal'd what she'd love to relate :
If to Justice's Bar some have wander'd from mine,
'Twas because the dull Rogues wouldn't stay by their Wine ;
And for Brawls at my House, well the Poet explains,
That Men drink *shallow Draughts* and so madden their Brains :

INNS

A difficult Subject for Poetry—Invocation of the Muse—
Description of the principal Inn and those of the first
Class—The large deserted Tavern—Those of a second
Order—Their Company—One of particular Description—A lower kind of Public Houses: yet distinguished
among themselves—Houses on the Quays for Sailors—
The Green-Man: its Landlord, and the Adventure of
his Marriage, &c.

LETTER XI

INNS

MUCH do I need, and therefore will I ask Inns
A Muse to aid me in my present Task ;
For then with special Cause we beg for Aid,
When of our Subject we are most afraid ;
Inns are this Subject—'tis an ill-drawn Lot,
So, thou who gravely triflest, fail me not.
Fail not, but haste, and to my Memory bring
Scenes yet unsung, which few would choose to sing :
Thou mad'st a Shilling splendid ; thou hast thrown
On humble Themes the Graces all thine own ; 10
By thee the Mistress of a Village-school
Became a Queen, enthron'd upon her Stool ;
And far beyond the rest thou gav'st to shine,
Belinda's Lock—that deathless work was thine.

Come, lend thy cheerful Light, and give to please,
These Seats of Revelry, these Scenes of Ease ;
Who sings of *Inns* much danger has to dread,
And needs Assistance from the Fountain-head.

High in the Street, o'erlooking all the Place,
The rampant *Lion* shows his kingly Face ; 20
His ample Jaws extend from side to side,
His Eyes are glaring, and his Nostrils wide ;

The
Fashion-
able Inn

In silver Shag the sovereign Form is drest,
A Mane horrific sweeps his ample Chest ;
Elate with Pride, he seems t'assert his Reign,
And stands the Glory of his wide Domain.

Yet nothing dreadful to his Friends the sight,
But Sign and Pledge of Welcome and Delight :
To him the noblest Guest the Town detains
Flies for Repast, and in his Court remains ; 30
Him too the Crowd with longing Looks admire,
Sigh for his Joys, and modestly retire ;
Here not a Comfort shall to them be lost
Who never ask or never feel the Cost.

The ample Yards on either side contain
Buildings where Order and Distinction reign ;—
The splendid Carriage of the wealthier Guest,
The ready Chaise and Driver smartly drest ;
Whiskeys and Gigs and Curricles are there,
And high-fed Prancers many a raw-bon'd Pair. 40
On all without, a lordly Host sustains
The care of Empire, and observant reigns ;
The parting Guest beholds him at his side,
With Pomp obsequious, bending in his Pride ;
Round all the Place his Eyes all objects meet,
Attentive, silent, civil, and discreet.
O'er all within, the Lady-Hostess rules,
Her Bar she governs, and her Kitchen Schools ;
To every Guest th' appropriate Speech is made,
And every Duty with Distinction paid ; 50
Respectful, easy, pleasant or polite—
“ Your Honour's Servant—*Mister Smith*, good Night.”

but not near, yet honour'd through the Town,
A Bear and Crown ;

That *Crown* suspended Gems and Ribbands deck,
 A golden Chain hangs o'er that furry Neck :
 Unlike the nobler Beast, the *Bear* is bound,
 And with the *Crown* so near him, scowls uncrown'd ?
 Less his Dominion, but alert are all
 Without, within, and ready for the Call ; 60
 Smart Lads and light run nimbly here and there,
 Nor for neglected Duties mourns the *Bear*.

The Inns
 of the
 Borough

To his Retreats on the Election-Day,
 The losing Party found their silent Way ;
 There they partook of each consoling Good,
 Like him uncrown'd, like him in sullen Mood—
 Threat'ning, but bound.—Here meet a social kind,
 Our various Clubs for various Cause combin'd ;
 Nor has he Pride, but thankful takes as Gain,
 The Dew-drops shaken from the *Lion's* Mane : 70
 A thriving Couple here their skill display,
 And share the Profits of no vulgar Sway.

Third in our Borough's List appears the Sign
 Of a fair Queen—the gracious *Caroline* ;
 But in decay—each Feature in the Face
 Has stain of Time and token of Disgrace.
 The Storm of Winter, and the Summer-Sun,
 Have on that form, their equal Mischief done ;
 The Features now are all disfigur'd seen,
 And not one Charm adorns th' insulted Queen : 80
 To this poor Face was never Paint applied,
 Th' unseemly Work of cruel Time to hide ;
 Here we may rightly such Neglect upbraid,
 Paint on such Faces is by Prudence laid.
 Large the Domain, but all within combine
 To correspond with the dishonour'd Sign ;

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 Paint on such Faces is by Prudence laid.
 Large the Domain, but all within combine
 To correspond with the dishonour'd Sign ;

The De-
serted
lan

And all around dilapidates ; you call—
But none replies—they're inattentive all :
At length a ruin'd Stable holds your Steed,
While you through large and dirty Rooms proceed, 90
Spacious and cold ; a proof they once had been
In honour,—now magnificently mean ;
Till in some small half-furnish'd Room you rest,
Whose dying Fire denotes it had a Guest.
In those you past, where former Splendour reign'd,
You saw the Carpets torn, the Paper stain'd ;
Squares of discordant Glass in Windows fix'd,
And Paper oil'd in many a space betwixt ;
A soil'd and broken Sconce, a Mirror crack'd,
With Table underprop'd, and Chairs new-back'd ; 100
A marble Side-slab with ten thousand Stains,
And all an antient Tavern's poor Remains.

With much entreaty, they your Food prepare,
And acid Wine afford, with meagre Fare ;
Heartless you sup ; and when a dozen times
You've read the fractur'd Window's senseless Rhymes ;
Have been assur'd that *Phabe Green* was fair,
And *Peter Jackson* took his Supper there ;
You reach a chilling Chamber, where you dread
Damps, hot or cold, from a tremendous Bed ; 110
Late comes your Sleep, and you are waken'd soon
By rustling Tatters of the old Festoon.

O'er this large Building thus by Time defac'd,
A servile Couple has its Owner plac'd,
Who not unmindful that its Style is large,
To lost Magnificence adapt their Charge :
Thus an old Beauty, who has long declin'd,
Keeps former Dues and Dignity in Mind ;

And wills that all Attention should be paid
For Graces vanish'd and for Charms decay'd.

The De-
serted
Inn

120

Few Years have past, since brightly 'cross the
Way,
Lights from each Window shot the lengthen'd Ray,
And busy Looks in every Face were seen,
Through the warm Precincts of the reigning Queen:
There Fires inviting blaz'd, and all around
Was heard the tinkling Bell's seducing Soud;
The nimble Waiters to that sound from far
Sprang to the Call, then hasten'd to the Bar;
Where a glad Priestess of the Temple sway'd,
The most obedient and the most obey'd;
Rosy and round, adorn'd in crimson Vest,
And flaming Ribbands at her ample Breast:
She, skill'd like *Circe*, tried her Guests to move,
With Looks of Welcome and with Words of Love;
And such her potent Charms, that Men unwise
Were soon transform'd and fitted for the Styes.

130

Her Port in Bottles stood, a well-stain'd row,
Drawn for the Evening from the Pipe below;
Three powerful Spirits fill'd a parted Case,
Some Cordial-Bottles stood in secret Place;
Fair Acid-Fruits in Nets above were seen,
Her Plate was splendid, and her Glasses clean:
Basons and Bowls were ready on the Stand,
And Measures clatter'd in her powerful Hand.

140

Inferior Houses now our Notice claim,
But who shall deal them their appropriate Fame?
Who shall the nice, yet known Distinction, tell,
Between the Peal complete and single Bell?

Inferior Determine, ye, who on your shining Nags
Inns Wear oil-skin Beavers and bear seal-skin Bags; 150
 Or ye, grave Topers, who with coy Delight
 Snugly enjoy the Sweetness of the Night;
 Ye Travellers all, superior Inns denied
 By moderate Purse, the low by decent Pride;
 Come and determine,—will ye take your place
 At the *full Orb*, or *half* the lunar Face?
 With the *Black-Boy* or *Angel* will ye dine?
 Will ye approve the *Fountain* or the *Vine*?
Horses the *white* or *black* will ye prefer?
 The *Silver Swan*, or *Swan* oppos'd to her— 160
 Rare Bird! whose Form the Raven-Plumage
 decks,
 And graceful curve her three alluring Necks?

All these a decent entertainment give,
 And by their Comforts comfortably live.

Shall I pass by the *Boar*?—There are who cry
 “Beware the *Boar*,” and pass determin’d by:
 Those dreadful Tusks, those little peering Eyes
 And churning Chaps are tokens to the Wise.
 There dwells a kind old Aunt, and there you see
 Some kind young Nieces in her company; 170
 Poor Village Nieces, whom the tender Dame
 Invites to Town, and gives their Beauty fame;
 The grateful Sisters feel th’ important Aid,
 And the good Aunt is flatter’d and repaid.

What though it may some cool Observers strike,
 That such fair Sisters should be so unlike;
 That still another and another comes,
 And at the Matron’s Table smiles and blooms;

That all appear as if they meant to stay
Time undefin'd, nor name a parting Day ;
And yet, though all are valued, all are dear,
Causeless they go, and seldom more appear :

Inferior
180 Inns

Yet let Suspicion hide her odious Head,
And Scandal Vengeance from a Burgess dread :
A pious Friend who with the antient Dame
At sober Cribbage takes an Evening-Game ;
His Cup beside him, through their Play he quaffs,
And oft renews, and innocently laughs ;
Or growing serious, to the Text resorts,
And from the Sunday-Sermon makes reports ; 190
While all, with grateful Glee, his Wish attend,
A grave Protector and a powerful Friend :
But Slander says, who indistinctly sees,
Once he was caught with *Silvia* on his Knees ;—
A cautious Burgess with a careful Wife
To be so caught !—'tis false, upon my Life.

Next are a lower kind, yet not so low
But they, among them, their Distinctions know ;
And when a thriving Landlord aims so high,
As to exchange the *Chequer* for the *Pye*, 200
Or from *Duke William* to the *Dog* repairs,
He takes a finer Coat and fiercer Airs.

Pleas'd with his Power, the poor Man loves to say
What favourite Inn shall share his Evening's Pay ;
Where he shall sit the social Hour, and lose
His past-Day's Labours and his next-Day's Views.
Our Seamen too have choice : one takes a trip
In the warm Cabin of his favourite Ship ;
And on the Morrow in the humbler Boat
He rows, till Fancy feels herself afloat ; 210

How he With lengthen'd Speech she prov'd what came to pass
 got his Was no reflection on a loving Lass :
 Wife "If she your Love as Wife and Mother claim,
 What can it matter which was first the Name?
 But 'tis most base, 'tis Perjury and Theft,
 When a lost Girl is like a Widow left;
 The Rogue who ruins"—here the Father found
 His Spouse was treading on forbidden Ground

"That's not the point," quoth he,—“I don't
 suppose

My good Friend *Fletcher* to be one of those ; 280
 What's done amiss he'll mend in proper time—
 I hate to hear of Villany and Crime :
 'Twas my Misfortune, in the Days of Youth,
 To find two Lasses pleading for my Truth ;
 The Case was hard, I would with all my Soul
 Have wedded both, but Law is our Controul ;
 So one I took, and when we gain'd an Home,
 Her Friend agreed—what could she more?—to come ;
 And when she found that I'd a widow'd Bed,
 Me she desir'd—what could I less?—to wed. 290
 An easier Case is yours : you've not the Smart
 That two fond Pleaders cause in one Man's Heart ;
 You've not to wait from Year to Year distress'd,
 Before your Conscience can be laid at rest ;
 There smiles your Bride, there sprawls your new-born
 Son,
 —A Ring, a Licence, and the thing is done.'

"My loving *James*,"—the Lass began her Plea,
 "I'll make thy Reason take a part with me :
 Had I been froward, skittish, or unkind,
 Or to thy Person or thy Passion blind ; 300

Had I refus'd, when 'twas thy part to pray,
 Or put thee off with Promise and Delay ;
 Thou might'st in Justice and in Conscience fly,
 Denying her who taught thee to deny :
 But, *James*, with me thou hadst an easier Task,
 Bonds and Conditions I forebore to ask ;
 I laid no Traps for thee, no Plots or Plans,
 Nor Marriage nam'd by Licence or by Banns ;
 Nor would I now the Parson's Aid employ,
 But for this Cause,"—and up she held her Boy. 310

*James
 and his
 Marriage*

Motives like these could Heart of Flesh resist ?
James took the Infant and in triumph kiss'd ;
 Then to his Mother's Arms the Child restor'd,
 Made his proud Speech and pledg'd his worthy Word.

"Three Times at Church our Banns shall publish'd be,
 Thy Health be drunk in Bumpers three-times-three ;
 And thou shalt grace (bedeck'd in Garments gay)
 The Christening-Dinner on the Wedding-Day."

James at my Door then made his parting Bow,
 Took the *Green-Man*, and is a Master now. 320

PLAYERS

They arrive in the Borough—Welcomed by their former Friends — Are better fitted for Comic than Tragic Scenes; yet better approved in the latter by one part of their Audience — Their general Character and Pleasantry—Particular Distresses and Labours—Their Fortitude and Patience—A private Rehearsal—The Vanity of the aged Actress—An Heroine from the Milliner's Shop — A deluded Tradesman — Of what Persons the Company is composed — Character and Adventures of Frederick Thompson.

LETTER XII

PLAYERS

DRAWN by the annual Call, we now behold
Our Troop Dramatic, Heroes known of old,
And those, since last they march'd, enlisted and en-
roll'd :

Arrival
of the
Players

Mounted on Hacks or borne in Waggons some,
The rest on Foot (thè humbler Brethren) come.
Three favour'd Places, an unequal Time,
Join to support this Company sublime ;
Ours for the longer Period—see how light
Yon Parties move, their former Friends in sight,
Whose claims are all allow'd, and Friendship
glads the Night.

Now public Rooms shall sound with Words divine,
And private Lodgings hear how Heroes shine ;
No talk of Pay shall yet on Pleasure steal,
But kindest Welcome bless the friendly Meal ;
While o'er the social Jug and decent Cheer,
Shall be describ'd the Fortunes of the Year.

Peruse these Bills and see what each can do,—
Behold ! the Prince, the Slave, the Monk, the Jew ;
Change but the Garment, and they'll all engage
To take each Part, and act in every Age :

Their Cull'd from all Houses, what an House are they !
 Welcome Swept from all Barns, our Borough-Critics say ;
 But with some Portion of a Critic's Ire,
 We all endure them : there are some admire ;
 They might have Praise, confin'd to Farce alone,
 Full well they grin, they should not try to groan ;
 But then our Servants' and our Seamen's Wives
 Love all that Rant and Rapture as their Lives ;
 He who *Squire Richard's* Part could well sustain,
 Finds as *King Richard* he must roar amain— 30
 " My Horse ! my Horse ! " — Lo ! now to their
 Abodes,

Come Lords and Lovers, Empresses and Gods.
 The Master-mover of these Scenes has made
 No trifling Gain in this adventurous Trade ;—
 Trade we may term it, for he duly buys
 Arms out of use and undirected Eyes ;
 These he instructs, and guides them as he can,
 And vends each Night the manufactur'd Man :
 Long as our Custom lasts, they gladly stay,
 Then strike their Tents, like Tartars ! and away ! 40
 The Place grows bare where they too long remain,
 But Grass will rise ere they return again.

Children of *Thespis*, welcome ! Knights and Queens !
 Counts ! Barons ! Beauties ! when before your Scenes,
 And mighty Monarchs thund'ring from your Throne ;
 Then step behind, and all your Glory's gone :
 Of Crown and Palace, Throne and Guards bereft,
 The Pomp is vanish'd, and the Care is left.
 Yet strong and lively is the Joy they feel,
 When the full House secures the plenteous Meal ; 50
 Flatt'ring and flatter'd ; each attempts to raise
 A Brother's Merits for a Brother's Praise :

For never Hero shows a prouder Heart,
 Than he who proudly acts an Hero's Part;
 Nor without Cause; the Boards, we know, can yield
 Place for fierce Contest, like the tented Field.

The
 Parts
 they play

Graceful to tread the Stage, to be in turn
 The Prince we honour and the Knave we spurn;
 Bravely to bear the Tumult of the Crowd,
 The Hiss tremendous, and the Censure loud; 60
 These are their Parts,—and he who these sustains,
 Deserves some Praise and Profit for his Pains.
 Heroes at least of gentler kind are they,
 Against whose Swords no weeping Widows pray,
 No Blood their Fury sheds, no Havock marks their
 Way.

Sad-happy Race! soon rais'd and soon deprest,
 Your Days all past in Jeopardy and Jest;
 Poor, without Prudence, with Afflictions vain,
 Not warn'd by Misery, not enrich'd by Gain;
 Whom Justice pitying, chides from Place to Place, 70
 A wandering, careless, wretched, merry Race,
 Who cheerful Looks assume, and play the Parts
 Of happy Rovers with repining Hearts;
 Then cast off Care, and in the mimic Pain
 Of tragic Woe, feel Spirits light and vain,
 Distress and Hope—the Mind's, the Body's Wear,
 The Man's Affliction, and the Actor's Tear:
 Alternate times of Fasting and Excess
 Are yours, ye smiling Children of Distress.

Slaves though you be, your Wandering Freedom

seems,

And with your varying Views and restless Schemes,
 Your Griefs are transient, as your Joys are Dreams.

80

The Yet keen those Griefs—ah! what avail thy Charms,
Aged Fair *Juliet*! what that Infant in thine Arms;
Actress What those heroic Lines thy Patience learns,
 What all the Aid thy present *Romeo* earns,
 Whilst thou art crowded in that lumbering Wain,
 With all thy plaintive Sisters to complain?

Nor is there lack of Labour—To rehearse,
 Day after Day, poor Scraps of Prose and Verse; 90
 To bear each other's Spirit, Pride and Spite;
 To hide in Rant the Heart-ache of the Night;
 To dress in gaudy Patch-work, and to force
 The Mind to think in the appointed Course;—
 This is laborious, and may be defin'd
 The bootless Labour of the thriftless Mind.

There is a veteran Dame; I see her stand
 Intent and pensive with her Book in hand;
 Awhile her Thoughts she forces on her Part,
 Then dwells on Objects nearer to the Heart; 100
 Across the Room she paces, gets her Tone,
 And fits her Features for the Danish Throne;
 To-night a Queen—I mark her Motion slow,
 I hear her Speech, and *Hamlet's* Mother know.

Methinks 'tis pitiful to see her try,
 For strength of Arms and energy of Eye;
 With Vigour lost, and Spirits worn away,
 Her Pomp and Pride she labours to display;
 And when awhile she's tried her Part to act,
 To find her Thoughts arrested by some Fact; 110
 When Struggles more and more severe are seen,
 In the plain Actress than the Danish Queen,—
 At length she feels her Part, she finds Delight,
 And fancies all the Plaudits of the Night:

The
Leading
Lady

Old as she is, she smiles at every Speech,
And thinks no youthful Part beyond her reach;
But as the Mist of Vanity again
Is blown away, by press of present Pain,
Sad and in doubt she to her Purse applies
For cause of Comfort, where no Comfort lies; 120
Then to her Task she sighing turns again,—
“O *Hamlet*, thou hast cleft my Heart in twain!”

And who that poor, consumptive, wither'd thing,
Who strains her slender Throat and strives to sing?
Panting for Breath, and forc'd her Voice to drop,
And far unlike the Inmate of the Shop?
Where she, in Youth and Health, alert and gay,
Laugh'd off at Night the Labours of the Day;
With Novels, Verses, Fancy's fertile Powers,
And Sister-Converse passed the Evening-Hours? 130
But *Cynthia's* Soul was soft, her Wishes strong,
Her Judgment weak, and her Conclusions wrong;
The Morning-call and Counter were her Dread,
And her Contempt the Needle and the Thread:
But when she read a gentle Damsel's Part,
Her Woe, her Wish!—she had them all by heart.

At length the Hero of the Boards drew nigh,
Who spake of Love till Sigh re-echoed Sigh;
He told in honey'd Words his deathless Flame,
And she his own by tender Vows became; 140
Nor Ring nor Licence needed Soul so fond,
Alphonso's Passion was his *Cynthia's* Bond:
And thus the simple Girl, to Shame betray'd,
Sinks to the Grave forsaken and dismay'd.

*Sick without Pity, sorrowing without Hope,
See her! the Grief and Scandal of the Troop; *

Peter A wretched Martyr to a childish Pride,
Nottage Her Woe insulted, and her Praise denied;
 Her humble Talents, though derided, us'd,
 Her Prospects lost, her Confidence abus'd;
 All that remains—for she not long can brave
 Increase of Evils—is an early Grave.

Ye gentle *Cynthias* of the Shop, take heed
 What Dreams ye cherish and what Books ye read.

A decent Sum had *Peter Nottage* made,
 By joining Bricks—to him a thriving Trade:
 Of his Employment Master and his Wife,
 This humble Tradesman led a lordly Life;
 The House of Kings and Heroes lack'd Repairs,
 And *Peter*, though reluctant, serv'd the Players: 160
 Connected thus, he heard in way polite,—
 “Come, *Master Nottage*, see us play to-night.”
 At first 'twas Folly, Nonsense, idle Stuff,
 But, seen for nothing, it grew well enough;
 And better now—now best, and every Night,
 In this Fool's Paradise he drank Delight;
 And as he felt the Bliss, he wish'd to know
 Whence all this Rapture and these Joys could flow;
 For if the seeing could such Pleasure bring,
 What must the feeling?—feeling like a King? 170

In vain his Wife, his Uncle, and his Friend
 Cried—“*Peter! Peter!* let such Follies end;
 'Tis well enough these Vagabonds to see,
 But would you Partner with a Showman be?”

“Showman!” said *Peter*, “did not *Quin* and *Clive*,
 And *Roscius-Garrick* by the Science thrive?”

Showman !—'tis Scandal ; I'm by Genius led
To join a Class who've *Shakespeare* at their head." Stage
Struck

Poor *Peter* thus by easy steps became
A dreaming Candidate for scenic fame 180
And, after Years consum'd, infirm and poor,
He sits and takes the Tickets at the Door.

Of various Men these marching Troops are made,—
Pen-spurning Clerks, and Lads contemning Trade ;
Waiters and Servants by Confinement teas'd,
And Youths of Wealth by Dissipation eas'd ;
With feeling Nymphs, who, such resource at hand,
Scorn to obey the rigour of Command ;
Some, who from higher Views by Vice are won,
And some of either Sex by Love undone ; 190
The greater Part lamenting as their Fall,
What some an Honour and Advancement call.

There are who Names in Shame or Fear assume,
And hence our *Bevilles* and our *Savilles* come ;
It honours him, from Taylor's Board kick'd down,
As *Mister Dormer* to amuse the Town ;
Falling, he rises : but a kind there are
Who dwell on former Prospects, and despair !
Justly but vainly they their Fate deplore,
And mourn their Fall who fell to rise no more. 200

Our Merchant *Thompson*, with his sons around,
Most Mind and Talent in his *Frederick* found ;
He was so lively, that his Mother knew,
If he were taught, that honour must ensue,
The Father's views were in a different line,
But if at College he were sure to shipe

The Merchant and
his Son

Then should he go—to prosper who could doubt;
When School-boy Stigmas would be all wash'd out;
For there were marks upon his youthful Face,
'Twixt Vice and Error—a neglected case—
These would submit to Skill; a little time,
And none could trace the Error or the Crime;
Then let him go, and once at College, he
Might choose his Station—what would *Frederick* be?

'Twas soon determin'd—he could not descend
To Pedant-laws and Lectures without end;
And then the Chapel—Night and Morn'to pray,
Or mulct and threaten'd if he kept away;
No! not to be a Bishop—so he swore,
And at his College he was seen no more.

His Debts all paid, the Father with a sigh,
Plac'd him in Office:—"Do, my *Frederick*, try;
Confine thyself a few short Months, and then——"
He tried a Fortnight, and threw down the Pen.

Again Demands were hush'd: "My Son, you're
free,
But you're unsettled; take your chance at Sea:"
So in few Days the Midshipman equipp'd,
Receiv'd the Mother's Blessing and was shipp'd.

Hard was her Fortune! soon compell'd to meet
The wretched Stripling staggering through the
Street;
For, rash, impetuous, insolent and vain,
The Captain sent him to his Friends again:
About the Borough rov'd th' unhappy Boy,
And ate the Bread of every Chance-employ;

Of Friends he borrow'd, and the Parents yet
 In secret Fondness authoris'd the Debt ;
 The younger Sister, still a Child, was taught
 To give with feign'd Affright the Pittance sought ;
 For now the Father cried—" It is too late
 For Trial more—I leave him to his Fate ;—"

The
 Descent
 to Vice

Yet left him not ; and with a kind of Joy
 The Mother heard of her desponding Boy :
 At length he sicken'd, and he found, when sick,
 All Aid was ready, all Attendance quick ;
 A Fever seiz'd him, and at once was lost
 The Thought of Trespass, Error, Crime and Cost ;
 Th' indulgent Parents knelt beside the Youth,
 They heard his Promise, and believ'd his Truth ;
 And when the Danger lessen'd on their View,
 They cast off Doubt, and Hope Assurance
 grew ;—

240

250

Nursed by his Sisters, cherish'd by his Sire,
 Begg'd to be glad, encourag'd to aspire,
 His Life; they said, would now all Care repay,
 And he might date his Prospects from that Day ;
 A Son, a Brother to his Home receiv'd,
 They hop'd for all things, and in all believ'd.

And now will Pardon, Comfort, Kindness, draw
 The Youth from Vice ? will Honour, Duty, Law ?
 Alas ! not all : the more the Trials lent,
 The less he seem'd to ponder and repent ;
 Headstrong, determin'd in his own Career,
 He thought Reproof unjust and Truth severe ;
 The Soul's Disease was to its Crisis come,
 He first abus'd and then abjur'd his Home ;
 And when he chose a Vagabond to be,
 He made his Shame his Glory ;—" I'll be free."

260

And the Lowest Thus was he found: the Master of an Hoy 330
 Saw the sad Wretch whom he had known a Boy;
 At first in doubt, but *Frederick* laid aside
 All shame, and humbly for his Aid applied:
 He, tam'd and smitten with the Storms gone by,
 Look'd for Compassion through one living Eye,
 And stretch'd th' unpalsied Hand: the Seaman felt
 His honest Heart with gentle Pity melt,
 And his small Boon with cheerful Frankness dealt;
 Then made Enquiries of the unhappy Youth,
 Who told; nor Shame forbade him, all the Truth. 340

"Young *Frederick Thompson*, to a Chandler's Shop
 By Harlots order'd, and afraid to stop!—
 What! our good Merchant's Favourite, to be seen
 In State so loathsome and in Dress so mean?"—

So thought the Seaman as he bade adieu,
 And, when in Port, related all, he knew.

But Time was lost, Enquiry came too late,
 Those whom he serv'd knew nothing of his Fate;
 No! they had seiz'd on what the Sailor gave,
 Nor bore Resistance from their abject Slave; 350
 The Spoil obtain'd, they cast him from the Door,
 Robb'd, beaten, hungry, pain'd, diseas'd, and poor.

Then Nature (pointing to the only Spot
 Which still had Comfort for so dire a Lot),
 Although so feeble, led him on the Way,
 And Hope look'd forward to an happier Day:
 He thought, poor Prodigal! a Father yet
 His Woes would pity and his Crimes forget;
 Nor had he Brother who, with Speech severe,
 Would check the Pity or refrain the Tear; 360

A lighter Spirit in his Bosom rose,
As near the Road he sought an hour's repose.

The End

And there he found it : he had left the Town,
But Buildings yet were scatter'd up and down ;
To one of these, half-ruin'd and half-built,
Was trac'd this Child of Wretchedness and Guilt ;
There on the Remnant of a Beggar's Vest,
Thrown by in scorn ! the Sufferer sought for Rest ;
There was this Scene of Vice and Woe to close,
And there the wretched Body found Repose. 370

THE ALMS-HOUSE AND TRUSTEES

The frugal Merchant—Rivalship in Modes of Frugality—Private Exceptions to the general Manners—Alms-House built—Its Description—Founder dies—Six Trustees—*Sir Denys Brand*, a principal—His Eulogium in the Chronicles of the Day—Truth reckoned invidious on these Occasions—An Explanation of the Magnanimity and Wisdom of *Sir Denys*—His kinds of Moderation and Humility—*Laughton*, his Successor, a planning, ambitious, wealthy Man—Advancement in Life his perpetual Object, and all Things made the Means of It—His Idea of Falsehood—His Resentment dangerous: how removed—Success produces Love of Flattery: his daily Gratification—His Merits and Acts of Kindness—His proper Choice of Almsmen—In this respect meritorious—His Predecessor not so cautious.

LETTER XIII

THE ALMS-HOUSE AND TRUSTEES

LEAVE now our Streets, and in yon Plain behold. The
frugal
Merchant
Those pleasant Seats for the Reduc'd and Old;
A Merchant's Gift, whose Wife and Children died,
When he to Saving all his Powers applied;
He wore his Coat till bare was every thread,
And with the meanest Fare his Body fed.
He had a female Cousin, who with care
Walk'd in his Steps and learn'd of him to spare;
With Emulation and Success they strove,
Improving still, still seeking to improve, 20
As if that useful Knowledge they would gain—
How little Food would human Life sustain:
No Pauper came their Table's Crumbs to crave,
Scraping they liv'd, but not a Scrap they gavè:
When Beggars saw the frugal Merchant pass,
It mov'd their Pity, and they said, "Alas!
Hard is thy Fate, my Brother," and they felt
A Beggar's Pride as they that Pity dealt:
The Dogs, who learn of Man to scorn the Poor,
Bark'd him away from ev'ry decent Door; 20
While they who saw him bare, but thought him
rich,
To show Respect or Scorn, they knew not which.

Dec^d But while our Merchant seem'd so base and mean,
 Good-by He had his Wanderings, sometimes "not unseen ;"
 Stop^d To give in secret was a favourite act,
 Yet more than once they took him in the fact :
 * To scenes of various Woe he nightly went,
 And serious sums in healing Misery spent ;
 Oft has he cheer'd the Wretched, at a rate
 For which he daily might have din'd on Plate ; 30
 He has been seen—his Hair all silver-white,
 Shaking and shining—as he stole by Night,
 To feed unenvied on his still Delight. }
 A two-fold Taste he had ; to give and spare ;
 Both were his Duties, and had equal care ;
 It was his Joy, to sit alone and fast,
 Then send a Widow and her Boys Repast :
 Tears in his Eyes would, spite of him, appear,
 But he from other Eyes has kept the Tear :
 All in a wintry Night from far he came, 40
 To soothe the Sorrows of a suff'ring Dame ;
 Whose Husband robb'd him, and to whom he meant
 A ling'ring, but reforming Punishment :
 Home then he walk'd, and found his Anger rise,
 When Fire and Rush-light met his troubled Eyes ;
 But these extinguish'd, and his Prayer address
 To Heaven in hope, he calmly sank to rest.

His seventieth Year was past, and then was seen
 A Building rising on the Northern Green ;
 There was no blinding all his Neighbours' Eyes, 50
 Or surely no one would have seen it rise ;
 * Twelve Rooms contiguous stood, and six were near,
 There men were plac'd, and sober Matrons here ;
 There were behind, small useful Gardens made,
 Benches before and Trees to give them shade ;

THE ALMS-HOUSE AND TRUSTEES 173

In the first Room were seen, above, below,
Some marks of Taste, a few attempts at Show;
The Founder's Picture and his Arms were there,
(Not till he left us) and an elbow'd Chair;
There, 'mid these signs of his superior Place,
Sat the mild Ruler of this humble Race.

Within the Row are men who strove in vain,
Through Years of Trouble, Wealth and Ease to gain;
Less must they have than an appointed Sum,
And Freemen been, or hither must not come;
They should be decent and command Respect
(Though needing Fortune), whom these Doors protect,
And should for thirty dismal Years have tried
For Peace unfelt and Competence denied.

Strange! that o'er Men thus train'd in Sorrow's
School,
Power must be held and they must live by Rule;
Infirm, corrected by Misfortunes, old,
Their Habits settled and their Passions cold;
Of Health, Wealth, Power, and worldly Cares bereft,
Still must they not at Liberty be left;
There must be one to rule them, to restrain
And guide the Movements of his erring Train.

If then Controll imperious, Check severe,
Be needed where such reverend Men appear;
To what would Youth, without such Checks, aspire, 80
Free the wild Wish, uncurb'd the strong Desire
And where (in College or in Camp) they found
The Heart ungovern'd and the Hand unbound?

His House endow'd, the generous Man resign'd
All Power to Rule, no Power of Choice declin'd;

He and his female Saint surviv'd to view
 Their Work complete, and bade the World adieu!

Six are the Guardians of this happy Seat,
 And one presides when they on Business meet;
 As each expires, the five a Brother choose,
 Nor would *Sir Denys Brand* the Charge refuse;
 True, 'twas beneath him, "but to do Men good
 Was motive never by his Heart withstood:"
 He too is gone, and they again must strive
 To find a Man in whom his Gifts survive.

90

Now, in the various Records of the Dead,
 Thy Worth, *Sir Denys*, shall be weigh'd and read;
 There we the Glory of thy House shall trace,
 With each Alliance of thy noble Race.

Yes! here we have him!—"Came in *William's* Reign,
 The *Norman-Brand*; the Blood without a stain;
 From the fierce *Dane* and ruder *Saxon* clear,
Pict, Irish, Scot, or *Cambrian* Mountaineer;
 But the pure *Norman* was the sacred Spring,
 And he, *Sir Denys*, was in Heart a King:
 Erect in Person and so firm in Soul,
 Fortune he seem'd to govern and controul;
 Generous as he who gives his all away,
 Prudent as one who toils for weekly Pay;
 In him all Merits were decreed to meet,
 Since he though cautious, frank and yet discreet,
 Just all his Dealings, faithful every Word,
 His Passions' Master, and his Temper's Lord."

110

Yet more, kind Dealers in decaying Fame!
 His Magnanimity you next proclaim;

THE ALMS HOUSE AND TRUSTEES 173

You give him Learning, join'd with sound good Sense, 174
 And match his Wealth with his Benevolence;
 What hides the multitude of Sins, you add,
 Yet seem to doubt if Sins he ever had.

Poor honest Truth! thou writ'st of living Men, 120
 And art a Railer and Detracter then;
 They die, again to be describ'd, and now
 A Foe to Merit and Mankind art thou!

Why banish Truth? it injures not the Dead;
 It aids not them with Flattery to be fed;
 And when Mankind such perfect Pictures view,
 They copy less, the more they think them true.
 Let up a Mortal as he was behold,
 And see the Dross adhering to the Gold;
 When 'ere the Errors of the Virtuous state, 130
 Then erring Men their Worth may emulate.

View then this Picture of a noble Mind,
 Let him be wise, magnanimous, and kind;
 What was the Wisdom? Was it not the Frown
 That keeps all Question, all Enquiry down?
 His Words were powerful and decisive all,
 But his slow Reasons came for no Man's call.
 "Tis thus," he cried, no doubt with kind intent,
 To give Results and spare all Argument!—

"Let it be spar'd—all Men at least agree 140
Sir Denis Brand had Magnanimity:
 His were no vulgar Charities; none saw
 Him like the Merchant to the Hut withdraw;
 He left to vulgar Minds the simple Deed,
 By which the Houseless rest, the Hungry feed;

Detestable His was a public Bounty, vast and grand;
 'Twas not in him to work with viewless hands;
 He rais'd the Room that towers above the Street;
 A public Room where grateful Parties meet;
 He first the Life-boat plann'd; to him the Place
 Is deep in Debt—'twas he reviv'd the Race;
 To every public Act this hearty Friend
 Would give with freedom or with frankness lend;
 His Money built the Jail, nor Prisoner yet
 Sits at his Ease, but he must feel the Debt;
 To these let Candour add his vast Display,
 Around his Mansion all is grand & gay;
 And this is Bounty with the name of Pay.

I grant the whole, nor from one Deed detract;
 But wish recorded too the private Act;
 All these were great, but still our Hearts approve
 Those simpler Tokens of the Christian Love;
 'Twould give me Joy some gracious Deed to meet,
 That has not call'd for Glory through the Street;
 Who felt for many, could not always shun,
 In some soft moment, to be kind to one;
 And yet they tell us, when *Sir Denys* died,
 That not a widow in the Borough sigh'd;
 Great were his Gifts, his mighty Heart I own,
 But why describe what all the World has known?

The rest is petty Pride, the useless art
 Of a vain Mind to hide a swelling Heart:
 Small was his private Room; Men found him there
 By a plain Table on a paltry Chair;
 A wretched Floor-cloth, and some Primrose round,
 The easy purchase of a single Pound:
 These humble Trifles and that Study small
 Make strong contrast with the Servants' Hall.

THE ALMS-HOUSE AND TRUSTEES.

There hardly Comfort, here a grand Feast;
The portly Son of pamper'd Idleness,
Where the sleek Rogues with one consent declare,
They would not live upon his Honour's Fare;
He daily took but one half-hour to dine,
On one poor Dish and some three sips of wine;
Then he'd abuse them for their sumptuous Feasts,
And say, "My Friends! you make yourselves like
Beasts;

Feasts
Son of
Idleness
Rogues
Fare
dine
Feasts
Beasts

One Dish suffices any Man to dine,
But you are greedy as an herd of Swine;
Learn to be temperate."—Had they dar'd t' obey,
He would have prais'd, and turn'd them all away. 190

Friends met *Sir Denys* riding in his Ground,
And there the Meekness of his Spirit found:
For that grey Coat, not new for many a Year,
Hides all that would like decent Dress appear;
An old brown Pony 'twas his will to ride,
Who shuffled onward, and from side to side;
A five-pound purchase, but so fat and sleek,
His very Plenty made the Creature weak.

"*Sir Denys Brand!* and on so poor a Steed!"
"Poor! it may be—such things I never heed;"
And who that Youth behind, of pleasant mien,
Equipt as one who wishes to be seen;
Upon an Horse, twice Victor for a Plate,
A noble Hunter, bought at dearest rate?—
Him the Lad fearing, yet resolv'd to guide,
He curbs his Spirit, while he strokes his Pride.

"An handsome youth, *Sir Denys*; and an Horse
Of fine figure never met the Course,—

Says the Yours, without question? "Yes! I think a Groom
Bought me the Beast; I cannot say the Sam. 220
I ride him not, it is a foolish pride
Men have in Cattle—but my People ride;
The Boy is—hark-ye, Sirrah! what's your Name?
Aye, *Jacob*, Yes! I recollect—the same;
As I bethink me now, a Tenant's Son—
I think a Tenant—is your Father one?"

There was an idle Boy who ran about,
And found his Master's humble Spirit out;
He would at awful distance snatch a Jook,
Then run away and hide him in some nook. 220
"For oh!" quoth he, "I dare not fix my sight
On him, his Grandeur puts me in a fright;
Oh, *Myter Jacob*, when you wait on him,
Do you not quake and tremble every limb?"
The Steward soon had Orders—"Summers, see
That *Sam* be cloath'd, and let him wait on me."

Sir Denys died, bequeathing all Affairs
In trust to *Laughton's* long-experienc'd Cares;
Before a Guardian, and *Sir Denys* dead,
All Rule and Power devolv'd upon his Head. 230
Numbers are call'd to govern, but in fact
Only the powerful and assuming act.

Laughton, too-wise to be a dupe to Fame,
Car'd not a whit of what Descent he came,
Till he was rich; he then conceiv'd the thought
To fish for Pedigree, but never caught:
All his desire, when he was young and poor,
Was to advance; he never car'd for more.

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"Let me buy, will he Factor, take a Wife,
Take any Road, to get along in Life." 240

Was he a Miser then? a Robber? Foe
To those who trusted? a Deceiver?—No!
He was ambitious; all his Powers of Mind
Were to one end controul'd, improv'd, combin'd;
Wit, Learning, Judgment, were, by his account,
Steps for the Ladder he design'd to mount:
Such step was Money: Wealth was but his Slave,
For Power he gain'd it, and for Power he gave;
Full well the Borough knows that he'd the art
Of bringing Money to the surest Mart; 250
Friends too were Aids, they led to certain ends,
Increase of Power and Claim on other Friends.
A favourite step was Marriage; then he gain'd
Seat in our Hall, and o'er his Party reign'd;
Houses and Lands he bought, and long'd to buy,
But never drew the Springs of Purchase dry,
And thus at last they answer'd every call,
The Failing found him ready for their Fall:
He walks along the Street, the Mart, the Quay,
And looks and mutters, "This belongs to me." 260
His Passions all partook the general bent,
Int'rest inform'd him when he should resent,
How long resist and on what terms relent:
In points where he determin'd to succeed,
In vain might Reason or Compassion plead;
But, gain'd his point, he was the best of Men,
'Twas loss of Time to be vexatious then:
Hence he was mild to all Men whom he led,
Of all, who dar'd resist, the Scourge and Dread.

Falseness in him was not the useless Lie
Of boasting Pride or laughing Vanity; 270

Favours Who their last Quixes in their Pleasures spent,
 Yet never fell so low as to repent;
 To these his Pity he could largely deal,
 Wealth they had known, and therefore Want could feel.

Three Seats were vacant while *Sir Denys* reign'd,
 And three such favourites their Admission gain'd;
 These let us view, still more to understand
 The moral Feelings of *Sir Denys Brand*.

LETTER XIV

INHABITANTS OF THE ALMS-HOUSE

BLANEY

Sed quia cæcus inest vitiis amor, omne futurum
Despicitur; suadent brevem præsentia fructum,
Et ruit in veritum damni secura libido.

—CLAUDIAN, in *Eutrop.*

Nunquam parvo contenta peracta
Et quæditorum terrâ pelagoque ciborum
Ambitiosa fames et lautæ gloria mensæ.

Et Luxus, populator Opum, tibi semper adhærens
Infelix humili gressu comitatur Egestas.

—CLAUDIAN, in *Rufinum.*

Behold what Blessing Wealth to Life can lend!

—POPE.

The To singing Harlots of enormous price :
 Speak- He took a Jockey in his Gig to buy
 Christ An Horse, so valued, that a Duke was shy :
 To gain the Plaudits of the knowing few,
 Gamblers and Grooms, what would not *Blaney* do ?
 His dearest Friend, at that improving age,
 Was *Hounslow Dick*, who drove the Western Stage.

Cruel he was not—If he left his Wife,
 He left her to her own Pursuits in Life ; 3c
 Deaf to Reports, to all Expences blind,
 Profuse, not just, and careless, but not kind.

Yet thus assisted ten long Winters past,
 In wasting Guineas ere he saw his last,
 Then he began to reason and to feel
 He could not dig, nor had he learn'd to steal ;
 And should he beg as long as he might live,
 He justly fear'd that Nobody would give :
 But he could charge a Pistol, and at will,
 All that was mortal, by a Bullet kill : 4c
 And he was taught by those whom he would call
 Man's surest Guides—that he was mortal all.

While thus he thought, still waiting for the Day,
 When he should dare to blow his Brains away,
 A Place for him a kind Relation found,
 Where *England's* Monarch rul'd, but far from English
 Ground :
 He gave Employ that might for Bread suffice,
 Correct his Habits and restrain his Vice.

Here *Blaney* try'd (what such Man's Miseries teach)
 To find what Pleasures were within his reach ; 5c

INHABITANTS OF THE ALMS-HOUSE 187

These he enjoy'd, though not in just the style
 He once possess'd them in his native Isle;
 Congenial Souls he found in every Place,
 Vice in all Soils, and Charms in every Race:
 His Lady took the same amusing way,
 And laugh'd at Time till he had turn'd them grey:
 At length for *England* once again they steer'd,
 By ancient Views and new Designs endear'd;
 His Kindred died, and *Blaney* now became
 An Heir to one who never heard his Name. 60

What could he now?—the Man had tried before
 The Joys of Youth, and they were Joys no more;
 To vicious Pleasure he was still inclin'd,
 But Vice must now be season'd and refin'd;
 Then as a Swine he would on Pleasure seize,
 Now common Pleasures had no power to please;
 Beauty alone has for the Vulgar Charms,
 He wanted Beauty trembling with Alarms:
 He was no more a youthful Dream of Joy,
 The Wretch desir'd to ruin and destroy; 70
 He bought Indulgence with a boundless price,
 Most pleas'd when Decency bow'd down to Vice,
 When a fair Dame her Husband's Honour sold,
 And a frail Countess play'd for *Blaney's* Gold.

“But did not Conscience in her Anger rise?”
 Yes! and he learn'd her Terrors to despise;
 When stung by Thought, to soothing Books he fled,
 And grew compos'd and harden'd as he read;
 Tales of *Voltaire*, and Essays gay and slight,
 Pleas'd him and shone with their phosphoric light; so
 Which, though it rose from objects vile and base,
 Where'er it came threw Splendour on the place,

And was that Light which the deluded Youth,
Reasoner And this grey Sinner, deem'd the Light of Truth.

He different Works for different cause admir'd,
Some fix'd his Judgment, some his Passions fir'd;
To cheer the Mind and raise a dormant Flame,
He had the Books, decreed to lasting Shame,
Which those who read are careful not to name.
These won to vicious act the yielding Heart,
And then the cooler Reasoners sooth'd the smart.

He'd heard of *Blount*, and *Mandeville* and *Chubb*,
How they the Doctors of their Day would drub;
How *Hume* had dwelt on Miracles so well,
That none could now believe a Miracle;
And though he car'd not Works so grave to read,
He caught their Faith and sign'd the Sinner's Creed.

Thus was he pleas'd to join the laughing Side,
Nor ceas'd the Laughter when his Lady died;
Yet was he kind and careful of her Fame,
And on her Tomb inscrib'd a virtuous Name;
"A tender Wife, respected, and so forth,"—
The Marble still bears witness to the worth.

He has some Children, but he knows not where,
Something they cost, but neither Love nor Care;
A Father's Feelings he has never known,
His Joys, his Sorrows, have been all his own.

He now would build—and lofty Seat he built,
And sought, in various ways, relief from Guilt.
Restless, for ever anxious to obtain
Ease for the Heart by Ramblings of the Brain,

INHABITANTS OF THE FILMS-HOUSE 139

He would have Pictures, and of course a Taste;
And found a thousand means his Wealth to waste;
Newmarket Steeds he bought at mighty cost,
They sometimes won, but *Blaney* always lost.

Quick came his Ruin, came when he had still
For Life a relish, and in Pleasure skill:
By his own idle reckoning he suppos'd
His Wealth would last him till his Life was clos'd;
But no! he found this final Hoard was spent, 120
While he had Years to suffer and repent.
Yet at the last, his noble Mind to show,
And in his Misery how he bore the Blow,
He view'd his only Guinea, then suppressed,
For a short time, the Tumults in his Breast,
And, mov'd by Pride, by Habit and Despair,
Gave it an Opera-Bird to hum an Air.

Come ye! who live for Pleasure, come, behold
A Man of Pleasure when he's poor and old;
When he looks back through Life and cannot find 130
A single Action to relieve his Mind;
When he looks forward, striving still to keep
A steady Prospect of eternal Sleep;
When not one Friend is left of all the Train,
Whom 'twas his Pride and Boast to entertain,—
Friends now employ'd from House to House to run,
And say, "Alas! poor *Blaney* is undone!" . . .
Those whom he shook with ardour by the hand,
By whom he stood as long as he could stand,
Who seem'd to him from all Deception clear, 140
And who, more strange! might think themselves sincere.

Lo! now the Hero shuffling through the Town,
To hunt a Dinner and to beg a Crown;

Blaney To tell an idle Tale, that Boys may smile;
 To bear a Strumpet's Billet-doux a mile;
 To cull a Wanton for a Youth of Wealth,
 (With reverend view to both his Taste and Health)
 To be an useful, needy thing between
 Fear and Desire—the Pander and the Screen;
 To flatter Pictures, Houses, Horses, Dress,
 The wildest Fashion or the worst Excess;
 To be the grey Seducer, and entice
 Unbearded Folly into acts of Vice;
 And then, to level every Fence which Law
 And Virtue fix to keep the Mind in awe,
 He first inveigles Youth to walk astray,
 Next prompts and soothes them in their fatal way,
 Then vindicates the Deed, and makes the Mind
 his prey.

Unhappy Man! what pains he takes to state—
 (Proof of his Fear!)—That all below is Fate;
 That all proceed in one appointed Track,
 Where none can stop, or take their Journey back:
 Then what is Vice or Virtue?—Yet he'll rail
 At Priests till Memory and Quotation fail;
 He reads, to learn the various Ill they've done;
 And calls them Vipers, every Mother's Son,

He is the Harlot's Aid, who wheedling tries
 To move her Friend for Vanity's Supplies;
 To weak Indulgence he allures the Mind,
 Loth to be dup'd, but willing to be kind;
 And if successful—what the Labour pays?
 He gets the Friend's Contempt and *Chloe's* Praise,
 Who, in her Triumph, condescends to say,
 "What a good creature *Blaney* was to-day."

INHABITANTS OF THE ALMS-HOUSE 191

Hear the poor *Demon* when the Young attend,
 And willing Ear to vile Experience lend;
 When he relates (with laughing, leering eye)
 The Tale licentious, mix'd with Blasphemy:
 No genuine Gladness his Narrations cause,
 The frailest Heart denies sincere Applause; 180
 And many a Youth has turn'd him half aside,
 And laugh'd aloud, the sign of Shame to hide.

Blaney, no aid in his vile Cause to lose,
 Buys Pictures, Prints, and a licentious Muse;
 He borrows every Help from every Art,
 To stir the Passions and mislead the Heart:
 But from the Subject let us soon escape,
 Nor give this Feature all its ugly shape;
 Some to their Crimes Escape from Satire owe;
 Who shall describe what *Blaney* dares to show? 190

While thus the Man, to Vice and Passion slave,
 Was, with his Follies, moving to the Grave,
 The antient Ruler of this Mansion died,
 And *Blaney* boldly for the Seat applied:
Sir Denys Brand, then Guardian, join'd his Suit,
 "Tis true," said he, "the Fellow's quite a Brute—
 A very Beast; but yet, with all his Sin,
 He has a Manner—let the Devil in."

They half complied, they gave the wish'd Retreat,
 But rais'd a worthier to the vacant Seat. 200

Thus forc'd on ways unlike each former way,
 Thus led to Prayer without an Heart to pray,
 He quits the Gay and Rich, the Young and Free,
 Among the Badge-men with a Badge to be:

Shunned He sees an humble Tradesman rais'd to rule
by all The grey-beard Pupils of this moral School ;
Where he himself, an old licentious Boy,
Will nothing learn, and nothing can enjoy ;
In temp'rate Measures he must eat and drink,
And, Pain of Pains ! must live alone and think. 210

In vain, by Fortune's Smiles, thrice affluent made,
Still has he Debts of ancient date unpaid ;
Thrice into Penury by Error thrown,
Not one right Maxim has he made his own ;
The Old-Men shun him,—some his Vices hate,
And all abhor his Principles and Prate ;
Nor Love nor Care for him will Mortal show,
Save a frail Sister in the female Row.

LETTER XV

INHABITANTS OF THE ALMS-HOUSE

CLELIA

She early found herself mistress of herself, All she did was right: all she said was admired. Early, very early did she dismiss blushes from her cheek: she could not blush, because she could not doubt; and silence, whatever was the subject, was as much a stranger to her as diffidence. — RICHARDSON.

Quò fugit Venus? heu! Quòque color? decens
Quò motus? Quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi?

—MORATIUS, lib. iv., od. 12.

CLELIA

Her lively and pleasant Manners—Her Reading and Decision—Her Intercourse with different Classes of Society—Her kind of Character—The favoured Lover—Her Management of him: his of her—After one Period *Clelia* with an Attorney: her Manner and Situation there—Another such Period, when her Fortune still declines—Mistress of an Inn—A Widow—Another such Interval: she becomes poor and infirm, but still vain and frivolous—The fallen Vanity—Admitted into the House: meets *Blaney*.

LETTER XV

INHABITANTS OF THE ALMS-HOUSE

CLELIA

WE had a sprightly Nymph—in every Town The
Are some such Sprights, who wander up and Nymph
down ;

She had her useful Arts, and could contrive,
In 'Time's despite, to stay at 'Twenty-five ;—
“ Here will I rest ; move on, thou lying Year,
This is mine Age, and I will rest me here.”

Arch was her Look, and she had pleasant ways
Your good Opinion of her Heart to raise ;
Her Speech was lively, and with ease expressed,
And well she judg'd the Tempeis she addressed ; 10
If some soft Stripling had her Keeness felt,
She knew the way to make his Anger melt :
Wit was allow'd her, though but few could bring
Direct example of a witty thing ;
'Twas that gay, pleasant, smart, engaging Speech,
Her Beaux admir'd, and just within their reach ;
Not indiscreet, perhaps, but yet more free
Than prandish Nymphs allow their Wit to be.

Novels and Plays, with Poems, old and new,
Were all the Books our Nymph attended to ; 29

She'd fix her eyes upon the roaring Flood;
 And dance upon the Brink where Danger stood.
 Strife of Hearts

'Twas Nature all, she judg'd, in one so young,
 To drop the Eye and falter in the Tongue;
 To be about to take, and then command
 His daring Wish, and only view the Hand:
 Yes! all was Nature; it became a Maid
 Of gentle Soul t'encourage Love afraid;—
 He, so unlike the confident and bold,
 Would fly in mute Despair to find her cold:
 The young and tender Germ requires the Sun
 To make it spread; it must be smil'd upon.
 Thus the kind Virgin gentle means devis'd,
 To gain an Heart so fond, an Hand so priz'd;
 More gentle still she grew, to change her way
 Would cause Confusion, Danger, and Delay:
 Thus (an increase of Gentleness her mode),
 She took a plain, unvaried, certain road,
 And ev'ry hour believ'd Success was near,
 Till there was nothing left to hope or fear.

It must be own'd that in this Strife of Hearts, 100
 Man has advantage—has superior Arts:
 The Lover's Aim is to the Nymph unknown,
 Nor is she always certain of her own:
 Or has her fears, nor these can so disguise,
 But he who searches, reads them in her Eyes,
 In the avenging Frown, in the regretting sigh:
 These are his signals, and he learns to steer
 The straighter course, whenever they appear.

"Pass we ten Years, and what was *Clara's* fate?"
 At an Attorney's Board alert she sate.

INHABITANTS OF THE ALMS-HOUSE 199

Not legal Mistress; he with other Men
Once sought her Hand, but other views were then;
And when he knew he might the Bliss command,
He other Blissing sought, without the Hand;
For still he felt alive the lambent Flame,
And offer'd her an Home, and home she came.

There, though her higher Friendships liv'd no more,
She lov'd to speak of what she shar'd before—

“Of the dear *Lucy*, Heiress of the Hall,—
Of good *Sir Peter*,—of their annual Ball,
And the fair Countess!—Oh! she lov'd them
all!” } 120

The humbler Clients of her Friend would stare,
The knowing smile,—but neither caus'd her care;
She brought her Spirits to her humbled State,
And sooth'd with idle Dreams her frowning Fate.

“Ten Summers past, and how was *Clelia* then?”—
Alas! she suffered in this trying Ten;
The Pair had parted: who to him attend,
Must judge the Nymph unfaithful to her Friend;
But who on her would equal faith bestow, } 130
Would think him rash,—and surely she must know.

Then, as a Matron, *Clelia* taught a School,
But Nature gave not Talents fit for Rule:
Yet now, though Marks of wasting Years were seen,
Some touch of Sorrow, some attack of Spleen;
Still there was Life, a Spirit quick and gay,
And lively Speech, and elegant Array.

The *Griffin's* Landlord these allur'd so far,
He made her Mistress of his Heart and Bar;

Her He had no idle retrospective whim, 1540
 Till she was his her Deeds concern'd not him :
 So far was well,—but *Clelia* thought not fit
 (In all the *Griffin* needed) to submit :
 Gaily to dress, and in the Bar preside,
 Sooth'd the poor Spirit of degraded Pride ;
 But cooking, waiting, welcoming a Crew
 Of noisy Guests, were arts she never knew :
 Hence daily Wars, with temporary Truce,
 His vulgar Insult, and her keen Abuse ;
 And as their Spirits wasted in the Strife, 1550
 Both took the *Griffin's* ready aid of Life ;
 But she with greater Prudence,—*Harry* try'd
 More powerful aid, and in the trial died ;
 Yet drew down vengeance : in no distant time,
 Th' insolvent *Griffin* struck his wings sublime ;—
 Forth from her Palace walk'd th' ejected Queen,
 And show'd to frowning Fate a look serene ;
 Gay spite of Time, though poor, yet well attir'd,
 Kind without love, and vain if not admir'd.

Another Term is past ; ten other Years 160
 In various Trials, Troubles, Views and Fears :
 Of these some past in small attempts at Trade ;
 Houses she kept for Widowers lately made ;
 For now she said, " They'll miss th' endearing Friend,
 And I'll be there the soften'd Heart to bend : "
 And true a part was done as *Clelia* plann'd—
 The Heart was soften'd, but she miss'd the Hand.
 She wrote a Novel, and *Sir Denys* said,
 The Dedication was the best he read :
 But *Edgeworths*, *Smiths* and *Radcliffes* so engross'd 170
 The public Ear, that all her Pains were lost.

INHABITANTS OF THE ALMS-HOUSE 201

To keep a Toy-shop was attempt the last,
There too she fail'd, and Schemes and Hopes were
past.

The
Ancient
Pier

Now friendless, sick and old, and wanting Bread,
The first-born Tears of fallen Pride were shed—
True, bitter Tears; and yet that wounded Pride,
Among the Poor, for poor Distinctions sigh'd.
Though now her Tales were to her Audience fit;
Though loud her Tones, and vulgar grown her Wit;
Though now her Dress—(but let me not explain 180
The piteous Patch-work of the needy-vain,
The flimsy Form to coarse materials lent,
And one poor Robe through fifty fashions sent);
Though all within was sad, without was mean,—
Still 'twas her wish, her comfort to be seen:
She would to Plays on lowest terms resort,
Where once her Box was to the Beaux a Court;
And, strange delight! to that same House, where she
Join'd in the Dance, all gaiety and glee,
Now with the Menials crowding to the wall, 190
She'd see, not share, the Pleasures of the Ball,
And with degraded Vanity unfold,
How she too triumph'd in the Years of old.
To her poor Friends 'tis now her Pride to tell
On what an height she stood before she fell;
At Church she points to one tall Seat, and "There
We sat," she cries, "when my Papa was Mayor."
Not quite correct in what she now relates,
She alters Persons, and she forges Dates;
And finding Memory's weaker help decay'd, 200
She boldly calls Invention to her aid.

Touch'd by the Pity he had felt before,
For her Sir Denys op'd the Alms-house Door;

The "With all her Faults," he said, "the Woman knew
Closing How to distinguish—had a Manner too ;
Scene And, as they say, she is allied to some
 In decent station—let the Creature come."

Here she and *Blaney* meet, and take their view
 Of all the Pleasures they would still pursue :
 Hour after hour they sit, and nothing hide 410
 Of Vices past ; their Follies are their pride ;
 What to the Sober and the Cool are Crimes,
 They boast—exulting in those happy Times ;
 The darkest Deeds no indignation raise,
 The purest Virtue never wins their praise ;
 But still they on their ancient Joys dilate,
 Still with regret departed Glories state,
 And mourn their grievous Fall, and curse their
 rigorous Fate.

LETTER XVI

INHABITANTS OF THE ALMS-HOUSE

BENBOW

Thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp—if thou wast any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be by this fire. Oh! thou'rt a perpetual triumph, thou hast saved me a thousand Marks in links and torches, walking in a night betwixt tavern and tavern.

—SHAKSPEARE.

*Ebrietas tibi fida comes, tibi Luxus, et atris
Circa te semper volitans Infamia pennis.*

—SILIUS ITALICUS.

BENBOW

An improper Companion for the Badgemen of the Almshouse—He resembles *Bardolph*—Left in Trade by his Father—Contracts useless Friendships—His Friends drink with him, and employ others—Called worthy and honest! Why—Effect of Wine on the Mind of Man—*Benbow's* common Subject—the Praise of departed Friends and Patrons—*'Squire Asgill*, at the Grange: His Manners, Servants, Friends—True to his Church: ought therefore to be spared—His Son's different Conduct—Vexation of the Father's Spirit if admitted to see the Alteration—*Captain Dowling*, a boon Companion, ready to drink at all times, and with any Company: famous in his Club-room—His easy Departure—*Dolly Murray*, a Maiden advanced in Years: abides by Ratafia and Cards—Her Free Manners—Her Skill in the Game—Her Preparation and Death—*Benbow*, how interrupted: his Submission.

LETTER XVI

INHABITANTS OF THE ALMS-HOUSE

BENBOW

SEE! yonder Badgeman, with that glowing Face, **The**
A Meteor shining in this sober Place; **Badge-**
Vast sums were paid, and many Years were past, **man**
Ere Gems so rich around their Radiance cast!
Such was the fiery Front that *Bardolph* wore,
Guiding his Master to the Tavern-Door;
There first that Meteor rose, and there alone,
In its due Place, the rich Effulgence shone;
But this strange Fire the Seat of Peace invades,
And shines portentous in these solemn Shades. 10

Benbow, a boon Companion, long approv'd
By jovial Sets, and (as he thought) belov'd,
Was judg'd as one to Joy and Friendship prone,
And deem'd injurious to himself alone:
Gen'rous and free, he paid but small regard
To Trade, and fail'd; and some declar'd "'twas
hard:"

These were his Friends—his Foes conceiv'd the case
Of common kind;—he sought and found Disgrace:
The reasoning few, who neither scorn'd nor lov'd,
His Feelings pitied and his Faults reprov'd. 20

**Influence
of Drink** *Benbow, the Father, left Possessions fair,
A worthy Name and Business to his Heir;
Benbow, the Son, those fair Possessions sold,
And lost his Credit, while he spent the Gold:
He was a jovial Trader: Men enjoy'd
The Night with him; his Day was unemploy'd;
So when his Credit and his Cash were spent,
Here, by mistaken Pity, he was sent;
Of late he came, with Passions unsubdued,
And shar'd and curs'd the hated Solitude,
Where gloomy Thoughts arise, where, grievous
cares intrude.* (30)

Known but in Drink,—he found an easy Friend,
Well pleas'd his Worth and Honour to commend ;
And thus inform'd, the Guardian of the Trust
Heard the Applause and said the Claim was just ;
A worthy Soul ! unfitted for the Strife,
Care and Contention of a busy Life ;——
Worthy, and why ?—that o'er the Midnight bowl
He made his Friend the Partner of his Soul,
And every Man his Friend :—then thus in glee,
“ I speak my Mind, I love the Truth,” quoth he ;
Till 'twas his fate that useful Truth to find,
'Tis sometimes prudent not to speak the Mind.

With Wine inflated, Man is all upblown,
And feels a Power which he believes his own ;
With Fancy soaring to the Skies, he thinks
His all the Virtues all the while he drinks ;
But when the *Gas* from the *Balloon* is gone,
When sober Thoughts and serious Cares come on,
Where then the Worth that in himself he found?— 50
Vanish'd—and he sank grov'ling on the Ground.

INHABITANTS OF THE ALMS-HOUSE 207

Still some Conceit will *Benbow's* Mind inflate,
 Poor as he is,—'tis pleasant to relate
 The Joys he once possess'd—it soothes his present
 State. } *Squire Asgill*

Seated with some grey Beadsman, he regrets
 His former Feasting, though it swell'd his Debts :
 Toppers once fam'd, his Friends in earlier days,
 Well he describes, and thinks Description Praise ;
 Each Hero's Worth with much delight he paints,
 Martyrs they were, and he would make them Saints. 60

“Alas! alas!” Old England now may say,
 “My Glory withers ; it has had its Day :
 We're fallen on evil Times ; Men read and think ;
 Our bold Forefathers lov'd to fight and drink.

“Then liv'd the good '*Squire Asgill*—what a change
 Has Death and Fashion shown us at the Grange ?
 He bravely thought it best became his Rank,
 That all his Tenants and his Tradesmen drank ;
 He was delighted from his favourite Room
 To see them 'cross the Park go daily home, 70
 Praising aloud the liquor and the Host,
 And striving who should venerate him most.

“No pride had he, and there was difference small
 Between the Master's and the Servants' Hall ;
 And here or there the Guests were welcome all.
 Of Heaven's free Gifts he took no special care,
 He never quarrel'd for a simple Hare ;
 But sought, by giving Sport, a Sportsman's name,
 Himself a Poacher, though at other Game :
 He never planted nor inclos'd—his Trees 80
 Grew like himself, untroubl'd and at ease :

The Squire at Church Bounds of all kinds he hated, and had felt
 Chok'd and imprison'd in a modern Belt,
 Which some rare Genius now has twin'd about
 The good old House, to keep old Neighbours out :
 Along his Valleys, in the Evening-Hours,
 The Borough-Damsels stray'd to gather Flowers,
 Or, by the Brakes and Brushwood of the Park,
 To take their pleasant Rambles in the dark.

“ Some Prudes, of rigid kind, forebore to call 90
 On the kind Females—Favourites at the Hall ;
 But better Natures saw, with much delight,
 The different Orders of Mankind unite ;
 'Twas schooling Pride to see the Footman wait,
 Smile on his Sister and receive her Plate.

“ His Worship ever was a Churchman true,
 He held in scorn the Methodistic Crew ;
 May God defend the *Church*, and save the *King*,
 He'd pray devoutly and divinely sing.
 Admit that he the holy Day would spend 100
 As Priests approv'd not, still he was a Friend :
 Much then I blame the Preacher, as too nice,
 To call such Trifles by the name of Vice ?
 Hinting, though gently, and with cautious Speech,
 Of good Example—'tis their Trade to preach :
 But still 'twas pity, when the worthy 'Squire
 Stuck to the Church ; what more could they require ?
 'Twas almost joining that fanatic Crew,
 To throw such Morals at his Honour's Pew ;
 A weaker man, had he been so revil'd, 110
 Had left the Place—he only swore and smil'd.

“ But think, ye Rectors and ye Curates, think
 Who are your Friends, and at their Frailties wink ;

Conceive not—mounted on your Sunday-throne,
Your Fire-brands fall upon your Foes alone;
They strike your Patrons, and, should all withdraw,
In whom your Wisdoms may discern a flaw,
You would the Flower of all your Audience lose,
And spend your Crackers on their empty Pews.

The
Squire's
Heir

“The Father dead, the Son has found a Wife, 120
And lives a formal, proud, unsocial Life;—
The Lands are now inclos'd; the Tenants all,
Save at a Rent-day, never see the Hall;
No Lass is suffer'd o'er the Walks to come,
And if there's Love, they have it all at Home.

“Oh! could the Ghost of our good 'Squire arise,
And see such Change; would it believe its Eyes?
Would it not glide about from place to place,
And mourn the Manners of a feeblér Race?
At that long Table, where the Servants found 130
Mirth and Abundance while the Year went round;
Where an huge Pollard on the Winter-fire,
At an huge distance made them all retire;
Where not a Measure in the Room was kept,
And but one Rule—they tipped till they slept,—
There would it see a pale old Hag preside,
A thing made up of Stinginess and Pride;
Who carves the Meat, as if the Flesh could feel,
Careless whose Flesh must miss the plenteous Meal:
Here would the Ghost a small Coal-fire behold, 140
Not fit to keep one Body from the Cold;
Then would it flit to higher Rooms, and stay
To view a dull, drest Company at play:
All the old Comfort, all the genial Fare
For ever gone! how sternly would it stare;

Dowling And though it might not to their view appear,
 'T would cause among them Lassitude and Fear ;
 Then wait to see—where he Delight has seen—
 The dire effect of Fretfulness and Spleen.

“ Such were the Worthies of these better days ; 150
 We had their Blessings—they shall have our Praise.

“ Of *Captain Dowling* would you hear me speak ?
 I'd sit and sing his Praises for a Week :
 He was a Man, and manlike all his Joy,—
 I'm led to question was he ever Boy ?
 Beef was his Breakfast ;—if from Sea and Salt,
 It relish'd better with his Wine of Malt ;
 Then, till he din'd, if walking in or out,
 Whether the Gravel teased him or the Gout,
 Though short in Wind and flannell'd every Limb, 160
 He drank with all who had Concerns with him :
 Whatever Trader, Agent, Merchant, came,
 They found him ready, every hour the same ;
 Whatever Liquors might between them pass,
 He took them all and never baulk'd his Glass ;
 Nay, with the Seamen working in the Ship,
 At their request, he'd share the Grog and Flip :
 But in the Club-room was his chief delight,
 And Punch the favourite liquor of the Night ;
 Man after Man they from the trial shrank ; 170
 And *Dowling* ever was the last who drank :
 Arriv'd at home, he, ere he sought his Bed,
 With Pipe and Brandy would compose his Head ;
 Then half an hour was o'er the News beguil'd,
 When he retir'd as harmless as a child.
 Set but aside the Gravel and the Gout,
 And breathing short—his Sand ran fairly out.

INHABITANTS OF THE ALMS-HOUSE 211

"At fifty-five we lost him—after that
 Life grows insipid and its Pleasures flat :
 He had indulg'd in all that Man can have, 180
 He did not drop a Dotard to his Grave ;
 Still to the last, his Feet upon the Chair,
 With rattling Lungs now gone beyond repair ;
 When on each feature Death had fix'd his stamp,
 And not a Doctor could the Body vamp ;
 Still at the last, to his beloved Bowl
 He clung, and cheer'd the sadness of his Soul ;
 For though a Man may not have much to fear,
 Yet Death looks ugly, when the view is near :
 'I go,' he said, 'but still my Friends shall say, 190
 'Twas as a Man—I did not sneak away ;
 An honest life, with worthy Souls I've spent,—
 Come, fill my glass : '—he took it and he went.

**Dolly
Murray**

"Poor *Dolly Murray* !—I might live to see
 My hundredth year, but no such Lass as she.
 Easy by Nature, in her Humour gay,
 She chose her comforts, Ratafia and Play :
 She lov'd the social Game, the Decent Glass,
 And was a jovial, friendly, laughing Lass ;
 We sat not then at *Whist* demure and still, 200
 But passed the pleasant hours at gay *Quadrille* :
 Came in her Side, we plac'd her in her seat,
 Her Hands were free, she car'd not for her Feet ;
 As the Game ended, came the Glass around,
 'So was the Loser cheer'd, the winner-crown'd).
 Mistress of Secrets, both the Young and Old
 In her confided—not a Tale she told ;
 Love never made impression on her Mind,
 She held him weak, and all his Captives blind ;

A She suffer'd no Man her free Soul to vex, 210
 Vole Free from the weakness of her gentle Sex ;
 One with whom ours unmov'd conversing sate,
 In cool discussion or in free debate.

“ Once in her chair we'd plac'd the good old Lass,
 Where first she took her Preparation-glass ;
 By lucky thought she'd been that day at Prayers,
 And long before had fix'd her small Affairs ;
 So all was easy—on her Cards she cast
 A smiling look ; I saw the thought that passed :
 ‘ A King,’ she call'd—though conscious of her skill, 220
 ‘ Do more,’ I answer'd—‘ More,’ she said, ‘ I will ;’
 And more she did—Cards answer'd to her call,
 She saw the mighty to her mightier fall :
 ‘ A vole ! a vole !’ she cried, ‘ 'tis fairly won ;
 My Game is ended and my Work is done ;’—
 This said, she gently, with a single sigh,
 Died as one taught and practis'd how to die.

“ Such were the Dead-departed ; I survive,
 To breathe in pain among the Dead-alive.”

The bell then call'd these ancient Men to pray, 230
 “ Again,” said *Benbow*, “tolls it every Day ?
 Where is the life I led ?”—He sigh'd and walk'd }
 his way.

LETTER XVII

THE HOSPITAL AND GOVERNORS.

Blessed be the man who provideth for the sick and needy
the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble.

Quas dederis, solas semper habebis opes.

—MARTIAL.

Nil negat, et sese vel non poscentibus offert.

—CLAUDIAN.

Decipias alios verbis vultuque benigno;
Nam mihi jam notus dissimulator eris.

—MARTIAL.

THE HOSPITAL AND GOVERNORS

Christian Charity anxious to provide for future as well as present Miseries—Hence the Hospital for the Diseased—Description of a recovered Patient—The Building: how erected—The Patrons and Governors—*Eusebius*—The more active Manager of Business; a moral and correct Contributor—One of different Description—Good, the Result, however intermixed with Imperfection.

LETTER XVII

THE HOSPITAL AND GOVERNORS

AN ardent Spirit dwells with Christian Love,
 The Eagle's vigour in the pitying Dove ;
 'Tis not enough that we with sorrow sigh,
 That we the Wants of pleading Man supply ;
 That we in sympathy with Sufferers feel,
 Nor hear a Grief without a wish to heal :
 Not these suffice—to Sickness, Pain, and Woe,
 The Christian Spirit loves with aid to go ;
 Will not be sought, waits not for Want to plead,
 But seeks the Duty—nay, prevents the Need ; 10
 Her utmost Aid to every Ill applies,
 And plans Relief for coming Miseries.

Charity
 and its
 Channels

Hence yonder Building rose ; on either side
 Far stretch'd the Wards, all airy, warm and wide ;
 And every Ward has Beds by Comfort spread,
 And smooth'd for him who suffers on the Bed :
 There all have Kindness, most Relief,—for some
 Is Cure complete,—it is the Sufferer's Home :
 Fevers and chronic Ills, corroding Pains,
 Each accidental mischief Man sustains ; 20
 Fractures and Wounds, and wither'd Limbs and lame,
 With all that, slow or sudden, vex our Frame,

Relief Have here attendance—Here the Sufferers lie,
 from (Where Love and Science every aid apply,) }
 Pain And heal'd with Rapture live, or sooth'd by Com- }
 fort die.

See! one reliev'd from Anguish, and to-day
 Allow'd to walk and look an hour away;
 Two months confin'd by Fever, Frenzy, Pain,
 He comes abroad and is himself again:
 'Twas in the Spring, when carried to the place, 30
 The Snow fell down and melted in his face.

'Tis Summer now; all Objects gay and new,
 Smiling alike the Viewer and the View:
 He stops as one unwilling to advance
 Without another and another glance;
 With what a pure and simple joy he sees
 Those Sheep and Cattle browsing at their ease;
 Easy himself, there's nothing breathes or moves,
 But he would cherish—all that lives he loves:
 Observing every Ward as round he goes, 40
 He thinks what Pain, what Danger they inclose;
 Warm in his wish for all who suffer there,
 At every view he meditates a Prayer:
 No evil Counsels in his Breast abide,
 There Joy and Love, and Gratitude reside.

The wish that Roman Necks in one were found,
 That he who form'd the wish might deal the wound,
 This man has never heard; but of the kind,
 Is that desire which rises in his Mind;
 He'd have all English Hands (for further he 50
 Cannot conceive extends our Charity),
 All but his own, in one right hand to grow,
 And then what hearty shake would he bestow.

THE HOSPITAL AND GOVERNORS 217

"How rose the Building?"—Piety first laid Eusebius
A strong Foundation, but she wanted aid;
To Wealth unwieldly was her prayer addressed,
Who largely gave, and she the Donor blessed:
Unwieldy Wealth then to his couch withdrew,
And took the sweetest sleep he ever knew.

Then busy Vanity sustain'd her part, 60
"And much," she said, "it mov'd her tender Heart";
To her all kinds of Man's Distress were known,
And all her Heart adopted as its own."

Then Science came—his talents he display'd,
And Charity with joy the Dome survey'd;
Skill, Wealth, and Vanity, obtain the fame,
And Piety, the joy that makes no claim.

Patrons there are, and Governors, from whom
The greater Aid and guiding Orders come;
Who voluntary Cares and Labours take, 70
The Sufferers' Servants for the Service' sake:
Of these a part I give you—but a part,—
Some Hearts are hidden, some have not an Heart.

First let me praise—for so I best shall paint
That pious Moralist, that reasoning Saint!
Can I of worth like thine, *Eusebius*, speak?
The Man is willing, but the Muse is weak;
'Tis thine to wait on Woe! to soothe! to heal!
With Learning social and polite with Zeal:
In thy pure Breast, although the Passions dwell, 80
They're train'd by Virtue and no more rebel;
But have so long been active on her side,
That Passion now might be itself the Guide.

The Law, Conscience, Honour, all obey'd; all give
Moralist Th' approving voice, and make it bliss to live;
 While Faith, when Life can nothing more supply,
 Shall strengthen Hope and make it bliss to die.

He preaches, speaks and writes with manly Sense,
 No weak Neglect, no labour'd Eloquence;
 Goodness and Wisdom are in all his ways, 90
 The Rude revere him and the Wicked praise.

Upon Humility his Virtues grow,
 And tower so high because so fix'd below;
 As wider spreads the Oak his boughs around,
 When deeper with his roots he digs the solid ground.

By him, from Ward to Ward is every aid
 The Sufferer needs, with every care convey'd;
 Like the good Tree he brings his Treasure forth,
 And, like the Tree, unconscious of his worth:
 Meek as the poorest Publican is he, 100
 And strict as lives the straitest Pharisee;
 Of both, in him unite the better part,
 The blameless Conduct and the humble Heart.

Yet he escapes not; he, with some, is wise
 In carnal things, and loves to moralize:
 Others can doubt, if all that Christian Care
 Has not its price—there's something he may share:
 But this and ill severer he sustains,
 As Gold the fire, and as unhurt remains;
 When most revil'd, although he feels the smart, 110
 It wakes to nobler Deeds the wounded Heart,
 As the rich Olive, beaten for its fruit,
 Puts forth at every bruise a bearing shoot.

THE HOSPITAL AND GOVERNORS 219

A second Friend we have, whose Care and Zeal
But few can equal—few indeed can feel:
He liv'd a Life obscure, and Profits made
In the coarse habits of a Vulgar Trade.
His Brother, Master of an Hoy, he lov'd
So well, that he the calling disapprov'd:
“Alas! Poor Tom!” the Landman oft would
sigh,

The
Fortune
Hunter

When the Gale freshen'd and the Waves ran high,
And when they parted, with a tear he'd say,
“No more Adventure!—here in safety stay.”
Nor did he feign; with more than half he had,
He would have kept the Seaman, and been glad.

Alas! how few resist, when strongly tried—
A rich Relation's nearer Kinsman died;
He sicken'd, and to him the Landman went,
And all his hours with Cousin *Ephraim* spent.
This *Thomas* heard, and car'd not: “I,” quoth
he,

“Have one in Port upon the watch for me.”
So *Ephraim* died, and when the Will was shown,
Isaac, the Landman, had the whole his own:
Who to his Brother sent a moderate Purse,
Which he return'd, in anger, with his Curse;
Then went to Sea, and made his Grog so strong,
He died before he could forgive the wrong.

The rich Man built an House, both large and high,
He enter'd in and set him down to sigh;
He planted ample Woods and Gardens fair,
And walk'd with *Anguish* and *Compunction* there:
The rich Man's Pines, to every Friend a treat,
He saw with pain and he refus'd to eat;

140

THE BOROUGH

How ^{to} His daintiest Food, his richest Wines, were all
 Turn'd by Remorse to Vinegar and Gall :
 The softest Down, by living body pressed,
 The rich Man bought and try'd to take his rest ;
 But *Care* had thorns upon his Pillow spread,
 And scatter'd Sand and Nettles in his Bed :
 Nervous he grew,—would often sigh and groan,— 150
 He talk'd but little, and he walk'd alone ;
 Till by his Priest convinc'd, that from one Deed
 Of genuine Love would Joy and Health proceed ;
 He from that time with Care and Zeal began
 To seek and soothe the grievous ills of Man ;
 And as his Hands their aid to Grief apply,
 He learns to smile and he forgets to sigh.

Now he can drink his Wine and taste his Food,
 And feel the Blessings, Heav'n has dealt, are good ;
 And since the Suffering seek the rich Man's Door, 160
 He sleeps as soundly as when young and poor.

Here much he gives—is urgent more to gain :
 He begs—rich Beggars seldom sue in vain :
 Preachers most fam'd, he moves, the Crowd to move,
 And never wearies in the work of Love :
 He rules all Business, settles all Affairs,
 He makes Collections, he directs Repairs ;
 And if he wrong'd one Brother,—Heav'n forgive
 The Man by whom so many Brethren live !

Then, 'mid our Signatures, a Name appears, 170
 Of one for Wisdom fam'd above his Years ;
 And these were forty : he was from his Youth
 A patient Searcher after useful Truth.

To Language little of his time he gave,
 To Science less, nor was the Muse's Slave:
 Sober and grave, his College sent him down,
 A fair Example for his native Town.

The
 thorough
 Socrates

Slowly he speaks, and with such solemn air,
 You'd think a *Socrates* or *Solon* there;
 For though a Christian, he's dispos'd to draw 180
 His Rules from Reason's and from Nature's Law.

"Know," he exclaims, "my fellow-Mortals, know,
 Virtue alone is Happiness below:
 And what is Virtue?—Prudence first to choose
 Life's real good,—the evil to refuse:
 Add Justice then, the eager hand to hold,
 To curb the lust of Power and thirst of Gold;
 Join Temp'rance next, that cheerful Health insures,
 And Fortitude unmov'd, that conquers or endures."

He speaks, and lo!—the very Man you see, 190
 Prudent and temperate, just and patient he,
 By Prudence taught his worldly Wealth to keep,
 No Folly wastes, no Avarice swells the heap:
 He no Man's Debtor, no Man's Patron lives;
 Save sound Advice, he neither asks nor gives;
 By no vain Thoughts or erring Fancy sway'd,
 His Words are weighty, or at least are weigh'd;
 Temp'rate in every Place—abroad, at home,
 Thence will Applause, and hence will Profit come;
 And Health from either—he in time prepares 200
 For Sickness, Age, and their attendant Cares,
 But not for Fancy's ills;—he never grieves
 For Love that wounds or Friendship that deceives;
 His patient Soul endures what Heav'n ordains,
 But neither feels nor fears ideal Pains.

Mer- "Is aught then wanted in a Man so wise?"—
chant Alas!—I think he wants Infirmities;
and He wants the Ties that knit us to our kind—
Saint The cheerful, tender, soft, complacent Mind,
 That would the Feelings, which he dreads, excite, and
 And make the Virtues he approves delight;
 What dying Martyrs, Saints and Patriots feel,
 The strength of Action and the warmth of Zeal.

Again attend!—and see a Man whose cares
 Are nicely plac'd on either World's Affairs,—
 Merchant and Saint; 'tis doubtful if he knows
 To which account he most regard bestows;
 Of both he keeps his Ledger:—there he reads
 Of gainful Ventures and of godly Deeds;
 There all he gets or loses find a place, 220
 A lucky Bargain and a lack of Grace.

The Joys above this prudent Man invite
 To pay his tax—Devotion!—day and night;
 The Pains of Hell his timid Bosom awe,
 And force Obedience to the Church's Law:
 Hence that continual Thought,—that solemn Air—
 Those sad good Works, and that laborious Prayer.

All these (when Conscience, waken'd and afraid,
 To think how avarice calls and is obey'd)
 He in his Journal finds, and for his Grief 230
 Obtains the transient Opium of Relief.

"Sink not, my Soul!—my Spirit, rise and look
 O'er the fair Entries of this precious Book:
 Here are the Sins, our Debts;—this fairer side
 Has what to Carnal Wish our Strength denied;

Has those religious Duties, every day	How to
Paid,—which so few upon the Sabbath pay;	Strike
Here too are Conquests over frail Desires,	the
Attendance due on all the Church requires;	Balance
Then Alms I give—for I believe the Word	240
Of Holy Writ, and lend unto the Lord,	
And if not all th' importunate Demand,	
The fear of Want restrains my ready Hand;	
—Behold! what Sums I to the Poor resign,	
Sums plac'd in Heaven's own Book, as well as mine;	
Rest then, my Spirit!—Fasting, Prayers, and Alms,	
Will soon suppress these idly-rai'd Alarms,	
And, weigh'd against our Frailties, set in view	
A noble Balance in our favour due:	
Add, that I yearly here affix my Name,	250
Pledge for large Payment—not from love of Fame,	
But to make Peace within;—that Peace to make,	
What Sums I lavish! and what Gains forsake!	
Cheer up, my Heart!—let's cast off every doubt,	
Pray without dread, and place our Money out."	

Such the Religion of a Mind that steers
 Its way to Bliss, between its Hopes and Fears;
 Whose Passions in due bounds each other keep,
 And thus subdued, they murmur till they sleep;
 Whose virtues all their certain limits know, 260
 Like well-dry'd Herbs that neither fade nor grow;
 Who for Success and Safety ever tries,
 And with both Worlds alternately complies.

Such are the Guardians of this blest Estate,
 Whate'er without, they're prais'd within the Gate:
 That they are Men, and have their Faults, is true,
 But here their Worth alone appears in view:

Vices The Muse indeed, who reads the very Breast,
doing Has something of the Secrets there expressed,
the But yet in Charity ;—and when she sees
Work of Such means for Joy or Comfort, Health or Ease, 270
Love And knows how much united Minds effect,
She almost dreads their Failings to detect ;
But Truth Commands :—in Man's erroneous kind,
Virtues and Frailties mingle in the Mind,
Happy !—when Fears to public Spirit move,
And even Vices do the work of Love.

LETTER XVIII

THE POOR AND THEIR DWELLINGS

Bene Paupertas
Humili tecto contenta latet.

—SENECA.

Omnes quibu' res sunt minu' secundæ, magi' sunt
nescio quo modo

Suspiciosi : ad contumeliam omnia accipiunt magis ;
Propter suam impotentiam se semper credunt negligi.

—TERENT, in *Adelph*, Act IV., sc. i

Show not to the Poor thy Pride,
Let their home a cottage be ;
Nor the feeble body hide
In a palace fit for thee ;
Let him not about him see
Lofty ceilings, ample halls,
Or a gate his boundary be,
Where nor friend or kinsman calls.

Let him not one walk behold,
That only one which he must tread,
Nor a chamber large and cold,
Where the ag'd and sick are led :
Better far his humble shed,
Humble sheds of neighbours by,
And the old and tattered bed,
Where he sleeps and hopes to die.

To quit of torpid sluggishness the cave,
And from the pow'rful arms of sloth be free,
'Tis rising from the dead—Alas ! it cannot be.

—THOMSON'S *Castle of Indolence*.

THE POOR AND THEIR DWELLINGS

The Method of treating the Borough Paupers—Many maintained at their own Dwellings—Some Characters of the Poor—The School-mistress, when aged—The Idiot—The poor Sailor—The declined Tradesman and his Companion—This contrasted with the Maintenance of the Poor in a common Mansion erected by the Hundred—The Objections to this Method; Not Want, nor Cruelty, but the necessary Evils of this Mode—What they are—Instances of the Evil—A Return to the Borough-Poor—The Dwellings of these—The Lanes and By-Ways—No Attention here paid to Convenience—The Pools in the Path-Ways—Amusements of Sea-port Children—The Town-Flora—Herbs on Walls and vacant Spaces—A Female Inhabitant of an Alley—A large Building let to several poor Inhabitants—Their Manners and Habits.

LETTER XVIII

THE POOR AND THEIR DWELLINGS

YES! we've our Borough-vices, and I know.
How far they spread, how rapidly they grow ; *
Yet think not Virtue quits the busy Place,
Nor Charity, the Virtues' Crown and Grace.

Borough
Poor and
their
Food

“ Our Poor, how feed we ? ” — To the most we give
A weekly Dole, and at their Homes they live ; —
Others together dwell, — but when they come
To the low Roof, they see a kind of Home,
A social People whom they've ever known,
With their own Thoughts and Manners like their
own.

10

At her old House, her Dress, her Air the same,
I see mine ancient Letter-loving Dame :
“ Learning, my Child,” said she, “ shall Fame com-
mand ;
Learning is better worth than House or Land —
For Houses perish, Lands are gone and spent ;
In Learning then excel, for that's most excellent.”

“ And what her Learning ? ” — 'Tis with awe to
look
In every Verse throughout one sacred Book ?

Some From this her Joy, her Hope, her Peace is sought ;
 of the This she has learn'd, and she is nobly taught. 20
 Poor :

the
 Idiot If aught of mine have gain'd the public Ear ;
 If RUTLAND deigns these humble Tales to hear ;
 If Critics pardon, what my Friends approv'd ;
 Can I mine ancient Widow pass unmov'd ?
 Shall I not think what pains the Matron took,
 When first I trembled o'er the gilded Book ?
 How she, all patient, both at Eve and Morn,
 Her Needle pointed at the guarding Horn ;
 And how she sooth'd me, when with Study sad
 I labour'd on to reach the final Zad ? 30
 Shall I not grateful still the Dame survey,
 And ask the Muse the Poet's Debt to pay ?

Nor I alone, who hold a trifler's Pen,
 But half our Bench of wealthy, weighty Men,
 Who rule our Borough, who enforce our Laws :
 They own the Matron as the leading Cause,
 And feel the pleasing Debt, and pay the just Ap-
 plause :
 To her own House is borne the Week's Supply ;
 There she in credit lives, there hopes in peace to die.

With her an harmless Idiot we behold, 40
 Who hoards up Silver Shells for shining Gold ;
 These he preserves, with unremitted care,
 To buy a Seat, and reign the Borough's Mayor !
 Alas !—who could th' ambitious Changeling tell,
 That what he sought our Rulers dar'd to sell ?

Near these a Sailor, in that Hut of Thatch
 (A Fish-Boat's Cabin is its nearest match),

Dwells, and the Dungeon is to him a Seat, The
 Large as he wishes—in his view complete : Sailor
 A lockless Coffer and a lidless Hutch 50
 That holds his Stores, have room for twice as much :
 His one spare Shirt, long Glass and Iron Box,
 Lie all in view ; no need has he for Locks :
 Here he abides, and, as our Strangers pass,
 He shows the Shipping, he presents the Glass ;
 He makes (unask'd) their Ports and Business known,
 And (kindly heard) turns quickly to his own,
 Of noble Captains, Heroes every one,—
 You might as soon have made the Steeple run :
 And then his Mess-mates, if you're pleas'd to stay, 60
 He'll one by one the gallant Souls display,
 And as the Story verges to an end
 He'll widd from Deed to Deed, from Friend to
 Friend ;
 He'll speak of those long lost, the Brave of old,
 As Princes gen'rous and as Heroes bold ;
 Then will his Feelings rise, till you may trace
 Gloom, like a Cloud, frown o'er his manly Face,—
 And then a tear or two, which sting his Pride ;
 These he will dash indignantly aside
 And splice his Tale ;—now take him from his Cot, 70
 And for some cleaner Birth exchange his Lot,
 How will he all that cruel Aid deplore ?
 His Heart will break and he will fight no more.

Here is the poor old Merchant, he declin'd,
 And, as they say, is not in perfect Mind ;
 In his poor House, with one poor maiden Friend,
 Quiet he paces to his Journey's end.

Rich in his Youth, he traded and he fail'd ;
 Again he tried, again his Fate prevail'd ;

The Sailer His Spirits low and his Exertions small, 80
 He fell perforce, he seem'd decreed to fall;
 Like the gay Knight, unapt to rise was he,
 But downward sank with sad alacrity.
 A Borough-Place we gain'd him—in disgrace;
 For gross Neglect, he quickly lost the Place;
 But still he kept a kind of sullen Pride,
 Striving his Wants to hinder or to hide:
 At length, compell'd by very Need, in grief
 He wrote a proud Petition for Relief.

“He did suppose a fall, like his, would prove 90
 Of force to wake their Sympathy and Love;
 Would make them feel the changes all may know,
 And stir them up a due Regard to show.”

His Suit was granted;—to an ancient Maid,
 Reliev'd herself, Relief for him was paid:
 Here they together (meet Companions) dwell,
 And dismal Tales of Man's Misfortunes tell;
 “'Twas not a World for them, God help them!—
 they
 Could not deceive, nor flatter, nor betray;
 But there's an happy Change, a Scene to come, 100
 And they, God help them! shall be soon at home.”

If these no Pleasures nor Enjoyments gain,
 Still none their Spirits nor their Speech restrain;
 They sigh at ease, 'mid Comforts they complain. }
 The Poor will grieve, the Poor will weep and sigh,
 Both when they know and when they know not
 why;
 But we our Bounty with such care bestow,
 That cause for grieving they shall seldom know.

THE POOR AND THEIR DWELLINGS 231

Your Plan I love not ;—with a number you
 Have plac'd your Poor, your pitiable few ;
 There, in one House, throughout their Lives to be,
 The Pauper-Palace which they hate to see :
 That Giant-Building, that high bounding Wall,
 Those bare-worn Walks, that lofty thund'ring Hall !
 That large loud Clock, which tolls each dreaded Hour,
 Those Gates and Locks, and all those Signs of Power :
 It is a Prison, with a milder name,
 Which few inhabit without dread or shame.

The
 Poor-
 house a
 Prison

Be it agreed—the Poor who hither come,
 Partake of Plenty, seldom found at home ;
 That airy Rooms and decent Beds are meant,
 To give the Poor by day, by night, Content ;
 That none are frighten'd, once admitted here,
 By the stern Looks of lordly Overseer :
 Grant that the Guardians of the Place attend,
 And ready ear to each Petition lend ;
 That they desire the grieving Poor to show,
 What Ills they feel, what partial Acts they know,
 Not without Promise, nay Desire to heal
 Each Wrong they suffer and each Woe they feel.

Alas ! their Sorrows in their Bosoms dwell,
 They've much to suffer, but have nought to tell ;
 They have no Evil in the Place to state,
 And dare not say, it is the House they hate ;
 'They own there's granted all such Place can give,
 But live repining, for 'tis there they live.

Grandsires are there, who now no more must see,
 No more must nurse upon the trembling knee
 The lost lov'd Daughter's infant Progeny :

These Like Death's dread Mansion, this allows not place 140
 who For joyful Meetings of a kindred Race.

Have Fallen in Social Rank
 Is not the Matron there, to whom the Son
 Was wont at each declining day to run ;
 He (when his toil was over) gave delight,
 By lifting up the latch, and one "Good Night" ?
 Yes ; she is here, but nightly to her door
 The Son, still lab'ring, can return no more.

Widows are here, who in their Huts were left,
 Of Husbands, Children, Plenty, Ease bereft ;
 Yet all that Grief within the humble Shed's 150
 Was soften'd, soften'd in the humble Bed :
 But here, in all its force, remains the Grief,
 And not one soft'ning object for relief.

Who can, when here, the social Neighbour meet ?
 Who learn the Story current in the Street ?
 Who to the long-known Intimate impart
 Facts they have learn'd or Feelings of the Heart ?—
 They talk indeed, but who can choose a Friend,
 Or seek Companions at their Journey's end ?

Here are not those whom they, when Infants, 160
 knew ;
 Who, with like Fortune, up to Manhood grew ;
 Who, with like Troubles, at Old Age arriv'd ;
 Who, like themselves, the Joy of Life surviv'd ;
 Whom Time and Custom so familiar made,
 That Looks the Meaning in the Mind convey'd :
 But here to Strangers, Words nor Looks impart
 The various Movements of the suffering Heart ;
 Nor will that Heart with those Alliance own,
 To whom its Views and Hopes are all unknown.

THE POOR AND THEIR DWELLINGS 233

What, if no grievous Fears their Lives annoy, 170
 Is it not worse no Prospects to enjoy? *The*
 'Tis cheerless living in such bounded View, *Reign*
 With nothing dreadful, but with nothing new; *of*
 Nothing to bring them Joy, to make them weep,— *Law*
 The Day itself is, like the Night, asleep:
 Or on the sameness, if a break be made,
 'Tis by some Pauper to his Grave convey'd;
 By smuggled News from neighb'ring Village told,
 News never true, or Truth a twelve-month old;
 By some new Inmate doom'd with them to dwell, 180
 Or Justice come to see that all goes well;
 Or change of Room, or hour of Leave to crawl
 On the black Foot-way winding with the Wall,
 Till the stern Bell forbids, or Master's sterner Call.

Here too the Mother sees her Children train'd,
 Her voice excluded and her Feelings pain'd:
 Who govern here, by general Rules must move,
 Where ruthless Custom rends the Bond of Love.
 Nations we know have Nature's Law transgress'd,
 And snatch'd the Infant from the Parent's breast; 190
 But still for public good the Boy was train'd,
 The Mother suffer'd, but the Matron gain'd:
 Here Nature's outrage serves no cause to aid,
 The Ill is felt, but not the *Spartan* made.

Then too I own, it grieves me to behold
 Those ever virtuous, helpless now and old,
 By all for Care and Industry approv'd,
 For Truth respected, and for Temper lov'd;
 And who, by Sickness and Misfortune try'd,
 Gave Want its worth and Poverty its pride: 200

Why I own it grieves me to behold them sent
across From their old Home; 'tis Pain, 'tis Punishment,
Poor To leave each Scene familiar, every Face,
Neg- For a new People and a stranger Race;
lected For those who, sunk in Sloth and dead to Shame,
 From Scenes of Guilt with daring Spirits came;
 Men, just and guileless, at such Manners start,
 And bless their God that Time has fenc'd their Heart,
 Confirm'd their Virtue, and expell'd the Fear
 Of Vice in Minds so simple and sincere. 210

Here the good Pauper, losing all the Praise
 By worthy Deeds acquir'd in better days,
 Breathes a few Months, then to his Chamber led,
 Expires, while Strangers prattle round his Bed.

The grateful Hunter, when his Horse is old,
 Wills not the useless Favourite to be sold;
 He knows his former Worth, and gives him place
 In some fair Pasture, till he runs his Race:
 But has the Labourer, has the Seaman done
 Less worthy Service, though not dealt to one? 220
 Shall we not then contribute to their Ease,
 In their old Haunts where ancient Objects please?
 That, till their Sight shall fail them, they may trace
 The well-known Prospect and the long-lov'd Face.

The noble Oak, in distant Ages seen,
 With far-stretch'd Boughs and Foliage fresh and
 green,
 Though now its bare and forky Branches show
 How much it lacks the vital Warmth below,
 The stately Ruin yet our Wonder gains,
 Nay, moves our Pity, without thought of Pains: 230

Much more shall real Wants and Cares of Age
 Our gentler Passions in their cause engage ;—
 Drooping and burthen'd with a weight of Years,
 What venerable ruin Man appears !
 How worthy Pity, Love, Respect, and Grief—
 He claims Protection—he compels Relief ;—
 And shall we send him from our view, to brave
 The Storms abroad, whom we at home might save,
 And let a Stranger dig our ancient Brother's Grave ? }
 No !—we will shield him from the Storm he fears, 240
 And when he falls, embalm him with our Tears.

Dwell-
 ings
 of the
 Poor

Farewell to these ; but all our Poor to know,
 Let's seek the winding Lane, the narrow Row,
 Suburban Prospects, where the Traveller stops
 To see the sloping Tenement on props,
 With building Yards immix'd, and humble Sheds
 and Shops ;
 Where the *Cross-Keys* and *Plumber's-Arms* invite
 Laborious Men to taste their coarse Delight ;
 Where the low Porches, stretching from the Door,
 Gave some Distinction in the Days of Yore, 250
 Yet now neglected, more offend the eye,
 By Gloom and Ruin than the Cottage by :
 Places like these the noblest Town endures,
 The gayest Palace has its Sinks and Sewers,

Here is no Pavement, no inviting Shop,
 To give us shelter when compell'd to stop ;
 But plashy Puddles stand along the Way,
 Fill'd by the Rain of one tempestuous Day ;

~~The~~ And these so closely to the Buildings run,
~~Fisher~~ That you must ford them, for you cannot shun; 260
 Though here and there convenient Bricks are laid,
 And door-side Heaps afford their dubious aid.

Lo! yonder Shed; observe its Garden-Ground,
 Which that low Paling, form'd of Wreck, surround;
 There dwells a Fisher; if you view his Boat,
 With Bed and Barrel—'tis his House afloat;
 Look at his House, where Ropes, Nets, Blocks,
 abound,
 Tar, Pitch, and Oakum—'tis his Boat aground:
 That Space enclos'd, but little he regards,
 Spread o'er with relics of Masts, Sails, and Yards: 270
 Fish by the Wall, on Spit of Elder, rest,
 Of all his Food, the cheapest and the best,
 By his own Labour caught, for his own Hunger
 dressed. }

Here our Reformers come not; none object
 To Paths polluted, or upbraid Neglect;
 None care that ashy Heaps at doors are cast,
 That Coal-dust flies along the blinding Blast:
 None heed the stagnant Pools on either side,
 Where new-launch'd Ships of Infant-Sailors ride:
Rodneys in rags, here British Valour boast, 280
 And lisping *Nelsons* fright the Gallic Coast.
 They fix the Rudder, set the swelling Sail,
 They point the Bowsprit, and they blow the Gale:
 True to her Port, the Frigate scuds away,
 And o'er that frowning Ocean finds her Bay:
 Her Owner rigg'd her and he knows her Worth,
 And sees her, fearless, Gunwale-deep go forth;
 Dreadless he views his Sea, by Breezes curl'd,
 When inch-high Billows vex the watery World.

THE POOR AND THEIR DWELLINGS 237

There, fed by Food they love, to rankest size 290
 Around the Dwellings *Docks* and *Wormwood* rise ;
 Here the strong *Mallow* strikes her slimy Root,
 Here the dull *Nightshade* hangs her deadly Fruit ;
 On hills of Dust the *Henbane's* faded green,
 And pencil'd Flower of sickly scent is seen ;
 At the Wall's base the fiery Nettle springs,
 With Fruit globose and fierce with poison'd Stings ; *
 Above (the Growth of many a Year) is spread
 The yellow Level of the *Stone-crop's* Bed ;
 In every Chink delights the *Fern* to grow, 300
 With glossy Leaf and tawny Bloom below : ¹
 These, with our *Sea-weeds*, rolling up and down,
 Form the contracted *Flora* ² of the Town.

The
Flora
of the
Town

Say, wilt thou more of Scenes so sordid know ?
 Then will I lead thee down the dusty Row ;
 By the warm Alley and the long close Lane,—
 There mark the fractur'd Door and paper'd Pane,
 Where flags the noon-tide Air, and as we pass,
 We fear to breathe the putrifying Mass :
 But fearless yonder Matron ; she disdains 310
 To sigh for Zephyr's from ambrosial Plains ;
 But mends her Meshes torn, and pours her Lay
 All in the stifling Fervour of the Day.

¹ This scenery is, I must acknowledge, in a certain degree, like that heretofore described in the Village ; but that also was a maritime country :—if the objects be similar, the pictures must (in their principal features) be alike, or be bad pictures. I have varied them as much as I could consistently with my wish to be accurate.

² The reader, unacquainted with the language of botany, is informed that the *Flora* of a place means the vegetable species it contains, and is the title of a book which describes them.

The
Refuge
of the
Poor

Her naked Children round the Alley run,
And roll'd in Dust, are bronz'd beneath the Sun ;
Or gambol round the Dame, who, loosely dressed,
Wooes the coy Breeze to fan the open Breast :
She, once an Handmaid, strove by decent art
To charm her Sailor's Eye and touch his Heart ;
Her Bosom then was veil'd in Kerchief clean, 320
And Fancy left to form the Charms unseen.

But when a Wife, she lost her former Care,
Nor thought on Charms, nor time for Dress could
spare ;
Careless she found her Friends who dwelt beside,
No rival Beauty kept alive her Pride :
Still in her bosom Virtue keeps her place,
But Decency is gone, the Virtue's Guard and Grace.

See that long-boarded Building !—by these Stairs
Each humble Tenant to that Home repairs—
By one large Window lighted—it was made 330
For some bold Project, some Design in Trade :
This fail'd,—and one, an humourist in his way,
(Ill was the humour), bought it in decay ;
Nor will he sell, repair, or take it down,
'Tis his,—what cares he for the talk of Town ?
“ No ! he will let it to the Poor ;—an Home
Where he delights to see the Creatures come : ”
“ They may be Thieves ; ”—“ Well, so are richer
Men ; ”
“ Or Idlers, Cheats, or Prostitutes ; ”—“ What then ? ”
“ Outcasts pursued by Justice, vile and base ; ”— 340
“ They need the more his Pity and the Place : ”
Convert to System his vain Mind has built,
He gives Asylum to Deceit and Guilt.

In this vast Room, each Place by habit fix'd,
 Are Sexes, Families, and Ages mixed,—
 To Union forc'd by crime, by Fear, by Need,
 And all in Morals and in Modes agreed ;—
 Some ruin'd Men, who from Mankind remove ;
 Some ruin'd Females, who yet talk of Love ;
 And some grown old in Idleness—the prey
 To vicious Spleen, still railing through the Day ;
 And Need and Misery, Vice and Danger bind
 In sad alliance each degraded Mind.

Several
 Families
 in one
 Place

350

That Window view !—oil'd Paper and old Glass
 Stain the strong Rays, which, though impeded, pass,
 And give a dusty Warmth to that huge Room,
 The conquer'd Sunshine's melancholy gloom ;
 When all those Western Rays, without so bright,
 Within became a ghastly glimmering Light,
 As pale and faint upon the Floor they fall,
 Or feebly gleam on the opposing Wall :
 That Floor, once Oak, now piec'd with Fir unplanned,
 Or, where not piec'd, in places bor'd and stain'd ;
 That Wall once whiten'd, now an odious sight,
 Stain'd with all Hues, except its ancient White ;
 The only Door is fasten'd by a Pin,
 Or stubborn Bar, that none may hurry in :
 For this poor Room, like Rooms of greater pride,
 At times contain what prudent Men would hide.

360

Where'er the Floor allows an even space,
 Chalking and Marks of various Games have place ;
 Boys, without foresight, pleas'd in Halts swing ;
 On a fix'd Hook Men cast a flying Ring ;
 While Gin and Snuff their female Neighbours share,
 And the black Beverage in the fractur'd Ware.

370

The Kitchen Ware On swinging Shelf are things incongruous stor'd,—
Scraps of their Food,—the Cards and Cribbage-board,—

With Pipes and Pouches ; while on Peg below,
Hang a lost Member's Fiddle and its Bow :
That still reminds them how he'd dance and play, 380
Ere sent untimely to the Convicts' Bay.

Here by a Curtain, by a Blanket there,
Are various Beds conceal'd, but none with care ;
Where some by Day and some by Night, as best
Suit their Employments, seek uncertain Rest ;
The drowsy Children at their Pleasure creep
To the known Crib and there securely sleep.

Each end contains a Grate, and these beside
Are hung Utensils for their boil'd and fry'd—
All us'd at any hour, by Night, by Day, 390
As suit the Purse, the Person, or the Prey.

Above the Fire, the Mantle-shelf contains
Of China-ware some poor unmatch'd Remains ;
There many a Tea-cup's gaudy fragment stands,
All plac'd by Vanity's unwearied hands ;
For here she lives, e'en here she looks about,
To find some small consoling Objects out :
Nor heed these Spartan Dames their House, nor sit
'Mid Cares domestic,—they nor sew nor knit ;
But of their Fate discourse, their Ways, their
Wars, 400
With arm'd Authorities, their 'Scapes and Scars :
These lead to present Evils, and a Cup,
If Fortune grant it, winds Description up.

THE POOR AND THEIR DWELLINGS 241

High hung at either end, and next the Wall, Two ancient Mirrors show the forms of all, In all their force ;—these aid them in their Dress, But with the Good, the Evils too express, Doubling each look of Care, each token of Distress.	Orna- ments }
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LETTER XIX

THE POOR OF THE BOROUGH

THE PARISH-CLERK

Nam dives qui fieri vult,
Et citò vult fieri ; sed quæ reverentia legum,
Quis metus aut pudor est unquam properantis avari ?
—JUVENAL, *Sat.* xiv.

Nocte brevem si fortè indulsit cura soporem,
Et toto versata thoro jam membra quiescunt,
Continuò templum et violati Numinis aras,
Et quod præcipuis mentem sudoribus urget,
Te videt in somnia, tua sacra et major imago
Humana turbat pavidum, cogitque fateri.
—JUVENAL, *Sat.* xiii.

Jachin's That never evil Deed on Earth was done,
Self But of the acting Parties he was one ;
Reliance The flattering Guide to make ill Prospects clear ;
 To smooth rough Ways, the constant Pioneer ;
 The ever-tempting, soothing, softening Power,
 Ready to cheat, seduce, deceive, devour.

“ Me has the sly Seducer oft withstood ;”
 Said pious *Jachin*,—“ but he gets no good ;
 I pass the House where swings the tempting Sign, 30
 And pointing, tell him, ‘ *Satan*, that is thine : ’
 I pass the Damsels pacing down the Street,
 And look more grave and solemn when we meet ;
 Nor doth it irk me to rebuke their Smiles,
 Their wanton Ambling and their watchful Wiles :
 Nay, like the good *John Bunyan*, when I view
 Those forms, I’m angry at the Ills they do ;
 That I could pinch and spoil, in Sin’s despite,
 Beauties ! which frail and evil Thoughts excite.¹

“ At Feasts and Banquets seldom am I found, 40
 And (save at Church) abhor a tuneful Sound ;
 To Plays and Shows I run not to and fro’,
 And where my Master goes, forbear to go.”

No wonder *Satan* took the thing amiss,
 To be oppos’d by such a Man as this—
 A Man so grave, important, cautious, wise,
 Who dar’d not trust his Feeling or his Eyes ;
 No wonder he should lurk and lie in wait,
 Should fit his Hooks and ponder on his Bait,

¹ *John Bunyan*, in one of the many productions of his zeal, has ventured to make public this extraordinary sentiment, which the frigid piety of our Clerk so readily adopted.

Should on his Movements keep a watchful eye,
For he pursued a Fish who led the Fry. 50 **His
Warn-
ings**

With his own Peace our Clerk was not content,
He tried, good Man! to make his Friends repent,

“Nay, nay, my Friends, from Inns and Taverns fly,
You may suppress your thirst, but not supply :
A foolish Proverb says, *the Devil’s at home* ;
But he is there, and tempts in every Room :
Men feel, they know not why, such places please ;
His are the Spells—they’re Idleness and Ease ;
Magic of fatal kind he throws around, 60
Where Care is banish’d but the Heart is bound.

“Think not of Beauty ;—when a Maid you meet,
Turn from her view and step across the Street :
Dread all the Sex ; their Looks create a Charm,
A Smile should fright you and a Word alarm :
E’en I myself, with all my watchful care,
Have for an instant felt th’ insidious snare,
And caught my sinful eyes at th’ endangering stare ; }
Till I was forc’d to smite my bounding breast
With forceful blow and bid the bold-one rest. 70

“Go not with Crowds when they to Pleasure run,
But public Joy in private Safety shun ;
When Bells, diverted from their true intent,
Ring loud for some deluded Mortal sent }
To hear or make long Speech in Parliament ;
What time, the Many, that unruly beast,
Roars its rough Joy and shares the final Feast ;
Then heed my Counsel, shut thine ears and eyes,
A few will hear me—for the Few are wise.”

Attempts Not *Satan's* Friends, nor *Satan's* self could bear 80
 to trip The cautious Man who took of Souls such care;
 him An Interloper,—one who, out of place,
 Had volunteer'd upon the side of Grace :
 There was his Master ready once a week
 To give Advice ; what further need he seek ?
 " Amen, so be it : "—what had he to do
 With more than this ?—'twas insolent and new ;
 And some determin'd on a way to see
 How frail he was, that so it might not be.

First they essay'd to tempt our Saint to sin, 90
 By points of Doctrine argued at an Inn ;
 Where he might warmly reason, deeply drink,
 Then lose all power to argue and to think.

In vain they try'd ; he took the Question up,
 Clear'd every Doubt, and barely touch'd the Cup :
 By many a Text he prov'd his Doctrine sound,
 And look'd in triumph on the Tempters round.

Next 'twas their care an artful Lass to find,
 Who might consult him, as perplex'd in Mind ;
 She they conceiv'd might put her Case with fears, 100
 With tender tremblings and seducing tears ;
 She might such Charms of various kind display,
 That he would feel their force and melt away :
 For why of Nymphs such caution and such dread,
 Unless he felt, and fear'd to be misled.

She came, she spake : he calmly heard her Case,
 And plainly told her 'twas a want of Grace ;
 Bade her " such Fancies and Affections check,
 And wear a thicker Muslin on her Neck."
 Abash'd, his human Foes the Combat fled, 110
 And the stern Clerk yet higher held his Head.

They were indeed a weak, impatient Set,
But their shrewd Prompter had his Engines yet ;
Had various means to make a Mortal trip,
Who shunn'd a flowing Bowl and rosy Lip ;
And knew a thousand ways his Heart to move,
Who flies from Banquets and who laughs at Love.

The
Vice of
Avarice

Thus far the playful Muse has lent her aid,
But now departs, of graver theme afraid ;
Her may we seek in more appropriate time,— 120
There is no jesting with Distress and Crime.

Our worthy Clerk had now arriv'd at Fame,
Such as but few in his degree might claim ;
But he was poor, and wanted not the sense
That lowly rates the Praise without the Pence :
He saw the common Herd with reverence treat
The weakest Burgess whom they chanc'd to meet ;
While few respected his exalted Views,
And all beheld his Doublet and his Shoes :
None, when they meet, would to his Parts allow 130
(Save his poor Boys) an hearing or a bow :
To this false Judgment of the vulgar Mind,
He was not fully, as a Saint, resign'd ;
He found it much his jealous Soul affect,
To fear Derision and to find Neglect.

The Year was bad, the Christening-Fees were small,
The Weddings few, the Parties Paupers all :
Desire of Gain with fear of Want combin'd,
Rais'd sad Commotion in his wounded Mind ;
Wealth was in all his Thoughts, his Views, his
Dreams, 140
And prompted base Desires and baseless Schemes.

Self Alas! how often erring Mortals keep
 Once- The strongest Watch against the Foes who sleep;
 ioning's While the more wakeful, bold and artful Foe
 Is suffer'd, guardless and unmark'd, to go.

Once in a month the Sacramental Bread
 Our Clerk with Wine upon the Table spread;
 The Custom this, that, as the Vicar reads,
 He for our Off'rings round the Church proceeds:
 Tall spacious Seats the wealthier People hid, 150
 And none had view of what his Neighbour did;
 Laid on the Box and mingled when they fell,
 Who should the worth of each Oblation tell?
 Now as poor *Jachin* took the usual round,
 And saw the Alms and heard the Metal sound,
 He had a thought;—at first it was no more
 Than “these have Cash and give it to the Poor:”
 A second thought from this to work began—
 “And can they give it to a poorer Man?”
 Proceeding thus,—“My Merit could they know, 160
 And knew my Need, how freely they'd bestow;
 But though they knew not, these remain the same,
 And are a strong, although a secret claim:
 To me, alas! the Want and Worth are known,
 Why then, in fact, 'tis but to take my own.”

Thought after thought pour'd in, a tempting train,—
 “Suppose it done,—who is it could complain?
 How could the Poor? for they such Trifles share,
 As add no Comfort, as suppress no Care;
 But many a Pittance makes a worthy Heap,— 170
 What says the Law? that Silence puts to sleep:—
 Nought then forbids, the danger could we shun,
 And sure the business may be safely done.

"But am I earnest?—earnest? No.—I say,
 If such my Mind, that I could plan a way,
 Let me reflect;—I've not allow'd me time
 To parse the Pieces, and if dropt they'd chime :"
 Fertile is Evil in the soul of Man,—
 He paus'd,—said *Jachin*, "They may drop on Bran,
 Why then 'tis safe and (all consider'd) just, 180
 The Poor receive it,—'tis no breach of Trust;
 The Old and Widows may their Trifles miss,
 There must be Evil in a Good like this :
 But I'll be kind,—the Sick, I'll visit twice,
 When now but once, and freely give Advice.
 Yet let me think again :"—Again he tried,
 For stronger Reasons on his Passion's side,
 And quickly these were found, yet slowly he com-
 plied.

The Morning came: the common Service done,—
 Shut every Door,—the solemn Rite begun,— 190
 And, as the Priest the sacred Sayings read,
 The Clerk went forward, trembling as he tread;
 O'er the tall Pew he held the Box, and heard
 The offer'd Piece, rejoicing as he fear'd :
 Just by the Pillar, as he cautious tripped,
 And turn'd the Aile, he then a Portion slipped
 From the full Store, and to the Pocket sent,
 But held a moment—and then down it went.

The Priest read on, on walk'd the Man afraid,
 Till a gold Offering in the Plate was laid; 200
 Trembling he took it, for a moment stopped,
 Then down it fell and sounded as it dropped;
 Amaz'd he started, for th' affrighted Man,
 Lost and bewilder'd, thought not of the Bran;

Suspicion But all were silent, all on things intent
aroused Of high concern, none ear to Money lent ;
 So on he walk'd, more cautious than before,
 And gain'd the purpos'd Sum and one Piece more.

*Practice makes perfect ;—*when the Month came round,
 He dropt the Cash nor listen'd for a Sound ; 210
 But yet, when last of all th' assembled Flock,
 He ate and drank,—it gave th' electric Shock :
 Oft was he forc'd his Reasons to repeat,
 Ere he could kneel in quiet at his Seat ;
 But Custom sooth'd him—ere a single Year
 All this was done without Restraint or Fear :
 Cool and collected, easy and compos'd,
 He was correct till all the Service clos'd ;
 Then to his Home, without a groan or sigh,
 Gravely he went and laid his Treasure by. 220

Want will complain : some Widows had expressed
 A doubt if they were favour'd like the rest ;
 The rest describ'd with like regret their Dole,
 And thus from parts they reason'd to the whole ;
 When all agreed some Evil must be done,
 Or rich Men's Hearts grew harder than a Stone.

Our easy Vicar cut the matter short,
 He would not listen to such vile Report.

All were not thus—there govern'd in that Year
 A stern stout Churl, an angry Overseer ; 230
 A Tyrant fond of Power, loud, lewd, and most

Him the mild Vicar, him the graver Clerk,
 Advis'd, reprov'd, but nothing would he mark,
 Save the Disgrace, “and that, my Friends,” said he,
 “Will I avenge, whenever time may be.”

And now, alas! 'twas time;—from Man to Man *Jacin*
Doubt and Alarm and shrewd Suspicions ran: *detected*

With angry spirit and with sly intent,
This Parish Ruler to the Altar went;
A private Mark he fix'd on Shillings three, 240
And but one Mark could in the Money see;
Besides, in peering round, he chanc'd to note
A sprinkling slight on *Jacin's* Sunday-Coat:
All doubt was over:—when the Flock were blessed,
In wrath he rose, and thus his Mind expressed.

“Foul Deeds are here!” and saying this, he took
The Clerk, whose Conscience, in her cold-fit, shook;
His Pocket then was emptied on the place;
All saw his Guilt; all witness'd his Disgrace:
He fell, he fainted, not a groan, a look 250
Escap'd the Culprit; 'twas a final stroke—
A death-wound never to be heal'd—a fall
That all had witness'd, and amaz'd were all.

As he recover'd, to his Mind it came,
“I owe to *Satan* this Disgrace and Shame:”
All the Seduction now appear'd in view,
“Let me withdraw,” he said, and he withdrew;
No one withheld him, all in union cry'd,
E'en the Avenger,—“We are satisfied:”
For what has Death in any form to give, 260
Equal to that Man's Terrors, if he live?

He liv'd in freedom, but he hourly saw
How much more fatal Justice is than Law;
He saw another in his office reign,
And his mild Master treat him with disdain;
He saw that all Men shunn'd him, some revil'd,
The harsh pass'd frowning, and the simple smil'd;

Misery The Town maintain'd him, but with some Reproof,
of his And Clerks and Scholars proudly kept aloof.
after

Life In each lone place, dejected and dismay'd, 270
 Shrinking from view, his wasting Form he laid;
 Or to the restless Sea and roaring Wind,
 Gave the strong yearnings of a ruin'd Mind;
 On the broad Beach, the silent Summer-day,
 Stretch'd on some Wreck, he wore his Life away;
 Or where the River mingles with the Sea,
 Or on the Mud-bank by the Elder-tree,
 Or by the bounding Marsh-dyke, there was he: }
 And when unable to forsake the Town,
 In the blind Courts he sate desponding down— 280
 Always alone; then feebly would he crawl
 The Church-way Walk, and lean upon the Wall:
 Too ill for this, he laid beside the Door,
 Compell'd to hear the reasoning of the Poor:
 He look'd so pale, so weak, the pitying Crowd
 Their firm belief of his Repentance vow'd;
 They saw him then so ghastly and so thin,
 That they exclaim'd, "Is this the work of Sin?"

"Yes," in his better moments, he replied,
 "Of sinful Avarice and the Spirit's Pride;— 290
 While yet untempted, I was safe and well;
 Temptation came; I reason'd, and I fell:
 To be Man's Guide and Glory I design'd,
 A rare Example for our sinful kind;
 But now my Weakness and my Guilt I see,
 And am a Warning—Man, be warn'd by me!"

He said, and saw no more the human Face;
 To a lone Loft he went, his dying-place,
 And, as the Vicar of his state enquir'd,
 Turn'd to the wall and silently expir'd! 300

LETTER XX

THE POOR OF THE BOROUGH

ELLEN ORFORD

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest.

—SHAKESPEARE, *Lear*.

"No charms she now can boast,"—'tis true,
But other charmers wither too ;
"And she is old,"—the fact I know,
And old will other heroines grow ;
But not like them has she been laid,
In ruin'd castle, sore dismay'd ;
Where naughty man and ghostly spright
Fill'd her pure mind with awe and dread,
Stalk'd round the room, put out the light,
And shook the curtains round her bed.
No cruel uncle kept her land,
No tyrant father forc'd her hand ;
She had no vixen virgin-aunt,
Without whose aid she could not eat,
And yet who poison'd all her meat,
With gibe and sneer and taunt.
Yet of the heroine she'd a share,
And sav'd a lover from despair,
And granted all his wish, in spite
Of what she knew and felt was right ;
But heroine then no more,
She own'd the fault, and wept and pray'd,
And humbly took the parish aid,
And dwelt among the poor.

ELLEN ORFORD

The Widow's Cottage—Blind *Ellen* one—Hers not the Sorrows or Adventures of Heroines—What these are, first described—Deserted Wives; rash Lovers; courageous Damsels; in desolated Mansions; in grievous Perplexity—These Evils, however severe, of Short Duration—*Ellen's* Story—Her Employment in Childhood—First Love; first Adventure; its miserable termination—An idiot Daughter—An Husband—Care in Business without Success—The Men's Despondency, and its Effect—Their Children: how disposed of—One particularly unfortunate—Fate of the Daughter—*Ellen* keeps a School and is happy—Becomes blind; loses her School—Her Consolations.

LETTER XX

THE POOR OF THE BOROUGH

ELLEN ORFORD

OBSERVE yon Tenement, apart and small,
Where the wet Pebbles shine upon the Wall ;
Where the low Benches lean beside the Door,
And the red Paling bounds the Space before ;
Where *Thrift* and *Lavender*, and *Lad's-love*¹ bloom,—
That humble Dwelling is the Widow's Home :
There live a Pair, for various Fortunes known,
But the blind *Ellen* will relate her own ;—
Yet ere we hear the Story she can tell,
On prouder Sorrows let us briefly dwell.

The
Blind
Widow

10

I've often marvel'd, when by night, by day,
I've mark'd the Manners moving in my way,
And heard the Language and beheld the Lives
Of Lass and Lover, Goddesses and Wives,
That Books, which promise much of Life to give,
Should show so little how we truly live.

To me it seems their Females and their Men
Are but the Creatures of the Author's Pen ;

¹ The lad's or boy's love of some counties is the plant
Southernwood, the *Artimisia Abrotanum* of Botanists.

Senti- Nay, Creatures borrow'd and again convey'd
men- From Book to Book—the Shadows of a Shade : 20
talism Life, if they'd search, would show them many a change ;
The Ruin sudden and the Misery strange !
With more of grievous, base, and dreadful things,
Than Novelists relate or Poet sings :
But they, who ought to look the World around,
Spy out a single Spot in Fairy-Ground ;
Where all, in turn, ideal Forms behold,
And Plots are laid and Histories are told.

Time have I lent—I would their Debt were less—
To flow'ry Pages of sublime Distress ; 30
And to the Heroine's soul-distracting Fears
I early gave my Sixpences and Tears ;
Oft have I travel'd in these tender Tales,
To *Darnley-Cottages* and *Maple-Vales*,
And watch'd the Fair-one from the first-born sigh,
When *Henry* pass'd and gaz'd in passing by ;
Till I beheld them pacing in the Park,
Close by a Coppice where 'twas cold and dark ;
When such Affection with such Fate appear'd,
Want and a Father to be shunn'd and fear'd, 40
Without Employment, Prospect, Cot, or Cash,
That I have judg'd th' heroic Souls were rash.

Now shifts the Scene,—the Fair in Tower confin'd,
In all things suffers but in change of Mind ;
Now woo'd by Greatness to a Bed of State,
Now deeply threaten'd with a Dungeon's Grate ;
Till suffering much and being try'd enough,
She shines, triumphant Maid !—temptation-proof.

Then was I led to vengeful Monks, who mix
With Nymphs and Swains, and play unpriestly tricks ; 50

Then view'd *Banditti*, who in Forest wide,
And Cavern vast, indignant Virgins hide ;
Who, hemm'd with bands of sturdiest Rogues about,
Find some strange Succour, and come Virgins out.

Sensationalism

I've watch'd a wint'ry Night on Castle-Walls,
I've stalk'd by Moonlight through deserted Halls,
And when the weary World was sunk to rest,
I've had such Sightings as—may not be expressed.

Lo! that Chateau, the western Tower decay'd,
The Peasants shun it,—they are all afraid ; 60
For there was done a Deed ! could Walls reveal,
Or Timbers tell it, how the Heart would feel !
Most horrid was it :—for, behold, the Floor
Has stain of Blood, and will be clean no more :
Hark to the Winds ! which through the wide Saloon
And the long Passage send a dismal Tune,—
Music that Ghosts delight in ;—and now heed
Yon beauteous Nymph, who must unmask the Deed ;
See ! with majestic Sweep she swims alone
Through Rooms all dreary, guided by a Groan : 70
Though Windows rattle, and though Tap'stries shake,
And the Feet falter every step they take,
'Mid Moans and gibing Sprites she silent goes,
To find a something, which will soon expose
The villainies and wiles of her determin'd Foes : }
And, having thus adventur'd, thus endur'd,
Fame, Wealth, and Lover, are for Life secur'd.

Much have I fear'd, but am no more afraid,
When some chaste Beauty, by some Wretch betray'd,
Is drawn away with such distracted speed, 80
That she anticipates a dreadful Deed :

Pictures of Woe Not so do I.—Let solid Walls impound,
 The captive Fair, and dig a Moat around;
 Let there be brazen Locks and Bars of steel,
 And Keepers cruel, such as never feel;
 With not a single Note the Purse supply,
 And when she begs, let Men and Maids deny;
 Be Windows those from which she dares not fall,
 And Help so distant, 'tis in vain to call;
 Still means of Freedom will some power devise, 90
 And from the baffled Ruffian snatch his prize.

To Northern Wales, in some sequester'd Spot,
 I've follow'd fair *Louisa* to her Cot;
 Where, then a wretched and deserted Bride,
 The injur'd Fair—one wish'd from Man to hide;
 Till by her fond repenting *Belville* found,
 By some kind chance—the straying of an Hound,
 He at her Feet crav'd Mercy, nor in vain,
 For the relenting Dove flew back again.

There's something rapturous in Distress, or, oh! 100
 Could *Clementina* bear her lot of Woe?
 Or what she underwent, could Maiden undergo?
 The Day was fix'd; for so the Lover sigh'd,
 So knelt and crav'd, he couldn't be denied:
 When, Tale most dreadful! every Hope adieu,
 For the fond Lover is the Brother too:
 All other Grievs abate; this monstrous Grief
 Has no Remission, Comfort, or Relief;
 Four ample Volumes, through each page disclose,
 Good Heaven protect us! only Woes on Woes; 110
 Till some strange Means afford a sudden view
 Of some vile Plot, and every Woe adieu! 1

¹ As this incident points out the work alluded to, I wish it to be remembered, that the gloomy tenor, the querulous

Now should we grant these Beauties all endure
 Severest Pangs, they've still the speediest Cure ; Ellen
Orford
 Before one Charm be wither'd from the Face,
 Except the Bloom, which shall again have place,
 In Wedlock ends each Wish, in Triumph 'all Dis-
 grace ;
 And Life to come, we fairly may suppose,
 One light, bright Contrast to these wild dark Woes.

These let us leave and at her Sorrows look, 120
 Too often seen, but seldom in a Book ;
 Let her who felt, relate them :—on her chair
 The Heroine sits—in former Years, the Fair,
 Now ag'd and poor ; but *Ellen Orford* knows,
 That we should humbly take what Heav'n bestows.

“ My Father died—again my Mother wed,
 And found the Comforts of her Life were fled ;
 Her angry Husband, vex'd through half his Years
 By Loss and Troubles, fill'd her Soul with fears :
 Their Children many, and 'twas my poor place 130
 To nurse and wait on all the Infant Race ;
 Labour and Hunger were indeed my part,
 And should have strengthen'd an eroneous Heart.

melancholy of the story, is all I censure. The language of the writer is often animated, and is, I believe, correct ; the characters well drawn, and the manners described from real life ; but the perpetual occurrence of sad events, the protracted list of teasing and perplexing mischances, joined with much waspish invective, unallayed by pleasantry or sprightliness, and these continued through many hundred pages, render publications, intended for amusement and executed with ability, heavy and displeasing :—You find your favourite persons happy in the end ; but they have teased you so much with their perplexities by the way, that you were frequently disposed to quit them in their distresses.

Her "Sore was the Grief to see him angry come,
 Lover And, teaz'd with Business, make Distress at home :
 The Father's Fury and the Children's Cries
 I soon could bear, but not my Mother's Sighs ;
 For she look'd back on Comforts and would say,
 'I wrong'd thee, *Ellen*,' and then turn away :
 Thus, for my Age's good, my Youth was tried, 140
 And this my Fortune till my Mother died.

"So, amid Sorrow much and little Cheer—
 A common case, I past my twentieth Year ;
 For these are frequent Evils ; thousands share
 An equal Grief—the like domestic Care.

"Then in my days of Bloom, of Health and
 Youth,
 One, much above me, vow'd his Love and Truth :
 We often met, he dreading to be seen,
 And much I question'd what such dread might mean ;
 Yet I believ'd him true ; my simple Heart 150
 And undirected Reason took his part.

"Can he who loves me, whom I love, deceive ?
 Can I such Wrong of one so kind believe,
 Who lives but in my Smile, who trembles when I
 grieve ?

"He dar'd not marry, but we met to prove
 What sad Encroachments and Deceits has Love :
 Weak that I was, when he, rebuk'd withdrew,
 I let him see that I was wretched too ;
 When less my Caution, I had still the Pain
 Of his or mine own Weakness to complain. 160

"Happy the Lovers, class'd alike in Life,
 Or happier yet the rich endowing Wife ;

But most aggriev'd the fond believing Maid, Betrayed
 Of her rich Lover tenderly afraid ;
 You judge th' Event ; for grievous was my Fate,
 Painful to feel and shameful to relate :
 Ah ! sad it was my Burthen to sustain,
 When the least Misery was the dread of Pain ;
 When I have grieving told him my Disgrace,
 And plainly mark'd Indifference in his Face. 170

“ Hard ! with these Fears and Terrors to behold
 The cause of all, the faithless Lover cold ;
 Impatient grown at every wish denied,
 And barely civil, sooth'd and gratified ;
 Peevish when urg'd to think of Vows so strong,
 And angry when I spake of Crime and Wrong.
 All this I felt, and still the Sorrow grew,
 Because I felt that I deserv'd it too,
 And begg'd my infant Stranger to forgive
 The Mother's Shame, which in herself must live. 180

“ When known that Shame, I, soon expell'd from
 Home,
 With a frail Sister shar'd an Hovel's gloom ;
 There barely fed—(what could I more request ?)
 My infant Slumberer sleeping at my breast.
 I from my window saw his blooming Bride,
 And my Seducer smiling at her side :
 Hope liv'd till then ; I sank upon the Floor,
 And Grief and Thought and Feeling were no more :
 Although reviv'd, I judg'd that Life would close,
 And went to rest, to wonder that I rose : 190
 My Dreams were dismal,—wheresoe'er I stray'd,
 I seem'd asham'd, alarm'd, despis'd, betray'd ;
 Always in grief, in guilt, disgrac'd, forlorn,
 Mourning that one so weak, so vile was born ;

The Earth a Desert, Tumult in the Sea,
 The Birds affrighten'd fled from Tree to Tree,
 Obscur'd the setting Sun, and every thing like me:
 But Heav'n had Mercy, and my Need at length
 Urg'd me to labour and renew'd my Strength.

"I strove for Patience as a Sinner must,
 Yet felt th' Opinion of the World unjust;
 There was my Lover, in his Joy, esteem'd,
 And I, in my Distress, as guilty deem'd;
 Yet Sure, not all the Guilt and Shame belong
 To her who feels and suffers for the Wrong:
 The Cheat at play may use the Wealth he's won,
 But is not honour'd for the Mischief done;
 The Cheat in Love may use each Villain-art,
 And boast the Deed that breaks the Victim's Heart.

"Four Years were past; I might again have found
 Some erring Wish, but for another Wound:
 Lovely my Daughter grew, her Face was fair,
 But no Expression ever brighten'd there;
 I doubted long, and vainly strove to make
 Some certain Meaning of the Words she spake;
 But Meaning there was none, and I survey'd
 With dread the Beauties of my Idiot-Maid.

"Still I submitted;—Oh! 'tis meet and fit
 In all we feel to make the Heart submit;
 Gloomy and calm my Days, but I had then,
 It seem'd, Attractions for the Eyes of Men:
 The sober Master of a decent Trade
 O'erlook'd my Errors and his Offer made:
 Reason assented:—true, my Heart denied,
 'But thou,' I said, 'shalt be no more my Guide.'

“When wed, our Toil and Trouble, Pains and Her
Care, Marriage

Of Means to live procur'd us humble Share ;
Five were our Sons, and we, though careful, found
Our Hopes declining as the Year came round ;
For I perceiv'd, yet would not soon perceive, 230
My Husband stealing from my view to grieve ;
Silent he grew, and when he spoke he sigh'd,
And surly look'd and peevishly replied :
Pensive by Nature, he had gone of late
To those who preach'd of Destiny and Fate,
Of things fore-doom'd, and of Election-grace,
And how in vain we strive to run our race ;
That all by Works and moral Worth we gain,
Is to perceive our Care and Labour vain ;
That still the more we pay, our Debts the more
remain ; J 240

That he who feels not the mysterious Call,
Lies bound in Sin, still grov'ling from the Fall.
My Husband felt not :—our Persuasion, Prayer,
And our best Reason, darken'd his Despair ;
His very Nature chang'd ; he now revil'd
My former Conduct,—he reproach'd my Child :
He talk'd of Bastard Slips, and curs'd his Bed,
And from our Kindness to Concealment fled ;
For ever to some evil Change inclin'd,
To every gloomy thought he lent his Mind,
Nor Rest would give to us, nor Rest himself could } 250
find ;—
His Son suspended saw him, long bereft
Of Life, nor prospect of Revival left.

“With him died all our Prospects, and once more
I shar'd the Allotments of the Parish Poor ;

Her Troubles They took my Children too, and this I know :
 Was just and lawful, but I felt the Blow :
 My Idiot-Maid and one unhealthy Boy,
 Were left, a Mother's Misery and her Joy.

" Three Sons I follow'd to the Grave, and one— 260
 Oh ! can I speak of that unhappy Son ?
 Would all the Memory of that time were fled,
 And all those Horrors, with my Child, were dead !
 Before the World seduc'd him, what a Grace
 And smile of Gladness shone upon his Face !
 Then he had Knowledge ; finely would he write,
 Study to him was Pleasure and Delight ;
 Great was his Courage, and but few could stand
 Against the Slight and Vigour of his Hand :
 The Maidens lov'd him ;—when he came to die, 270
 No, not the coldest could suppress a Sigh :
 Here I must cease—how can I say, my Child
 Was by the bad of either Sex beguil'd ?
 Worst of the Bad—they taught him that the Laws
 Made Wrong and Right ; there was no other Cause ;
 That all Religion was the Trade of Priests,
 And Men, when dead, must perish like the Beasts ;—
 And he, so lively and so gay before,——
 Ah ! spare a Mother—I can tell no more.

" Interest was made that they should not destroy 280
 The comely Form of my deluded Boy—
 But Pardon came not ; damp the Place and deep
 Where he was kept, as they'd a Tiger keep ;
 For he, unhappy ! had before them all
 Vow'd he'd escape, whatever might befall.

" He'd means of Dress, and drest beyond his Means,
 And so to see him, in such dismal Scenes,

I cannot speak it—cannot bear to tell
Of that sad Hour—I heard the Passing-bell.

Her
Idiot
Child's
Disgrace

“Slowly they went; he smil'd and looked so
smart, 290

Yet sure he shudder'd when he saw the Cart,
And gave a Look—until my dying-Day,
That Look will never from my Mind away;
Oft as I sit, and ever in my Dreams,
I see that Look and they have heard my Screams.

“Now let me speak no more—yet all declar'd
That one so young in pity should be spar'd,
And one so manly;—on his graceful Neck,
That Chains of Jewels might be proud to deck,
To a small Mole a Mother's Lips have pressed,— 300
And there the Cord—my Breath is sore oppressed.

“I now can speak again; my elder Boy
Was that Year drown'd,—a Seaman in an Hoy:
He left a numerous Race; of these would some
In their young Troubles to my Cottage come,
And these I taught—an humble Teacher I—
Upon their Heavenly Parent to rely.

“Alas! I needed such Reliance more:—
My Idiot-Girl, so simply gay before,
Now wept in pain; some Wretch had found a time, 310
Deprav'd and wicked, for that Coward-crime;
I had indeed my doubt, but I suppressed
The thought that day and night disturb'd my rest;
She and that sick-pale Brother—but why strive
To keep the Terrors of that time alive?

“The Hour arriv'd, the new, th' undreaded Pain,
That came with violence and yet came in vain.

Ellen's I saw her die : her Brother too is dead ;
 Last Nor own'd such Crime—what is it that I dread ?
 Years

“ The Parish-Aid withdrawn, I look'd around, 320
 And in my School a blest Subsistence found—
 My Winter-calm of Life : to be of use
 Would pleasant Thoughts and heavenly Hopes pro-
 duce ;
 I lov'd them all ;—it sooth'd me to presage
 The various Trials of their riper Age,
 Then dwell on mine, and bless the Power who gave
 Pains to correct us, and Remorse to save.

“ Yes ! these were Days of Peace, but they are
 past,—

A Trial came, I will believe, a last ;
 I lost my Sight, and my Employment gone, 330
 Useless I live, but to the Day live on ;
 Those Eyes which long the Light of Heaven en-
 joy'd,
 Were not by Pain, by Agony destroy'd :
 My Senses fail not all ; I speak, I pray,
 By Night my Rest, my Food I take by Day ;
 And as my Mind looks cheerful to my End,
 I love Mankind and call my God my Friend.”

LETTER XXI

THE POOR OF THE BOROUGH

ABEL KEENE

Cœpisti melius quam desines ; ultima primis
Cedunt. Dissimiles ; hic vir et ille puer.

—OVID, *Deianira Herculi*.

Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that, in the latter times, some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.—*Epistle to Timothy*.



ABEL KEENE :

Abel, a poor Man, Teacher of a School of the lower Order ; is placed in the Office of a Merchant ; is alarmed by Discourses of the Clerks ; unable to reply ; becomes a Convert, dresses, drinks, and ridicules his former Conduct — The Remonstrance of his Sister, a devout Maiden—Its Effect—The Merchant dies—*Abel* returns to Poverty unpitied ; but relieved—His abject Condition—His Melancholy—He wanders about ; is found —His own Account of himself and the Revolutions in his Mind.

LETTER XXI

THE POOR OF THE BOROUGH

ABEL KEENE

A QUIET simple Man was *Abel Keene*,
He meant no harm, nor did he often *mean* ;
He kept a School of loud rebellious Boys,
And growing old, grew nervous with the Noise,
When a kind Merchant hir'd his useful Pen,
And made him happiest of Accompting Men ;
With glee he rose to every easy Day,
When half the Labour brought him twice the Pay.

Abel's
Change
of Life

There were young Clerks, and there the Merchant's
Son,
Choice Spirits all, who wish'd him to be one ; 10
It must, no question, give them lively Joy,
Hopes long indulg'd, to combat and destroy ;
At these they level'd all their Skill and Strength,
He fell not quickly, but he fell at length :
They quoted Books, to him both bold and new,
And scorn'd as Fables all he held as true ;
"Such Monkish Stories and such Nursery Lies,"
That he was struck with Terror and Surprise.

"What ! all his Life had he the Laws obey'd,
Which they broke through and were not once afraid?" 20

Abel Had he so long his evil Passions check'd,
 becomes And yet at last had nothing to expect?
 a Scoffer While they their Lives in Joy and Pleasure led,
 And then had nothing, at the end, to dread?
 Was all his Priest with so much zeal convey'd,
 A Part! a Speech! for which the Man was paid?
 And were his pious Books, his solemn Prayers,
 Not worth one Tale of the admir'd *Voltaire's*?
 Then was it time, while yet some Years remain'd,
 To drink untroubled and to think unchain'd, 30
 And on all Pleasures, which his Purse could give,
 Freely to seize, and, while he liv'd, to live!"

Much time he pass'd in this important Strife,
 The Bliss or Bane of his remaining Life;
 For Converts all are made with Care and Grief,
 And Pangs attend the Birth of Unbelief;
 Nor pass they soon;—with Awe and Fear he took
 The slow'ry way, and cast back many a look.

The Youths applauded much his wise Design,
 With weighty Reasoning o'er their Evening Wine; 40
 And much in private 'twould their Mirth improve,
 To hear how *Abel* spake of Life and Love;
 To hear him own what grievous Pains it cost,
 Ere the old Saint was in the Sinner lost,
 Ere his poor Mind, with every Deed alarm'd,
 By Wit was settled and by Vice was charm'd.

For *Abel* enter'd in his bold Career,
 Like Boys on Ice, with Pleasure and with Fear;
 Lingering, yet longing for the Joy, he went,
 Repenting now, now dreading to repent; 50
 With awkward Pace, and with himself at war,
 Far gone, yet frighten'd that he went so far;

Oft for his Efforts he'd solicit Praise,
 And then proceed with Blunders and Delays :
 The Young more aptly Passion's Calls pursue,
 But Age and Weakness start at Scenes so new,
 And tremble when they've done, for all they dar'd
 to do.

The
 Gay
 Clerk

At length Example *Abel's* dread remov'd,
 With small concern he sought the Joys he lov'd ;
 Not resting here, he claim'd his share of Fame, 60
 And first their Votary, then their Wit became :
 His Jest was bitter and his Satire bold,
 When he his Tales of formal Brethren told ;
 What time with pious Neighbours he discuss'd
 Their boasted Treasure and their boundless Trust :
 "Such were our Dreams," the jovial Elder cried ;
 "Awake and live," his youthful Friends replied.

Now the gay Clerk a modest Drab despis'd,
 And clad him smartly as his Friends advis'd ;
 So fine a Coat upon his Back he threw, 70
 That not Alley-Boy Old *Abel* knew ;
 Broad polish'd Buttons blaz'd that Coat upon,
 And just beneath the Watch's Trinkets shone—
 A splendid Watch, that pointed out the Time,
 To fly from Business and make free with Crime :
 The crimson Waistcoat and the silken Hose
 Rank'd the lean Man among the Borough Beaux ;
 His raven Hair he cropped with fierce disdain,
 And light elastic Locks encas'd his Brain :
 More pliant Pupil who could hope to find, 80
 So deck'd in Person and so chang'd in Mind ?

When *Abel* walk'd the Streets, with pleasant mien
 He met his Friends, delighted to be seen ;

His And when he rode along the public Way,
 Sister's No Beau so gaudy and no Youth so gay.
 Warning

His pious Sister, now an ancient Maid,
 For *Abel* fearing, first in secret pray'd ;
 Then thus in Love and Scorn her Notions she con-
 vey'd :

" Alas ! my Brother ! can I see thee pace
 Hood-wink'd to Hell, and not lament thy Case, } 90
 Nor stretch my feeble Hand to stop thy headlong
 Race ?

Lo ! thou art bound ; a Slave in *Satan's* Chain,
 The righteous *Abel* turn'd the wretch'd *Cain* ;
 His Brother's Blood against the Murderer cried,
 Against thee thine, unhappy Suicide !
 Are all our pious Nights and peaceful Days,
 Our Evening Readings and our Morning Praise,
 Our Spirits' Comfort in the Trials sent,
 Our Hearts' Rejoicings in the Blessings lent,
 All that o'er Grief a cheering Influence shed ? } 100
 Are these for ever and for ever fled ?

" When in the Years gone by, the trying Years
 When Faith and Hope had Strife with Wants and
 Fears,

Thy Nerves have trembled till thou couldst not eat
 (Dressed by this Hand) thy Mess of simple Meat ;
 When, griev'd by Fastings, gall'd by Fates severe,
 Slow pass'd the Days of the successful Year ;
 Still in these gloomy Hours, my Brother then
 Had glorious Views, unseen by prosperous Men :
 And when thine Heart has felt its Wish denied, } 110
 What gracious Texts hast thou to Grief applied ;
 Till thou hast enter'd in thine humble Bed,
 By lofty Hopes and heavenly Musings fed !

Then I have seen thy lively Looks express
The Spirit's Comforts in the Man's Distress.

His
Sister
leaves
him

"Then didst thou cry, exulting, 'Yes, 'tis fit,
'Tis meet and right, my Heart! that we submit :'
And wilt thou, *Abel*, thy new Pleasures weigh
Against such Triumphs?—Oh! repent and pray.

"What are thy Pleasures?—with the Gay to sit, 120
And thy poor Brain torment for awkward Wit;
All thy good Thoughts (thou hat'st them) to restrain,
And give a wicked Pleasure to the Vain;
Thy long lean Frame by Fashion to attire,
That Lads may laugh and Wantons may admire;
To raise the mirth of Boys, and not to see,
Unhappy Maniac! that they laugh at thee.

"These boyish Follies, which alone the Boy,
Can idly act or gracefully enjoy,
Add new reproaches to thy fallen state, 130
And make Men scorn what they would only hate.

"What Pains, my Brother, dost thou take to prove
A taste for Follies which thou canst not love?
Why do thy stiffening Limbs the Steed bestride—
That Lads may laugh to see thou canst not ride?
And why (I feel the crimson tinge my cheek)
Dost thou by night in Diamond-Alley sneak?

"Farewell! the Parish will thy Sister keep,
Where she in peace shall pray and sing and sleep,
Save when for thee she mourns, thou wicked, wan-
d'ring Sheep!
When Youth is fall'n, there's hope the Young may
rise, 141
But fallen Age for ever hopeless lies :

Abel Torn up by Storms and plac'd in Earth once more,
Loss The younger Tree may Sun and Soil restore ;
his But when the old and sapless Trunk lies low,
Post No Care or Soil can former Life bestow ;
 Reserv'd for burning is the worthless Tree,
 And what—O *Abel* ! is reserv'd for thee ?”

These angry words our Hero deeply felt,
 Though hard his Heart and indispos'd to melt ! 150
 To gain Relief he took a Glass the more,
 And then went on as careless as before :
 Henceforth, uncheck'd, Amusements he partook,
 And (save his Ledger) saw no decent Book ;
 Him found the Merchant punctual at his task,
 And that perform'd, he'd nothing more to ask ;
 He car'd not how Old *Abel* play'd the fool,
 No Master he, beyond the hours of School :
 Thus they proceeding, had their Wine and Joke,
 Till Merchant *Dixon* felt a warning stroke, 160
 And, after struggling half a gloomy week,
 Left his poor Clerk another Friend to seek.

Alas ! the Son, who led the Saint astray,
 Forgot the Man whose Follies made him gay ;
 He car'd no more for *Abel* in his need,
 Than *Abel* car'd about his hackney Steed ;
 He now, alas ! had all his Earnings spent,
 And thus was left to languish and repent ;
 No School nor Clerkship found he in the place,
 Now lost to Fortune, as before to Grace. 170

For Town-relief the grieving Man applied,
 And begg'd with tears, what some with scorn denied ;
 Others look'd down upon the glowing Vest,
 And frowning, ask'd him at what Price he dress'd ?

Happy for him his Country's Laws are mild, His
 They must support him, though they still revil'd ; Misery
 Griev'd, abject, scorn'd, insulted, and betray'd,
 Of God unmindful, and of Man afraid,—
 No more he talk'd ; 'twas pain, 'twas shame to
 speak,

His Heart was sinking, and his Frame was weak. 180

His Sister died with such serene delight,
 He once again began to think her right ;
 Poor like himself, the happy Spinster laid,
 And sweet Assurance blessed the dying Maid :
 Poor like the Spinster, he, when Death was nigh,
 Assur'd of nothing, felt afraid to die.

The cheerful Clerk who sometimes past the door,
 Just mention'd "*Abel!*" and then thought no more.

So *Abel* pondering on his state forlorn,
 Look'd round for Comfort, and was chas'd by Scorn. 190

And now we saw him on the Beach reclin'd,
 Or causeless walking in the wintry Wind ;

And when-it rais'd a loud and angry Sea,
 He stood and gaz'd, in wretched reverie :
 He heeded not the Frost, the Rain, the Snow,
 Close by the Sea he walk'd alone and slow :

Sometimes his Frame through many an hour he
 spread

Upon a Tomb-stone, moveless as the dead ;
 And was there found a sad and silent place,
 There would he creep with slow and measur'd pace: 200

Then would he wander by the River's side,
 And fix his eyes upon the falling Tide ;
 The deep dry Ditch, the Rushes in the Fen,
 And mossy Crag-pits were his Lodgings then :
 There, to his discontented Thoughts a prey,
 The melancholy Mortal pin'd away.

Suicide The neighb'ring Poor at length began to speak
 Of *Abel's* Ramblings—he'd been gone a week ;
 They knew not where, and little care, they took
 For one so friendless and so poor to look : 210
 At last a Stranger, in a Pedlar's Shed,
 Beheld him hanging—he had long been dead.
 He left a Paper, penn'd at sundry times,
 Entitled thus—"My Groanings and my Crimes !

"I was a Christian Man, and none could lay
 Aught to my charge ; I walk'd the narrow Way :
 All then was simple Faith, serene and pure,
 My Hope was stedfast and my Prospects sure ;
 Then was I tried by Want and Sickness sore,
 But these I clapped my Shield of Faith before, } 220
 And Cares and Wants and Man's Rebukes I bore :
 Alas ! new Foes assail'd me ; I was vain,
 They stung my Pride and they confus'd my Brain ;
 Oh ! these Deluders ! with what glee they saw
 Their simple Dupe transgress the righteous Law ;
 'Twas joy to them to view that dreadful Strife,
 When Faith and Frailty warr'd for more than Life :
 So with their Pleasures they beguil'd the Heart,
 Then with their Logic they allay'd the smart ;
 They prov'd (so thought I then) with Reasons
 strong, 230
 That no Man's Feelings ever lead him wrong :
 And thus I went, as on the varnish'd Ice,
 The smooth Career of Unbelief and Vice.
 Oft would the Youths, with sprightly Speech and
 bold,
 Their witty Tales of naughty Priests unfold ;
 'Twas all a Craft,' they said, 'a cunning Trade,
 Not she the Priests, but Priests Religion made :'

So I believ'd : "—No, *Abel!* to thy grief,
So thou relinquish'd all that was Belief:—

" I grew as very Flint, and when the rest
Laugh'd at Devotion, I enjoy'd the jest ;
But this all vanish'd like the Morning-dew,
When unemploy'd, and poor again I grew ;
Yea ! I was doubly poor, for I was wicked too. }

His
Confession
240

" The Mouse, that trespass'd and the Treasure stole,
Found his lean Body fitted to the Hole ;
Till having feasted, he was forc'd to stay,
And, fasting, starve his stolen Bulk away :
Ah ! worse for me—grown poor, I yet remain
In sinful Bonds, and pray and fast in vain. 250

" At length I thought, although these Friends of
Sin
Have spread their Net and caught their Prey therein ;
Though my hard Heart could not for Mercy call,
Because, though great my Grief, my Faith was small ;
Yet, as the Sick on skilful Men rely,
The Soul, diseas'd, may to a Doctor fly.

" A famous one there was, whose Skill had wrought
Cures past belief, and him the Sinners sought ;
Numbers there were defil'd by Mire and Filth,
Whom he recover'd by his goodly Tilth ;— 260
' Come then,' I said, ' let me the Man behold,
And tell my case '—I saw him and I told.

" With trembling voice, ' Oh ! reverend Sir,' I said,
' I once believ'd, and I was then misled ;
And now such Doubts my sinful Soul beset,
I dare not say that I'm a Christian yet :
Canst thou, good Sir, by thy superior Skill,
Inform my Judgment and direct my Will ?

Abel's Appeal to the Clergy Ah! give thy Cordial; let my Soul have rest,
 And be the outward Man alone distress'd; 270
 For at my state I tremble.'—'Tremble more,'
 Said the good Man, 'and then rejoice therefore;
 'Tis good to tremble; Prospects then are fair,
 When the lost Soul is plung'd in deep Despair:
 Once thou wert simply honest, just and pure,
 Whole, as thou thought'st, and never wish'd a
 Cure;
 Now thou hast plung'd in Folly, Shame, Disgrace;
 Now! thou'rt an Object meet for healing Grace:
 No Merit thine, no Virtue, Hope, Belief,
 Nothing hast thou, but Misery, Sin, and Grief, } 280
 The best, the only titles to Relief.'

" 'What must I do,' I said, 'my soul to free?'
 —'Do nothing, Man; it will be done for thee.'—
 'But must I not, my reverend Guide, believe?'
 —'If thou art call'd, thou wilt the Faith receive:'—
 'But I repent not.'—Angry he replied,
 'If thou art call'd, thou needest nought beside:
 Attend on us, and if 'tis Heaven's Decree,
 The Call will come,—if not, ah! woe for thee.'

"There then I waited, ever on the watch, 290
 A spark of Hope, a ray of Light to catch;
 His Words fell softly like the flakes of Snow,
 But I could never find mine Heart o'erflow:
 He cried aloud, till in the Flock began
 The Sigh, the Tear, as caught from Man to Man:
 They wept and they rejoic'd, and there was I
 Hard as a Flint, and as the Desert dry:
 To me no Tokens of the Call would come,
 I felt my Sentence and receiv'd my Doom;

But I complain'd :—' Let thy Repinings cease,
 Oh! Man of Sin, for they thy Guilt increase;
 It bloweth where it listeth;—die in peace.'
 —' In peace, and perish?' I replied; ' impart
 Some better Comfort to a burthen'd Heart.'—
 ' Alas!' the Priest return'd, ' can I direct
 The heavenly Call?—Do I proclaim th' Elect?
 Raise not thy Voice against th' Eternal Will,
 But take thy part with Sinners and be still.'¹

308 The
Elect

¹ In a periodical work for the month of June last, the preceding dialogue is pronounced to be a most abominable caricature, if meant to be applied to Calvinists in general, and *greatly distorted*, if designed for an individual: now the author in his preface¹ has declared, that he takes not upon him the censure of any sect or society for their opinions; and the lines themselves evidently point to an individual, whose sentiments they very fairly represent without any distortion whatsoever. In a pamphlet intitled "A Cordial for a Sin-despairing Soul," originally written by a teacher of religion, and lately republished by another teacher of greater notoriety, the reader is informed that after he had full assurance of his Salvation, the Spirit entered particularly into the subject with him; and, among many other matters of like nature, assured him that "his sins were fully and freely forgiven, as if they had never been committed; not for any act done by him, whether *believing in Christ, or repenting of sin*; nor yet for the sorrows and miseries he endured, nor for any service he should be called upon in his militant state, but for His own Name and for his glory's sake, &c."² And the whole drift and tenor of the book is to the same purpose, viz. the uselessness of all religious duties, such as prayer, contrition, fasting, and good works; he shows the evil done by reading such books as "The Whole Duty of Man," and "The Practice of Piety"; and complains heavily of his relation, an Irish bishop, who wanted him to join with the household in family prayer; in fact, the whole work inculcates that sort of Quietism which this dialogue alludes to,

¹ Page xix.

² "Cordial," &c., page 87.

Abel's * "Alas ! for me, no more the times of Peace
 last Are mine on Earth—in Death my Pains may
 Protest cease. 310

"Foes to my Soul ! ye young Seducers, know,
 What serious Ills from your Amusements flow ;
 Opinions, you with so much ease profess,
 O'erwhelm the Simple and their Minds oppress :
 Let such be happy, nor with Reasons strong,
 That make them wretched, prove their Notions wrong :
 Let them proceed in that they deem the way,
 Fast when they will, and at their pleasure pray .
 Yes, I have Pity for my Brethren's Lot,
 And so had *Dives*, but it help'd him not : 320
 And is it thus ?—I'm full of Doubts :—Adieu !
 Perhaps his Reverence is mistaken too."

and that without any recommendation of attendant on the teachers of the Gospel, but rather holding forth encouragement to the supineness of man's nature ; by the information that he in vain looks for acceptance by the employment of his talents, and that his hopes of glory are rather extinguished than raised by any application to the means of Grace.

LETTER XXII

THE POOR OF THE BOROUGH

PETER GRIMES *

Was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed;
Who but for fear knows no controul,
Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,
Feels not the import of the deed;
One whose brute feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own more brute desires.

—SCOTT, *Marmion*.

Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd, came to
my tent, and every one did threat.—SHAKESPEARE, *Richard III*

The time hath been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.

* —*Macbeth*.

PETER GRIMES

The Father of *Peter* a Fisherman—*Peter's* early Conduct—His Grief for the old Man—He takes an Apprentice—The Boy's Suffering and Fate—A second Boy : how he died—*Peter* acquitted—A third Apprentice—A Voyage by Sea : the Boy does not return—Evil Report on *Peter* : he is tried and threatened—Lives alone—His Melancholy and incipient Madness—Is observed and visited—He escapes and is taken ; is lodged in a Parish-House : Women attend and watch him—He speaks in a Delirium : grows more collected—His Account of his Feelings and visionary Terrors previous to his Death.

LETTER XXII

THE POOR OF THE BOROUGH

PETER GRIMES

OLD *Peter Grimes* made Fishing his employ,
His Wife he cabin'd with him and his Boy,
And seem'd that Life laborious to enjoy :
To Town came quiet *Peter* with his Fish,
And had of all a civil word and wish.
He left his Trade upon the Sabbath-Day,
And took young *Peter* in his hand to pray ;
But soon the stubborn Boy from care broke loose,
At first refus'd, then added his abuse :
His Father's Love he scorn'd, his Power defied, 10
But being drunk, wept sorely when he died.

} Peter's
Father

Yes! then he wept, and to his Mind there came
Much of his Conduct, and he felt the Shame,—
How he had oft the good Old Man revil'd,
And never paid the Duty of a Child :
How, when the Father in his Bible read,
He in contempt and anger left the Shed :
“It is the Word of Life,” the Parent cried ;
—“This is the Life itself,” the Boy replied ;
And while Old *Peter* in amazement stood,
Gave the hot Spirit to his boiling Blood :—

20

Peter's How he, with Oath and furious Speech, began
Char- To prove his Freedom and assert the Man ;
acter And when the Parent check'd his impious Rage,
 How he had curs'd the Tyranny of Age,—
 Nay, once had dealt the sacrilegious Blow
 On his bare Head and laid his Parent low :
 The Father groan'd—"If thou art old," said he,
 "And hast a Son—thou wilt remember me :
 Thy Mother left me in an happy Time, 30
 Thou kill'dst not her—Heav'n spares the double
 Crime."

On an Inn-settle, in his maudlin Grief,
 This he revolv'd and drank for his Relief.

Now liv'd the Youth in freedom, but debarr'd
 From constant Pleasure, and he thought it hard ;
 Hard that he could not every Wish obey,
 But must awhile relinquish Ale and Play ;
 Hard ! that he could not to his Cards attend,
 But must acquire the Money he would spend.

With greedy eye he look'd on all he saw, 40
 He knew not Justice, and he laugh'd at Law ;
 On all he mark'd, he stretch'd his ready Hand ;
 He fish'd by Water and he filch'd by Land :
 Oft in the Night has *Peter* dropt his Oar,
 Fled from his Boat and sought for Prey on shore ;
 Oft up the Hedge-row glided, on his Back
 Bearing the Orchard's Produce in a Sack,
 Or Farm-yard Load, tugg'd fiercely from the Stack ;
 And as these Wrongs to greater numbers rose,
 The more he look'd on all Men as his Foes. 50

He built a mud-wall'd Hovel, where he kept
 His various Wealth, and there he oft-times slept ;

But no Success could please his cruel Soul;
 He wish'd for One to trouble and controul;
 He wanted some obedient Boy to stand
 And bear the blow of his outrageous hand ;
 And hop'd to find in some propitious hour
 A feeling Creature subject to his Power.

The
 Work-
 house
 Boys

Peter had heard there were in London then,—
 Still have they being?—Workhouse-clearing Men, 60
 Who, undisturb'd by Feelings just or kind,
 Would Parish-Boys to needy Tradesmen bind :
 They in their want a trifling Sum would take,
 And toiling Slaves of piteous Orphans make.

Such *Peter* sought, and when a Lad was found,
 The Sum was dealt him and the Slave was bound.
 Some few in Town observ'd in *Peter's* Trap
 A Boy, with Jacket blue and woollen Cap ;
 But none enquir'd how *Peter* us'd the Rope,
 Or what the Bruise, that made the Stripling stoop ; 70
 None could the Ridges on his Back behold,
 None sought him shiv'ring in the Winter's Cold ;
 None put the question,—“ *Peter*, dost thou give
 The Boy his Food?—What, Man! the Lad must live :
 Consider, *Peter*, let the Child have Bread,
 He'll serve thee better if he's strok'd and fed.”
 None reason'd thus—and some, on hearing Cries,
 Said calmly, “ *Grimes* is at his Exercise.”

Pin'd, beaten, cold, pinch'd, threaten'd, and abus'd,—
 His Efforts punish'd and his Food refus'd,— 80
 Awake tormented,—soon arous'd from sleep,—
 Struck if he wept, and yet compell'd to weep,
 The trembling Boy dropt down and strove to pray,
 Receiv'd a Blow and trembling turn'd away,

Death Or sobb'd and hid his piteous face ;—while he,
 the The savage Master, grin'd in horrid glee ;
 First He'd now the power he ever lov'd to show,
 A feeling Being subject to his Blow.

Thus liv'd the Lad in Hunger, Peril, Pain,
 His Tears despis'd, his Supplications vain : 90
 Compell'd by fear to lie, by need to steal,
 His Bed uneasy and unblest his Meal,
 For three sad Years the Boy his Tortures bore,
 And then his Pains and Trials were no more.

“How died he, *Peter* ?” when the People said,
 He growl'd—“I found him lifeless in his Bed ;”
 Then try'd for softer tone, and sigh'd, “Poor *Sam* }
 is dead.” }
 Yet murmurs were there and some questions ask'd,—
 How he was fed, how punish'd; and how task'd?
 Much they suspected, but they little prov'd, 100
 And *Peter* pass'd untroubled and unmov'd.

Another Boy with equal ease was found,
 The Money granted and the Victim bound ;
 And what his Fate ?—One night it chanc'd he fell
 From the Boat's Mast and perish'd in her Well,
 Where Fish were living kept, and where the Boy
 (So reason'd Men) could not himself destroy :—

“Yes ! so it was,” said *Peter*, “in his play,
 For he was idle both by night and day ;
 He climb'd the Main-mast and then fell below ;”—to
 Then show'd his Corpse and pointed to the Blow :
 “What said the Jury ?”—they were long in doubt,
 But sturdy *Peter* faced the matter out :

So they dismiss'd him, saying at the time,
 "Keep fast your Hatchway when you've Boys who
 climb." Death
the
Second

This hit the Conscience, and he colour'd more
 Than for the closest questions put before.

Thus all his fears the Verdict set aside,
 And at the Slave-shop *Peter* still applied.

Then came a Boy, of Manners soft and mild,— 120
 Our Seamen's Wives with grief beheld the Child ;
 All thought (the Poor themselves) that he was one
 Of gentle Blood, some noble Sinner's Son,
 Who had, belike, deceiv'd some humble Maid,
 Whom he had first seduc'd and then betray'd :—
 However this, he seem'd a gracious Lad,
 In Grief submissive and with Patience sad.

Passive he labour'd, till his slender Frame
 Bent with his Loads, and he at length was lame :
 Strange that a Frame so weak could bear so long 130
 The grossest Insult and the foulest Wrong ;
 But there were causes—in the Town they gave
 Fire, Food, and Comfort, to the gentle Slave ;
 And though stern *Peter*, with a cruel Hand,
 And knotted Rope, enforc'd the rude Command,
 Yet he consider'd what he'd lately felt,
 And his vile Blows with selfish Pity dealt.

One day such Draughts the cruel Fisher made,
 He could not vend them in his Borough-Trade,
 But sail'd for London-Mart : the Boy was ill, 140
 But ever humbled to his Master's will ;
 And on the River, where they smoothly sail'd,
 He strove with terror and awhile prevail'd ;

Death But new to Danger on the angry Sea,
 the He clung affrighted to his Master's knee :
 Third The Boat grew leaky and the Wind was strong,
 Rough was the Passage and the Time was long ;
 His Liquor fail'd, and *Peter's* Wrath arose, . . .
 No more is known—the rest we must suppose,
 Or learn of *Peter* ;—*Peter*, says he, “ spied 150
 The Stripling's danger and for Harbour tried ;
 Meantime the Fish and then th' Apprentice died.” }

The pitying Women rais'd a Clamour round,
 And weeping said, “Thou hast thy Prentice
 drown'd.”

Now the stern Man was summon'd to the Hall,
 To tell his Tale before the Burghers all :
 He gave th' Account ; profess'd, the Lad he lov'd,
 And kept his brazen Features all unmov'd.

The Mayor himself with tone severe replied,
 “Henceforth with thee shall never Boy abide ; 16c
 Hire thee a Freeman, whom thou durst not beat,
 But who, in thy despite, will sleep and eat :
 Free thou art now !—again shouldst thou appear,
 Thou'lt find thy Sentence, like thy Soul, severe.”

Alas ! for *Peter* not an helping Hand,
 So was he hated, could he now command ;
 Alone he row'd his Boat, alone he cast
 His Nets beside, or made his Anchor fast ;
 To hold a Rope or hear a Curse was none,—
 He toil'd and rail'd ; he groan'd and swore alone. 17c

Thus by himself compell'd to live each day,
 To wait for certain hours the Tide's delay ;

At the same times the same dull views to see,
 The bounding Marsh-bank and the blighted Tree ;
 The Water only, when the Tides were high,
 When low, the Mud half-cover'd and half-dry ;
 The Sun-burnt Tar that blisters on the Planks,
 And Bank-side Stakes in their uneven ranks ;
 Heaps of entangled Weeds that slowly float,
 As the Tide rolls by the impeded Boat.

The
 Human
 Fiend

180

When Tides were neap, and, in the sultry day,
 Through the tall bounding Mud-banks made their
 way,

Which on each side rose swelling, and below
 The dark warm Flood ran silently and slow ;
 There anchoring, *Peter* chose from Man to hide,
 There hang his Head, and view the lazy Tide
 In its hot slimy Channel slowly glide ;
 Where the small Eels that left the deeper way
 For the warm Shore, within the Shallows play ;
 Where gaping Muscles, left upon the Mud,
 Slope their slow passage to the fallen Flood ;—
 Here dull and hopeless he'll lie down and trace
 How sidelong Crabs had scrawl'd tneir crooked race ;
 Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry
 Of fishing *Gull* or clanging *Golden-eye* ;
 What time the Sea-birds to the Marsh would come,
 And the loud *Bittern*, from the Bull-rush home,
 Gave from the Salt-dish side the bellowing Boom :
 He nurst the Feelings these dull Scenes produce,
 And lov'd to stop beside the opening Sluice ;
 Where the small Stream, confin'd in narrow bound,
 Ran with a dull, unvaried, sad'ning sound ;
 Where all presented to the Eye or Ear,
 Oppress'd the Soul ! with Misery, Grief, and Fear.

190

200

**Remove
at Work** Besides these objects, there were places three,
Which *Peter* seem'd with certain dread to see ;
When he drew near them he would turn from each,
And loudly whistle till he pass'd the *Reach*.¹

A change of Scene to him brought no relief,
In Town, 'twas plain, Men took him for a Thief ; 210
The Sailors' Wives would stop him in the Street,
And say, " Now, *Peter*, thou'st no Boy to beat : "
Infants at play, when they perceiv'd him, ran,
Warning each other—" That's the wicked Man : "
He growl'd an oath, and in an angry tone
Curs'd the whole Place and wish'd to be alone.

Alone he was, the same dull Scenes in view,
And still more gloomy in his sight they grew :
Though Man he hated, yet employ'd alone
At bootless labour, he would swear and groan, 220
Cursing the Shoals that glided by the spot,
And *Gulls* that caught them when his arts could not.

Cold nervous Tremblings shook his sturdy Frame,
And strange Disease—he couldn't say the name ;
Wild were his Dreams, and oft he rose in fright,
Wak'd by his view of Horrors in the Night,—
Horrors that would the sternest Minds amaze,
Horrors that Dæmons might be proud to raise :
And though he felt forsaken, griev'd at heart,
To think he liv'd from all Mankind apart ;
Yet, if a Man approach'd, in terrors he would start. } 230

¹ The reaches in a river are those parts which extend from point to point. *Johnson* has not the word precisely in this sense, but it is very common, and I believe used wheresoever a navigable river can be found in this country.

A Winter past since *Peter* saw the Town,
 And Summer Lodgers were again come down ;
 These, idly-curious, with their glasses spied .
 The Ships in Bay, as anchor'd for the Tide,—
 The River's Craft,—the Bustle of the Quay,—
 And Sea-port Views, which Landmen lov'd to see.

**Horror
 Untold**

One, up the River, had a Man and Boat
 Seen day by day, now anchor'd, now afloat ;
 Fisher he seem'd, yet us'd no Net nor Hook, } 240
 Of Sea-fowl swimming by, no heed he took,
 But on the gliding Waves still fix'd his lazy look : }
 At certain stations he would view the Stream,
 As if he stood bewilder'd in a Dream,
 Or that some Power had chain'd him for a time,
 To feel a Curse or meditate on Crime.

This known, some curious, some in pity went,
 And others question'd—"Wretch, dost thou repent ?
 He heard, he trembled, and in fear resign'd
 His Boat : new terror fill'd his restless Mind : } 250
 Furious he grew and up the Country ran,
 And there they seiz'd him—a distemper'd Man :—
 Him we receiv'd, and to a Parish-bed,
 Follow'd and curs'd, the groaning Man was led.

Here when they saw him, whom they us'd to shun,
 A lost, lone Man, so harass'd and undone ;
 Our gentle Females, ever prompt to feel,
 Perceiv'd Compassion on their Anger steal ;
 His Crimes they could not from their Memories blot,
 But they were griev'd and trembled at his Lot. } 260

A Priest too came, to whom his words are told,
 And all the signs they shudder'd to behold.

The
Ghosts
of his
Victims

"Look ! look !" they cried ; "his Limbs with
horror shake,
And as he grinds his Teeth, what noise they make !
How glare his angry Eyes, and yet he's not awake :
See ! what cold drops upon his Forehead stand,
And how he clenches that broad bony Hand."

The Priest attending, found he spoke at times
As one alluding to his Fears and Crimes :
"It was the fall," he mutter'd, "I can show 27c
The manner how—I never struck a blow :"
And then aloud—"Unhand me, free my Chain ;
On Oath, he fell—it struck him to the Brain :—
Why ask my Father ?—that old Man will swear
Against my Life ; besides, he wasn't there :—
What, all agreed ?—Am I to die to-day ?—
My Lord, in mercy, give me time to pray."

Then as they watch'd him, calmer he became,
And grew so weak he couldn't move his Frame,
But murmuring spake,—while they could see and 28c
hear

The start of Terror and the groan of Fear ;
See the large Dew-beads on his Forehead rise,
And the cold Death-drop glaze his sunken Eyes ;
Nor yet he died, but with unwonted force,
Seem'd with some fancied Being to discourse :
He knew not us, or with accustom'd art
He hid the knowledge, yet expos'd his Heart ;
'Twas part Confession and the rest Defence,
A Madman's Tale, with gleams of waking Sense.

"I'll tell you all," he said, "the very day 29c
When the old Man first plac'd them in my way :

My Father's Spirit—he who always tried
 To give me trouble, when he liv'd and died—
 When he was gone, he could not be content
 To see my Days in painful Labour spent,
 But would appoint his Meetings, and he made
 Me watch at these, and so neglect my Trade.

His
 Father's
 Persecu-
 tion

“Twas one hot Noon, all silent, still, serene,
 No living Being had I lately seen ;
 I paddled up and down and dipt my Net, 300
 But (such his pleasure) I could nothing get,—
 A Father's pleasure ! when his Toil was done,
 To plague and torture thus an only Son ;
 And so I sat and look'd upon the Stream,
 How it ran on ; and felt as in a Dream :
 But Dream it was not ; No !—I fix'd my Eyes
 On the mid Stream and saw the Spirits rise ;
 I saw my Father on the Water stand,
 And hold a thin pale Boy in either hand ;
 And there they glided ghastly on the top 310
 Of the salt Flood and never touch'd a drop :
 I would have struck them, but they knew th' intent,
 And smil'd upon the Oar, and down they went.

“Now, from that day, whenever I began
 To dip my Net, there stood the hard Old Man—
 He and those Boys : I humbled me and pray'd
 They would be gone ;—they heeded not, but stay'd :
 Nor could I turn, nor would the Boat go by,
 But gazing on the Spirits, there was I ;
 They bade me leap to death, but I was loth to
 die :

And every day, as sure as day arose,
 Would these three Spirits meet me ere the close ;

Peter's To hear and mark them daffy was my doom,
 Martyr- And 'Come,' they said, with weak, sad voices, 'come.'
 dom To row away with all my strength I try'd,
 But there were they, hard by me in the Tide,
 The three unbodied Forms—and 'Come,' still
 'come,' they cried.

"Fathers should pity—but this old Man shook
 His hoary Locks and froze me by a Look :
 Thrice, when I struck them, through the water came 330
 An hollow Groan, that weaken'd all my Frame :
 'Father !' said I, 'have Mercy : '—He replied,
 I know not what—the angry Spirit lied,—
 'Didst thou not draw thy Knife ?' said he :—'Twas
 true,
 But I had Pity and my Arm withdrew :
 He cried for Mercy, which I kindly gave,
 But he has no Compassion in his Grave.

"There were three places, where they ever rose,—
 The whole long River has not such as those,—
 Places accurs'd, where, if a Man remain, 340
 He'll see the things which strike him to the Brain ;
 And there they made me on my Paddle lean,
 And look at them for hours ;—accursed Scene !
 When they would glide to that smooth Eddy-space,
 Then bid me leap and join them in the place ;
 And at my Groans each little villain Sprite
 Enjoy'd my Pains and vanish'd in delight.

"In one fierce Summer-day, when my poor Brain
 Was burning-hot and cruel was my Pain,
 Then came this Father-foe, and there he stood 350
 With his two Boys again upon the Flood ;

There was more Mischief in their Eyes, more Glee
 In their pale Faces when they glar'd at me :
 Still did they force me on the Oar to rest,
 And when they saw me fainting and oppress'd,
 He, with his Hand, the old Man, scoop'd the Flood,
 And there came Flame about him mix'd with Blood ;
 He bade me stoop and look upon the place,
 Then flung the hot-red Liquor in my Face ;
 Burning it blaz'd, and then I roar'd for Pain, 360
 I thought the Dæmons would have turn'd my Brain.

Death
 of
 Peter

“ Still there they stood, and forc'd me to behold
 A place of Horrors—they cannot be told—
 Where the Flood open'd, there I heard the Shriek
 Of tortur'd Guilt—no earthly Tongue can speak :
 ‘ All Days alike ! for ever ! ’ did they say,
 ‘ And unremitted Torments every Day.’—
 Yes, so they said : ”—But here he ceas'd and gaz'd
 On all around, affrighten'd and amaz'd ;
 And still he try'd to speak and look'd in dread 370
 Of frighten'd Females gathering round his Bed ;
 Then dropt exhausted and appear'd at rest,
 Till the strong Foe the vital Powers possess'd ;
 Then with an inward, broken voice he cried,
 “ Again they come,” and mutter'd as he died.

LETTER XXIII

PRISONS

Pœna autem vehemens ac multò sævior illis,
Quas et Cæditius gravis invenit aut Rhadamanthus,
Nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.

—JUVENAL, *Sat.* xiii., line 197.

Think my former state an happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shows us but this,—I am sworn brother now
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death.

—*Richard II.*

PRISONS

The Mind of Man accommodates itself to all Situation
Prisons otherwise would be intolerable — Debtors
their different kinds: three particularly describe
others more briefly—An arrested Prisoner; his Account
of his Feelings and his Situation—The Alleviations
in a Prison —Prisoners for Crimes—Two condemned:
vindictive Female; an Highwayman —The Interval
between Condemnation and Execution—His Feelings
as the Time approaches—His Dream.

LETTER XXIII

PRISONS

'TIS well—that Man to all the varying states Prisons
Of good and ill his Mind accommodates ;
He not alone progressive Grief sustains,
But soon submits to unexperienc'd Pains :
Change after change, all Climes his Body bears ;
His Mind repeated shocks of changing Cares :
Faith and fair Virtue arm the nobler Breast ;
Hope and mere want of Feeling aid the rest.

Or who could bear to lose the balmy Air
Of Summer's Breath, from all things fresh and fair, 10
With all that Man admires or loves below,
All Earth and Water, Wood and Vale bestow,
Where rosy Pleasures smile, whence real Blessings
flow ;
With Sight and Sound of every kind that lives,
And crowning all with Joy that Freedom gives.

Who could from these, in some unhappy Day,
Bear to be drawn by ruthless Arms away,
To the vile Nuisance of a noisome Room,
Where only Insolence and Misery come ?
(Save that the curious will by chance appear,
Or some in Pity drop a fruitless Tear ;)

People To a damp Prison, where the very sight
 get to Of the warm Sun is favour and not right ;
 Endure Where all we hear or see, the Feelings shock,
 them The Oath and Groan, the Fetter and the Lock !

Who could bear this and live ?—Oh ! many a Year
 All this is borne and Miseries more severe ;
 And some there are familiar with the Scene,
 Who live in Mirth, though few become serene.

Far as I might the inward Man perceive,
 There was a constant Effort—not to grieve ;
 Not to despair, for better Days would come,
 And the freed Debtor smile again at home :
 Subdued his Habits, he may Peace regain,
 And bless the Woes that were not sent in vain.

30

Thus might we class the Debtors here confin'd,
 The more deceiv'd, the more deceitful kind :
 Here are the guilty Race, who mean to live
 On Credit, that Credulity will give ;
 Who purchase, conscious they can never pay ;
 Who know their Fate, and traffic to betray ;
 On whom no Pity, Fear, Remorse, prevail,
 Their aim a Statute, their resource a Jail ;—
 These, as the public Spoilers, we regard,
 No Dun so harsh, no Creditor so hard.

A second kind are they, who truly strive
 To keep their sinking Credit long alive ;
 Success, nay Prudence they may want, but yet
 They would be solvent and deplore a Debt ;
 All Means they use, to all Expedients run,
 And are by slow, sad steps at last undone :
 Justly, perhaps, you blame their want of Skill,
 But mourn their Feelings and absolve their Will.

50

The
Debtor

There is a Debtor, who his trifling *all*
 spreads in a Shop; it would not fill a Stall:
 There at one Window his Temptation lays,
 And in new Modes disposes and displays:
 Above the Door you shall his Name behold,
 And what he vends in ample Letters told,
 The words *Repository, Warehouse*, all
 He uses to enlarge Concerns so small:
 He to his Goods assigns some Beauty's Name,
 Then in her Reign, and hopes they'll share her
 Fame;

60

And talks of Credit, Commerce, Traffic, Trade,
 As one important by their Profit made;
 But who can paint the vacancy, the gloom,
 And spare dimensions of one backward Room?
 Wherein he dines, if so 'tis fit to speak,
 Of one day's Herring and the morrow's Steak;
 An Anchorite in diet; all his care
 Is to display his Stock and vend his Ware.

70

Long waiting hopeless, then he tries to meet
 A kinder Fortune in a distant Street;
 There he again displays, increasing yet
 Corroding Sorrow and consuming Debt:
 Alas! he wants the Requisites to rise—
 The true Connections, the availing Ties;
 They who succeed on Certainties advance,
 These are not Times when Men prevail by Chance:
 But still he tries, till, after Years of Pain,
 He finds, with anguish, he has tried in vain.
 Debtors are these on whom 'tis hard to press,
 'Tis base, impolitic, and merciless.

80

To these we add a miscellaneous kind,
 By Pleasure, Pride, and Indolence confin'd;

The Spend-thrift Those whom no Calls, no Warnings could divert,
 The unexperienc'd and the inexpert;
 The Builder, Idler, Schemer, Gamester, Sot,—
 The Follies different, but the same their Lot;
 Victims of Horses, Lasses, Drinking, Dice,
 Of every Passion, Humour, Whim and Vice.

See! that sad Merchant, who but yesterday
 Had a vast Household in command and pay;
 He now entreats permission to employ
 A Boy he needs, and then entreats the Boy.

And there sits one, improvident but kind,
 Bound for a Friend, whom Honour could not bind;
 Sighing, he speaks to any who appear,
 "A treach'rous Friend!—'twas that which sent me
 here :

I was too kind,—I thought I could depend 100
 On his bare word—he was a treach'rous Friend."

A Female too!—it is to her an Home,
 She came before—and she again will come:
 Her Friends have pity; when their anger drops
 They take her home;—she's try'd her Schools and
 Shops—

Plan after Plan;—but Fortune would not mend,
 She to herself was still the treach'rous Friend;
 And wheresoe'er began, all here was sure to end:
 And there she sits as thoughtless and as gay,
 As if she'd Means, and not a Debt to pay— 110
 Or knew to-morrow she'd be call'd away—
 Or felt a Shilling and could dine to-day.

While thus observing, I began to trace
 The sober'd Features of a well-known Face—

Looks once familiar, Manners form'd to please,
And all illumin'd by an Heart at ease :
But Fraud and Flattery ever claim'd a part
(Still unresisted) of that easy Heart ;
But he at length beholds me—" Ah ! my Friend !
And have thy Pleasures this unlucky end ? "

The
Careless
and
Reckless

120

" Too sure," he said, and smiling as he sigh'd ;
I went astray, though Prudence seem'd my Guide ;
All she propos'd I in my heart approv'd,
And she was honour'd, but my Pleasure lov'd—
Pleasure, the Mistress to whose arms I fled,
From Wife-like Lectures angry Prudence read.

" Why speak the Madness of a Life like mine,
The powers of Beauty, Novelty, and Wine ?
Why paint the wanton Smile, the venal Vow,
Or Friends whose worth I can appreciate now ? "

130

" Oft I perceiv'd my Fate, and then would say,
I'll think to-morrow, I must live to-day :
So am I here—I own the Laws are just—
And here, where Thought is painful, think I must :
But Speech is pleasant, this Discourse with thee
Brings to my Mind the sweets of Liberty,
Breaks on the sameness of the place, and gives
The doubtful Heart Conviction that it lives.

" Let me describe my Anguish in the hour
When Law detain'd me and I felt its power.

140

" When in that Shipwreck, this I found my Shore,
And join'd the Wretched, who were wreck'd before ;
When I perceiv'd each Feature in the Face
Pinch'd through Neglect or turbid by Disgrace ;

Prison
compared
to Hades

When in these wasting Forms Affliction stood
In my afflicted view; it chill'd my Blood ;—
And forth I rush'd, a quick Retreat to make,
Till a loud Laugh proclaim'd the dire Mistake :
But when the Groan had settled to a Sigh,
When Gloom became familiar to the Eye, 150
When I perceive how others seem to rest,
With every Evil rankling in my Breast,—
Led by Example, I put on the Man,
Sing off my Sighs and trifle as I can.

“ *Homer ! nay Pope !* (for never will I seek
Applause for Learning—nought have I with Greek)
Gives us the Secrets of his Pagan Hell,
Where Ghost with Ghost in sad Communion dwell ;
Where Shade meets Shade, and round the gloomy
Meads
They glide and speak of old heroic Deeds,— 160
What Fields they conquer'd, and what Foes they
slew,
And sent to join the melancholy Crew.

“ When a new Spirit in that World was found,
A thousand shadowy Forms came flitting round ;
Those who had known him, fond enquiries made,—
‘ Of all we left, inform us, gentle Shade,
Now as we lead thee in our Realms to dwell,
Our twilight Groves and Meads of *Asphodel*.’

“ What paints the Poet, is our station here,
Where we like Ghosts and flitting Shades appear : 170
This is the Hell he sings, and here we meet,
And former Deeds to new-made Friends repeat ;
Heroic Deeds, which here obtain us Fame,
And are in fact the Causes why we came :

Yes! this dim Region is old *Homer's* Hell,
Abate but Groves and Meads of *Asphodel*.

The
Misery
of a
New
Comer

"Here, when a Stranger from your World we spy,
We gather round him and for News apply;
He hears unheeding, nor can Speech endure,
But shivering gazes on the vast Obscure: 180
We smiling pity, and by Kindness show
We felt his Feelings and his Terrors know;
Then speak of Comfort—Time will give him Sight,
Where now 'tis dark; where now 'tis Woe—Delight.

"'Have hope,' we say, 'and soon the Place to thee
Shall not a Prison but a Castle be:
When to the Wretch whom Care and Guilt confound,
The World's a Prison, with a wider bound;
Go where he may, he feels himself confin'd,
And wears the Fetters of an abject Mind.' 190

"But now adieu! those Giant-keys appear,
Thou art not worthy to be Inmate here:
Go to thy World, and to the Young declare
What we, our Spirits and Employments are;
Tell them how we the Ills of Life endure,
Our Empire stable and our State secure;
Our Dress, our Diet, for their use describe,
And bid them haste to join the gen'rous Tribe:
Go to thy World, and leave us here to dwell,
Who to its Joys and Comforts bid farewell." 200

Farewell to these; but other Scenes I view,
And other Griefs and Guilt of deeper hue;
Where Conscience gives to outward Ills her Pain,
Gloom to the Night and Pressure to the Chain:
Here separate Cells awhile in Misery keep
Two doom'd to suffer: there they strive for Sleep;

Doomed By day indulg'd, in larger Space they range,
to Die Their Bondage certain but their Bounds have change.

One was a Female, who had grievous ill
 Wrought in Revenge, and she enjoy'd it still ; 21c
 With Death before her and her Fate in view,
 Unsated Vengeance in her Bosom grew :
 Sullen she was and threat'ning ; in her Eye
 Glar'd the stern Triumph that she dar'd to die ;
 But first a Being in the World must leave—
 'Twas once Reproach ; 'twas now a short Reprieve.

She was a Pauper bound, who early gave
 Her Mind to Vice and doubly was a Slave ;
 Upbraided, beaten, held by rough Control,
 Revenge sustain'd, inspir'd and fill'd her Soul : 22c
 She fir'd a full-stor'd Barn, confess'd the fact,
 And laugh'd at Law and justified the act :
 Our gentle Vicar tried his powers in vain,
 She answer'd not, or answer'd with disdain ;
 Th' approaching Fate she heard without a sigh,
 And neither car'd to live nor fear'd to die.

Not so he felt, who with her was to pay
 The forfeit, Life—with dread he view'd the Day,
 And that short Space which yet for him remain'd,
 Till with his Limbs his Faculties were chain'd : 23c
 He pac'd his narrow Bounds some Ease to find,
 But found it not,—no Comfort reach'd his Mind :
 Each Sense was palsied ; when he tasted Food,
 He sigh'd and said, " Enough—'tis very good."
 Since his dread Sentence, nothing seem'd to be
 As once it was—he seeing could not see,
 Nor hearing, hear aright :—when first I came
 Within his view, I fancied there was Shame,

I judg'd Resentment; I mistook the Air,—
 These fainter Passions live not with Despair;
 Or but exist and die:—Hope, Fear and Love,
 Joy, Doubt and Hate, may other Spirits move,
 But touch not his, who every waking hour
 Has one fix'd Dread, and always feels its power.

The
 Murderer
 240

“But will not Mercy?”—No! she cannot plead
 For such an Outrage;—’twas a cruel Deed:
 He stopp’d a timid Traveller;—to his Breast,
 With Oaths and Curses, was the Danger press’d:—
 No! he must suffer; Pity we may find
 For one Man’s Pangs, but must not wrong Man-
 kind.

250

Still I behold him, every Thought employ’d
 On one dire View!—all others are destroy’d;
 This makes his Features ghastly, gives the tone
 Of his few words resemblance to a groan:
 He takes his tasteless Food, and when ’tis done,
 Counts up his Meals, now lessen’d by that one;
 For Expectation is on Time intent,
 Whether he brings us Joy or Punishment.

Yes! e’en in Sleep th’ impressions all remain,
 He hears the Sentence and he feels the Chain;
 He sees the Judge and Jury, when he shakes,
 And loudly cries, “Not guilty,” and awakes:
 Then chilling Tremblings o’er his Body creep,
 Till worn-out Nature is compell’d to sleep.

260

Now comes the Dream again: it shows each Scene,
 With each small Circumstance that comes between—
 The Call to Suffering and the very Deed—
 There Crowds go with him, follow and precede;

His Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
Dream While he in fancied Envy looks at them : 270
 He seems the Place for that sad Aet to see,
 And dreams the very Thirst which then will be :
 A Priest attends—it seems the one he knew
 In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.

At this his Terrors take a sudden flight,
 He sees his native Village with delight ;
 The House, the Chamber, where he once array'd
 His youthful Person ; where he knelt and pray'd :
 Then too the Comforts he enjoy'd at home,
 The Days of Joy ; the Joys themselves are
 come ;— 280

The Hours of Innocence ;—the timid Look
 Of his lov'd Maid, when first her hand he took
 And told his Hope ; her trembling Joy appears,—
 Her forc'd Reserve and his retreating Fears.

All now is present ;—'tis a moment's gleam
 Of former Sunshine—stay, delightful Dream !
 Let him within his pleasant Garden walk,
 Give him her Arm, of Blessings let them talk.

Yes ! all are with him now, and all the while
 Life's early Prospects and his *Fanny's* Smile : 290
 Then come his Sister and his Village Friend,
 And he will now the sweetest Moments spend
 Life has to yield :—No ! never will he find
 Again on Earth such Pleasure in his Mind :
 He goes through shrubby Walks these Friends among,
 Love in their Looks and Honour on the Tongue ;
 Nay, there's a Charm beyond what Nature shows,
 The Bloom is softer and more sweetly glows ;—

Pierc'd by no Crime, and urg'd by no desire
 For more than true and honest Hearts require,
 They feel the calm Delight, and thus proceed
 Through the green Lane,—then linger in the Mead,—
 Stray o'er the Hearth in all its purple bloom,—
 And pluck the Blossom where the Wild-bees hum ;
 Then through the broomy Bound with ease they pass,
 And press the sandy Sheep-walk's slender Grass,
 Where dwarfish Flowers among the Gorse are spread,
 And the Lamb browses by the Linnet's Bed ;
 Then 'cross the bounding Brook they make their way
 O'er its rough Bridge—and there behold the Bay!— 310
 The Ocean smiling to the fervid Sun—
 The Waves that faintly fall and slowly run—
 The Ships at distance and the Boats at hand :
 And now they walk upon the Sea-side Sand,
 Counting the number and what kind they be,
 Ships softly sinking in the sleepy Sea :
 Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
 The glitt'ring Waters on the Shingles roll'd :
 The timid Girls, half-dreading their design,
 Dip the small Foot in the retarded Brine, 320
 And search for crimson Weeds, which spreading flow,
 Or lie like Pictures on the Sand below ;
 With all those bright red Pebbles, that the Sun
 Through the small Waves so softly shines upon ;
 And those live lucid Jellies which the eye
 Delights to trace as they swim glitt'ring by :
 Pearl-shells and rubied Star-fish they admire,
 And will arrange above the Parlour-fire,—
 Tokens of Bliss!—"Oh ! horrible!—a Wave
 Roars as it rises—save me, *Edward!* save ! " 330
 She cries :—Alas ! the Watchman on his way
 Calls and lets in—Truth, Terror, and the Day.

And
 300 Awaken-
 ing

LETTER XXIV

SCHOOLS

Tu quoque ne metuas quamvis Schola verberare multo
Increpet et truculenta senex geret ora magister ;
Degeneres animos timor arguit : at tibi consta
Intrepidus, nec te clamor plagæque sonantes,
Nec matutinis agitet formido sub horis,
Quòd sceptrum vibrat ferulæ, quòd multa supellex
Virgea, quòd mollis scuticam prætexit aluta,
Quòd fervent trepido subsellia vestra tumultu,
Pompa loci, et vani fugiatur scena timoris.

—AUSONIUS, in *Protreptico ad Nepotem*.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,—
We love the play-place of our early days ;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight—and feels at none :
The wall on which we tried our graving skill :
The very name we carv'd subsisting still ;
The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,
Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, yet not destroy'd.

The little ones unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games and on the very spot ;
As happy as we once to kneel and draw
The chalky ring and knuckle down at taw.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
When first we started into Life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age and at our latest day.

—COWPER.

SCHOOLS

Every kind to be found in the Borough—The School for Infants—The School preparatory: the Sagacity of the Mistress in foreseeing Character—Day-Schools of the lower kind—A Master with Talents adapted to such Pupils: one of superior Qualifications — Boarding-Schools: that for young Ladies; one going first to the Governess, one finally returning home—School for Youth: Master and Teacher; various Dispositions and Capacities—The Miser-Boy—The Boy-Bully—Sons of Farmers; how amused—What Study will effect, examined—A College Life: One sent from his College to a Benefice; one retained there in Dignity—The Advantages in either Case not considerable—Where then the good of a Literary Life?—Answered—Conclusion.

LETTER XXIV

SCHOOLS

TO every Class we have a School assign'd,
Rules for all Ranks and Food for every Mind :
Yet one there is, that small regard to Rule
Or Study pays, and still is deem'd a School ;
That, where a deaf, poor, patient Widow sits,
And awes some thirty Infants as she knits ;
Infants of humble, busy Wives, who pay
Some trifling Price for Freedom through the day.
At this good Matron's Hut the Children meet,
Who thus becomes the Mother of the Street ;
Her Room is small, they cannot widely stray,—
Her Threshold high, they cannot run away :
Though deaf, she sees the Rebel-heroes shout,—
Though lame, her white Rod nimbly walks about ;
With Band of Yarn she keeps Offenders in,
And to her Gown the sturdiest Rogue can pin :
Aided by these, and Spells and tell-tale Birds,
Her Power they dread and reverence her Words.

Schools
for all

To Learning's second Seats we now proceed,
Where humming Students gilded Primers read ;
Or Books with Letters large and Pictures gay,
To make their Reading but a kind of Play—

THE BOROUGH

The "Reading made Easy," so the Titles tell,
- Infant But they who read must first begin to spell :
and Pre- There may be Profit in these Arts, but still
paratory Learning is Labour, call it what you will ;
Schools Upon the youthful Mind an heavy Load,
Nor must we hope to find the Royal Road.
Some will their easy steps to Science show,
And some to Heaven itself their By-way know ; 30
Ah ! trust them not,—who Fame or Bliss would share,
Must learn by Labour, and must Live by Care.

Another Matron of superior kind,
For Higher Schools prepares the rising Mind ;
Preparatory she her Learning calls,
The step first made to Colleges and Halls.

She early sees to what the Mind will grow,
Nor abler Judge of Infant-Powers I know ;
She sees what soon the lively will impede,
And how the steadier will in turn succeed ; 40
Observes the dawn of Wisdom, Fancy, Taste,
And knows what Parts will wear and what will waste ;
She marks the Mind too lively, and at once
Sees the gay Coxcomb and the rattling Dunce..

Long has she liv'd, and much she loves to trace
Her former Pupils, now a lordly Race ;
Whom when she sees rich Robes and Furs bedeck,
She marks the Pride which once she strove to check :—
A Burgess comes, and she remembers well
How hard her task to make his Worship spell ; 50
Cold, selfish, dull, inanimate, unkind,
'Twas but by Anger he display'd a Mind :
Now civil, smiling, complaisant, and gay,
The World has worn th' unsocial Crust away ;

That sullen Spirit now a softness wears,
 And, save by fits, e'en Dulness disappears :
 But still the Matron can the Man behold,
 Dull, selfish, hard, inanimate and cold.
 A Merchant passes ;—" Probity and Truth, *
 Prudence and Patience, mark'd thee from thy Youth." 60
 Thus she observes, but oft retains her Fears
 For him, who now with Name unstain'd appears ;
 Nor hope relinquishes, for one who yet
 Is lost in Error and involv'd in Debt ;
 For latent Evil in that Heart she found,
 More open here, but here the Core was sound.

Various our Day-schools : here behold we one
 Empty and still ;—the Morning Duties done,
 Soil'd, tatter'd, worn, and thrown in various heaps,
 Appear their Books, and there Confusion sleeps ; 70
 The Workmen all are from the Babel fled,
 And lost their Tools, till the return they dread :
 Meantime the Master, with his wig awry,
 Prepares his Books for business by-and-by :
 Now all th' Insignia of the Monarch laid
 Beside him rest, and none stand by afraid ;
 He, while his Troop light-hearted leap and play,
 Is all intent on Duties of the Day ;
 No more the Tyrant stern or Judge severe,
 He feels the Father's and the Husband's Fear. 80

Ah ! little think the timid trembling Crowd,*
 That one so wise, so pow'rful, and so proud,
 Should feel himself, and dread the humble ills
 Of Rent-day Charges and of Coalman's Bills ;
 That while they Mercy from their Judge implore,
 He fears himself—a knocking at the Door ;

Reuben And feels the Burthen as his Neighbour states
Dixon His humble Portion to the Parish-rates.

They sit th' allotted Hours, then eager run,
 Rushing, to Pleasure when the Duty's done : 90
 His Hour of Leisure is of different kind,
 Then Cares domestic rush upon his Mind,
 And half the Ease and Comfort he enjoys,
 Is when surrounded by Slates, Books, and Boys.

Poor *Reuben Dixon* has the noisiest School
 Of ragged Lads, who ever bow'd to Rule ;
 Low in his Price—the Men who heave our Coals,
 And clean our Causeways, send him Boys in shoals :
 To see poor *Reuben*, with his Fry beside,—
 Their half-check'd Rudeness and his half-scorn'd
 Pride,— 100
 Their Room, the Sty in which th' Assembly meet,
 In the close Lane behind the *Northgate Street* ;
 T' observe his vain Attempts to keep the Peace,
 Till tolls the Bell, and Strife on both Sides cease,—
 Calls for our praise ; his Labour Praise deserves,
 But not our Pity ; *Reuben* has no Nerves :
 'Mid Noise and Dirt, and Stench, and Play and Prate,
 He calmly cuts the Pen or views the Slate.

But *Leonard* !—Yes, for *Leonard's* Fate I grieve,
 Who loaths the Station which he dares not leave ; 110
 He cannot dig, he will not beg his Bread,
 All his dependence rests upon his Head ;
 And deeply skill'd in Sciences and Arts,
 On vulgar Lads he wastes superior Parts.

Alas ! what Grief that feeling Mind sustains,
 In guiding Hands and stirring torpid Brains ;

He whose proud Mind from Pole to Pole will move, **Ladies'**
 And view the Wonders of the Worlds above; **Schools**
 Who thinks and reasons strongly :—hard his Fate,
 Confin'd for ever to the Pen and Slate; 120
 True, he submits, and when the long dull Day
 Has slowly past, in weary Tasks, away,
 To other Worlds with cheerful view he looks,
 And parts the Night between Repose and Books.

Amid his Labours, he has sometimes tried
 To turn a little from his Cares aside;
Pope, Milton, Dryden, with delight has seiz'd,
 His Soul engag'd and of his Trouble eas'd;
 When, with an heavy Eye and ill-done Sum,
 No part conceiv'd, a stupid Boy will come: 130
 Then *Leonard* first subdues the rising frown
 And bids the Blockhead lay his Blunders down;
 O'er which disgusted he will turn his Eye,
 To his sad Duty his sound Mind apply,
 And, vex'd in Spirit, throws his Pleasures by. }

Turn we to Schools which more than these afford
 The sound Instruction and the wholesome Board;
 And first our School for Ladies :—Pity calls
 For one soft Sigh, when we behold these Walls,
 Plac'd near the Town, and where, from Window
 high, 140

The Fair, confin'd, may our free Crowds espy,
 With many a Stranger gazing up and down,
 And all the envied tumult of the Town;
 May, in the smiling Summer-eve, when they
 Are sent to sleep the pleasant Hours away,
 Behold the Poor (whom they conceive the blest)
 Employ'd for hours, and griev'd they cannot rest.

Descrip- Here the fond Girl, whose days are sad and few
 tion of a Since dear Mamma pronounc'd the last Adieu,
 Ladies' Looks to the Road, and fondly thinks she hears 15
 School The Carriage-wheels and struggles with her Tears :
 All yet is new, the Misses great and small,
 Madam herself, and Teachers, odious all ;
 From Laughter, Pity, nay Command, she turns,
 But melts in softness, or with anger burns ;
 Nauseates her Food, and wonders who can sleep •
 On such mean Beds, where she can only weep :
 She scorns Condolence—but to all she hates
 Slowly at length her Mind accommodates ;
 Then looks on Bondage with the same concern 16
 As others felt, and finds that she must learn
 As others learn'd—the common Lot to share,
 To search for Comfort and submit to Care.

There are, 'tis said, who on these Seats attend,
 And to these ductile Minds Destruction vend ;
 Wretches to Virtue, Peace, and Nature, Foes
 To these soft Minds, their wicked Trash expose ;
 Seize on the Soul, ere Passions take the sway,
 And lead the Heart, ere yet it feels, astray :
 Smugglers obscene !—and can there be who take 17
 Infernal pains, the sleeping Vice to wake ?
 Can there be those, by whom the Thought defil'd
 Enters the spotless Bosom of a Child ?
 By whom the Ill is to the Heart convey'd,
 Who lend the Foe, not yet in Arms, their Aid,
 And sap the City-walls before the Siege be laid ? }

Oh ! rather skulking in the By-ways steal,
 And rob the poorest Traveller of his Meal ;
 Burst through the humblest Trader's bolted Door ;
 Bear from the Widow's Hut her Winter-Store ; 18

With stolen Steed, on Highways take your stand,
 Your Lips with Curses arm'd, with Death your Hand;—
 Take all but Life—the virtuous more would say,
 Take Life itself, dear as it is, away,
 Rather than guilty thus the guileless Soul betray. } **The
 Misery
 of the
 Young**

Years pass away—let us suppose them past,
 Th' accomplish'd Nymph for Freedom looks at last :
 All Hardship over, which a School contains,
 The Spirit's Bondage and the Body's Pains ;
 Where Teachers make the heartless, trembling set 190
 Of Pupils suffer for their own regret ;
 Where Winter's Cold, attack'd by one poor Fire,
 Chills the fair Child, commanded to retire ;
 She felt it keenly in the Morning Air,
 Keenly she felt it at the Evening Prayer.
 More pleasant Summer ; but then Walks were made,
 Not a sweet Ramble, but a slow Parade ;
 They mov'd by Pairs beside the Hawthorn-hedge,
 Only to set their Feelings on an edge ;
 And now at eve, when all their Spirits rise, 200
 Are sent to rest, and all their Pleasure dies ;
 Where yet they all the Town alert can see,
 And distant plough-boys pacing o'er the Lea.

These and the Tasks successive Masters brought—
 The French they conn'd, the curious Works they
 wrought :

The hours they made their taper Fingers strike,
 Note after Note, all dull to them alike ;
 Their Drawings, Dancings on appointed days,
 Playing with Globes, and getting Parts of Plays ;
 The tender Friendships made 'twixt Heart and
 Heart, 210
 When the dear Friends had nothing to impart :—

Boarding All! all! are over;—now th' accomplish'd Maid
School Longs for the World, of nothing there afraid:
for Boys Dreams of Delight invade her gentle Breast,
 And fancied Lovers rob the Heart of rest;
 At the paternal Door a Carriage stands,
 Love knits their Hearts and *Hymen* joins their Hands.

Ah!—World unknown! how charming is thy View,
 Thy Pleasures many, and each Pleasure new:
 Ah!—World experienc'd! what of thee is told? 220
 How few thy Pleasures, and those few how old!

“Within a silent Street, and far apart
 From Noise of Business, from a Quay or Mart,
 Stands an old spacious Building, and the Din
 You hear without explains the Work within;
 Unlike the whispering of the Nymphs, this noise
 Loudly proclaims a “Boarding-School for Boys:”
 The Master heeds it not, for thirty years
 Have render'd all familiar to his ears;
 He sits in comfort, 'mid the various sound 230
 Of mingled tones for ever flowing round;
 Day after day he to his Task attends,—
 Unvaried toil, and care that never ends;
 Boys in their works proceed; while his employ-
 Admits no change, or changes but the Boy;
 Yet time has made it easy; he beside
 Has Power supreme, and Power is sweet to Pride:
 But grant him Pleasure;—what can Teachers feel,
 Dependent Helpers always at the Wheel?
 Their Power despis'd, their Compensation small, 240
 Their Labour dull, their Life laborious all;
 Set after set the lower Lads to make
 Fit for the Class which their Superiors take;

The Road of Learning for a time to track
 In roughest state, and then again go back :
 Just the same way on other Troops to wait,—
 Attendants fix'd at Learning's lower Gate.

The
 Boy
 Miser

The Day-tasks now are over,—to their Ground
 Rush the gay Crowd with joy-compelling sound ;
 Glad to illude the Burdens of the day, 250
 The eager Parties hurry to their Play :
 Then in these hours of Liberty we find
 The native bias of the opening Mind ;
 They yet possess not skill the Mask to place,
 And hide the Passions glowing in the Face ;
 Yet some are found—the close, the sly, the mean,
 Who know already all must not be seen.

Lo! one who walks apart, although so young,
 He lays restraint upon his eye and tongue ;
 Nor will he into scrapes or dangers get, 260
 And half the School are in the Stripling's debt :
 Suspicious, timid, he is much afraid
 Of Trick and Plot :—he dreads to be betray'd ;
 He shuns all Friendships, for he finds they lend,
 When Lads begin to call each other Friend :
 Yet Self with Self has war ; the tempting sight
 Of Fruit on sale provokes his Appetite ;—
 See ! how he walks the sweet Seduction by,
 That he is tempted, costs him first a sigh,—
 'Tis dangerous to indulge ! 'tis grievous to deny : } 270
 This he will choose, and whispering asks the
 Price,
 The Purchase dreadful, but the Portion nice ;
 Within the Pocket he explores the Pence,
 Without, Temptation strikes on either Sense,

The Boy Tyrant The sight, the Smell ;—but then he thinks again,
 Of Money wasted ! when no taste remain.
 Meantime there comes an eager thoughtless Boy,
 Who gives the Price and only feels the Joy :
 Example dire ! the youthful Miser stops,
 And slowly back the treasur'd Coinage drops : 280
 Heroic deed ! for should he now comply,
 Can he to-morrow's Appetite deny ?
 Beside, these Spendthrifts who so freely live,
 Cloy'd with their Purchase, will a portion give :—
 Here ends Debate, he buttons up his Store,
 And feels the comfort that it burns no more.

Unlike to him the Tyrant-boy, whose sway
 All Hearts acknowledge ; him the Crowd's obey
 At his Command they break through every Rule ;
 Whoever governs, he controls the School : 290
 'Tis not the distant Emperor moves their Fear,
 But the proud Viceroy who is ever near.

Verres could do that mischief in a day,
 For which not Rome, in all its power, could pay ;
 And these Boy-tyrants will their Slaves distress,
 And do the Wrongs no Master can redress :
 The Mind they load with fear ; it feels disdain
 For its own baseness ; yet it tries in vain
 To shake th' admitted power ;—The Coward comes |
 again :
 'Tis more than present pain these Tyrants give, 300
 Long as we've Life some strong impressions live ;
 And these young Ruffians in the Soul will sow
 Seeds of all Vices that on Weakness grow.

Hark ! at his word the trembling Younglings flee,
 Where he is walking none must walk but he ;

The
Bully

See! from the Winter-fire the Weak retreat,
 His the warm Corner, his the favourite Seat,
 Save when he yields it to some Slave to keep
 Awhile, then back, at his return, to creep;
 At his command his poor Dependants fly, 310
 And humbly bribe him as a proud Ally;
 Flatter'd by all, the notice he bestows
 Is gross abuse, and bantering and blows;
 Yet he's a Dunce, and spite of all his fame
 Without the Desk; within he feels his shame:
 For there the weaker Boy who felt his scorn,
 For him corrects the Blunders of the Morn;
 And he is taught, unpleasant truth! to find
 The trembling Body has the prouder Mind.

Hark! to that shout, that burst of empty noise, 320
 From a rude set of bluff, obstreperous Boys;
 They who, like Colts let loose, with vigour bound,
 And thoughtless spirit, o'er the beaten ground;
 Fearless they leap, and every Youngster feels
 His *Alma* active in his hands and heels.

These are the Sons of Farmers, and they come
 With partial fondness for the Joys of Home;
 Their Minds are coursing in their Fathers' Fields,
 And e'en the Dream a lively pleasure yields;
 They, much enduring, sit th' allotted hours, 330
 And o'er a Grammar waste their sprightly powers:
 They dance; but them can measur'd steps delight,
 Whom Horse and Hounds to daring deeds excite?
 Nor could they bear to wait from meal to meal,
 Did they not slyly to the chamber steal,
 And there the produce of the basket seize,
 The Mother's Gift! still studious of their ease.

Youth Poor *Alma*, thus oppressed, forbears to rise,
 the Seed But rests or revels in the arms and thighs.¹
 Time of
 Life

* "But is it sure that Study will repay 340
 The more attentive and forbearing?"—Nay!
 The Farm, the Ship, the humble Shop have each
 Gains which severest Studies seldom reach.

At College place a Youth, who means to raise
 His State by Merit and his Name by Praise;
 Still much he hazards; there is serious strife
 In the contentions of a Scholar's life:
 Not all the Mind's attention, care, distress,
 Nor Diligence itself ensure success:
 His jealous heart a Rival's powers may dread, 350
 Till its strong feelings have confus'd his head,
 And, after days and months, nay, years of pain,
 He finds just lost the object he would gain.

But grant him this and all such Life can give,
 For other Prospects he begins to live;
 Begins to feel that Man was form'd to look,
 And long for 'other object than a Book:
 In his Mind's eye his House and Glebe he sees,
 And farms and talks with Farmers at his ease;
 And Time is lost, till Fortune sends him forth 360
 To a rude World unconscious of his worth;
 There in some petty Parish to reside,
 The College-boast, then turn'd the Village-guide;
 And though awhile his Flock and Dairy please,
 He soon reverts to former Joys and Ease,

¹ Should any of my Readers find themselves at a loss in
 this place, I beg leave to refer them to a Poem of Prior,
 called *Alma*, or *The Progress of the Mind*.

Glad when a Friend shall come to break his rest,
 And speak of all the Pleasures they possess'd,—
 Of Masters, Fellows, Tutors, all with whom
 They shar'd those Pleasures, never more to come ;
 Till both conceive the times by Bliss endear'd, 370
 Which once so dismal and so dull appear'd.

The
 Student

But fix our Scholar, and suppose him crown'd
 With all the Glory gain'd on Classic ground ;
 Suppose the World without a sigh resign'd,
 And to his College all his care confin'd ;
 Give him all Honours that such states allow,
 The Freshman's terror and the Tradesman's bow ;
 Let his Apartments with his taste agree,
 And all his Views be those he loves to see ;
 Let him each day behold the savory treat, 380
 For which he pays not, but is paid to eat ;
 These Joys and Glories soon delight no more,
 Although withheld, the Mind is vex'd and sore :
 The Honour too is to the place confin'd,
 Abroad they know not each superior Mind :
 Strangers no *Wranglers* in these Figures see,
 Nor give they Worship to an high degree ;
 Unlike the Prophets is the Scholar's case,
 His Honour all is in his Dwelling-place :
 And there such Honours are familiar things, 390
 What is a Monarch in a crowd of Kings ?
 Like other Sovereigns he's by Forms addressed,
 By Statutes govern'd, and with Rules oppress'd.

When all these Forms and Duties die away,
 And the day passes like the former day,
 Then of exterior things at once bereft,
 He's to himself and one Attendant left ;

Study Nay, *John* too goes ; nor aught of Service more
and its Remains for him ; he gladly quits the door,
Pleasures And, as he whistles to the College-gate, 400
 He kindly pities his poor Master's fate.

Books cannot always please, however good ;
 Minds are not ever craving for their Food ;
 But Sleep will soon the weary Soul prepare
 For Cares to-morrow, that were this day's Care ;
 For Forms, for Feasts, that sundry times have past,
 And formal Feasts that will for ever last.

“ But then from Study will no Comforts rise ? ” —
 Yes ! such as studious Minds alone can prize ;
 Comforts, yea ! — Joys ineffable they find, 410
 Who seek the prouder Pleasures of the Mind :
 The Soul, collected in those happy hours,
 Then makes her efforts, then enjoys her powers ;
 And in those seasons feels herself repaid,
 For Labours past and Honours long delay'd.

No ! 'tis not worldly Gain, although by chance
 The Sons of Learning may to Wealth advance ;
 Nor Station high, though in some favouring hour
 The Sons of Learning may arrive at Power ;
 Nor is it Glory, though the public Voice 420
 Of honest Praise will make the heart rejoice :
 But 'tis the Mind's own Feelings give the Joy,
 Pleasures she gathers in her own employ—
 Pleasures that Gain or Praise cannot bestow,
 Yet can dilate and raise them when they flow.

For this the Poet looks the World around,
 Where Form and Life and reasoning Man are found ;

He loves the Mind, in all its modes, to trace,
 And all the Manners of the changing Race;
 Silent he walks the Road of Life along,
 And views the aims of its tumultuous throng :
 He finds what shapes the Proteus-Passions take,
 And what strange waste of Life and Joy they make,
 And loves to show them in their varied ways,
 With honest Blame or with unflattering Praise :
 'Tis good to know, 'tis pleasant to impart,
 These turns and movements of the human Heart ;
 The stronger features of the Soul to paint,
 And make distinct the latent and the faint ;
 Man as he is, to place in all men's view,
 Yet none with rancour, none with scorn pursue :
 Nor be it ever of my Portraits told—
 “ Here the strong lines of Malice we behold.”

Con-
 clusion

430

440

THIS let me hope, that when in public view
 I bring my Pictures, Men may feel them true ;
 “ This is a Likeness,” may they all declare,
 “ And I have seen him, but I know not where : ”
 For I should mourn the mischief I had done,
 If as the Likeness all would fix on One.

Man's Vice and Crime I combat as I can,
 But to his GOD and Conscience leave the Man ;
 I search (a Quixote !) all the Land about,
 To find its Giants and Enchanters out,
 (The Giant-Folly, the Enchanter-Vice,
 Whom doubtless I shall vanquish in a trice :)
 But is there Man whom I would injure ?—No !
 I am to him a Fellow, not a Foe,—

450

Con- A Fellow-Sinner, who must rather dread
clusion The Bolt than hurl it at another's head.

No ! let the Guiltless, if there such be found, ⁴¹
Launch forth the Spear, and deal the deadly Wound
How can I so the cause of Virtue aid,
Who am myself attainted and afraid ?
Yet as I can, I point the powers of Rhyme,
And, sparing Criminals, attack the Crime.

This edition of "The Borough," printed from the first edition of the poem, published by Hatchard (London), in 1810, has been edited by Mr. HENRY WILLIAMS, M.A., who has collated the text, supplied the marginalia, and added the notes at the end of the book.

LONDON, *February* 1903.

NOTES

The Frontispiece is reproduced from the pencil drawing by Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

Letter

- I. Line 9.—*He who sang so well the Grecian Fleet, i.e. Homer, cf. more especially Iliad, Books II., XV.*
- I. Line 52.—*Hoy . . . Snows.*—A *hoy* was a large one-decked boat, usually sloop-rigged; a *pink*, a boat with a narrow stern, carrying a lug-sail; *sloop*, a one-masted, cutter-rigged vessel, with fixed bowsprit and somewhat smaller sails than a cutter; *brig*, a two-masted, square-rigged vessel; *brigantine*, also a two-masted vessel with the mainmast of a schooner and the foremast of a brig; *snow*, differed from the brig in having the boom-mainsail transversely on the trysail mast, instead of hooped to the mainmast.
- I. Line 138.—*Pool*, usually applied to that part of the mouth of a river which has been utilised as a harbour basin.
- II. Lines 115–120.—*Cf. Horace, Odes, I. iv. 13. "Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas," &c.*
- III. Line 131.—*Ancient Sternhold.*—Sternhold and Hopkins' Psalter, which used to be attached to the Book of Common Prayer.
- III. Line 211.—*His Euripides.*—His edition of the great Greek tragic poet.
- IV. Line 75.—*Should Dioclesian . . . Constantine.*—Emperors of the Roman world, though the latter was more identified with the Empire of the East, through founding Constantinople near the site of Byzantium. Dioclesian (*b. 245, d. 313 A.D.*; reigned 284–305 A.D.) was the type of the persecutor of Christianity; Constantine (*b. 274, reigned 305–337 A.D.*), its patron.

Letter

- IV. Line 168.—*Swedenborgians*—or Swedenborgians—the disciples of Emanuel Swedenborg (1688–1772), who founded what is now known as the New Jerusalem Church.
- IV. Line 253.—*Julian* (b. 331, reigned 355–363 A.D.), usually called the Apostate from having abjured Christianity, though the nobility of his life was an example to many Christians. He wished to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem so as to falsify prophecy, but was stopped by singular manifestations of divine displeasure, which even Gibbon had to admit were authenticated.
- IV. Line 266.—*Calvinistic . . . Arminian*.—The former the system of theology formulated by John Calvin (1509–1564), the fundamental doctrine of which was that Christ died only for the elect; the latter, that enunciated by Jacobus Arminius, otherwise Jakob Harmensen (1560–1609), the central tenet of which was that Christ died for all men, and wille that all should attain everlasting life, though many may fail to do so.
- IV. Line 283.—*Epictetus . . . Seneca*.—*Epictetus*, Stoic philosopher of Rome, born circa 50 A.D., was alive in 123 A.D., but date of death is unknown. Originally a slave, owned by Epaphroditus, favourite of Nero, he was manumitted, and became a philosopher. Banished by Domitian with the other Roman philosophers, he settled at Nicopolis in Eperus. His *Enchiridion* (Handbook) and *Commentaries* (Eight Books) were collected by his disciple Arrian.
- Seneca* (b. 4 B.C., d. 65 A.D.), Roman philosopher inclined to Stoicism, but with a desire to effect a union between it and the principles of Epicurus. Appointed tutor to Nero, he acquired great influence over him, until the bestial and brutal instincts of the Emperor broke through all restraint, and he conceived a hatred for Seneca as strong as formerly had been his love. This led to the philosopher being falsely accused of conspiracy, and condemned to death; he opened his own veins, and gradually bled to death. He was a man of varied genius, and, in addition to a large number of philosophical works, was the author of several poems and dramas.

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- IV. Line 316.—*Twenty-thousand Prize*.—A reference to the system of lotteries, which were so popular at the beginning of the nineteenth century.
- IV. Line 392.—*John the Elder . . . the John Divine*.—A reference to the question whether the "John" mentioned by Irenæus as living in Ephesus was the Apostle or another, John "the Presbyter," who though a follower of the Lord was not an Apostle. On this question some make the authenticity of the Apocalypse to rest.
- IV. Line 471.—*Apollyon*.—Cf. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Part I., the battle between Christian and Apollyon.
- IV. Line 493.—*Paul at Athens*.—Cf. Acts xvii. 15-34.
- IV. Line 531.—*Dagons fall*.—Cf. 1 Samuel v. 1-5.
- V. Line 50.—*Gretna-Green*.—A village of Dumfriesshire, N.B., ten miles from Carlisle. After the passing of Lord Hardwicke's Act in 1754 had rendered marriages at the Fleet illegal, persons desirous of marrying in opposition to the wishes of parents or guardians had to get out of England. As Gretna was the nearest Scots village, hither all runaway couples resorted, where they were married by a blacksmith or an inn-keeper as the case might be. Sometimes two hundred runaway marriages were celebrated in the year.
- VIII. Line 38.—*The Fleet*.—The Fleet Prison, a famous London gaol which stood on the east side of Farringdon Street, on what was called Fleet Market. It took its name from the Fleet River, which flowed into the Thames. The date of the erection of this prison is unknown, but it was in existence in 1170. After the Restoration it became a debtors' prison, and became infamous for the cruelty and barbarity there perpetrated by the officials. Here too were "solemnised"—to quote the term used—the abominable Fleet marriages, which were prohibited in 1754 (see *ante*, note V. 50). The Fleet was demolished in 1842.
- VIII. Line 67.—*Tumblers, Croppers, Carriers*.—The chief varieties affected by pigeon-fanciers.
- VIII. Line 79-81.—*Purple Emperor, Camilla, Adonis, Paphia*.—Various kinds of butterflies prized by entomologists.

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- X. 308.—*Hiram*, the skilful operator sent by his namesake Hiram, king of Tyre, to Solomon to superintend the adornment of the Temple. Hiram the operative is regarded by Freemasons as the founder and first Master of the Order.
- XI. Line 11.—*Mistress of a Village-school*.—Cf. Shenstone's schoolmistress.
- XI. Line 14.—*Belinda's Lock*.—The reference here is to Pope's *Rape of the Lock*.
- XI. Line 74.—*Gracious Caroline*.—The unfortunate and misjudged wife of George IV. There may have been faults on both sides—for George had many good traits, and kindheartedness was one of them—yet no one can help feeling that Caroline never received justice at the hands of her spouse and his friends.
- XI. Line 133.—*Circe*, the enchantress of the island *Æaea*, who changed the companions of Ulysses into swine, but was powerless to do the same to the hero, who was protected by the herb *moly*. He demanded the restoration of his companions, which Circe granted, and owning herself defeated loaded him with honours. See *Odyssey*, Book X.
- XII. Line 31.—“*My Horse! my Horse*.”—Cf. *Richard III.*, Act V. iv. 7.
- XII. Line 43.—*Thespis*, the reputed “inventor” of the drama. He flourished about 540 B.C. Hence players are called “children of Thespis.”
- XII. Line 122.—“*O Hamlet . . . twain*.”—Cf. *Hamlet*, III. iv. 156.
- XII. Line 175.—*Quin, Clive, Roscius, Garrick*, the names of great Roman and English actors. Quintus Roscius (circa 123–62 B.C.), the greatest comic actor of Rome, the friend of Cicero, and his instructor in eloquence, a service the orator afterwards requited by defending Roscius against C. Fannius Chaerea in the speech *Pro Q. Roscio Comoedo*. James Quin (1693–1766), the greatest actor of the early part of the eighteenth century, before Garrick eclipsed his fame. His best parts were Falstaff, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Cap-

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tain Macheath, in the *Beggar's Opera*. David Garrick (1717-1779), one of the greatest of English actors, and the reformer of the theatre from the debasement into which it had fallen. He was as great in comedy as in tragedy, and the parts with which his name was associated were manifold. Kitty Clive (1711-1785), a delightful comedy actress, associated in turn with Quin and Garrick.

XIII. Line 311. — Friendly Islands or Tonga Group, 250 miles E.S.E. of Fiji. When Crabbe wrote, the inhabitants were noted for their savage customs and hostility to missionary enterprise. They are now all Christians, and the islands, under the beneficent rule of King George I. (1818-1893), have adopted many European institutions, including parliaments and elective representation.

XIV. Lines 92, 94. — *Blount, Mandeville, and Chubb: Hume.* — Charles Blount (1654-1693), one of the leaders in the deistical movement, wrote *Anima Mundi, Janua Scientiarum, Vindication of Learning*. He died by his own hand. Bernarde de Mandeville (1670-1733), one of the most distinguished deistical writers, whose *Fable of the Bees* may still be read with interest, and his *Origin of Moral Virtue* and *Origin of Society* created a storm of controversy in their day. Thomas Chubb (1679-1746), a deistical writer, who had more enthusiasm than learning. His works are *Reason a Sufficient Guide in Religion* (1731), *The True Gospel of Jesus Christ* (1738), *Discourse on Miracles* (1741). David Hume (1711-1776), distinguished as philosopher, historian, man of letters, and administrator. His *Essays*, his *Treatise on Human Nature*, his *Enquiry Concerning the Human Understanding* are standard works. His *Essay on Miracles* is contained in his *Essays Moral and Political*.

XV. Line 55. — *Lovelace of his Day.* — The name of one of the leading characters in Richardson's novel, *Clarissa Harlowe*.

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- XV. Line 170.—*Edgeworths, Smiths, and Radcliffes*.—Names of leading novelists at the opening of the nineteenth century. Maria Edgeworth (1767–1849), the painter of Irish middle-class life. Her best works are *Castle Rackrent*, *The Absentee*, and *Ormond*. Horace Smith (1779–1849), with his brother James (1775–1839), the author of *Rejected Addresses*, also wrote a number of popular novels—*Brambletye House*, *Tor Hell*, &c. Mrs. Ann Radcliffe (1764–1823), the greatest writer of the School of Terror which English fiction has produced. Her *Sicilian Romance* (1790), *Romance of the Forest* (1791), *Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), *The Italian* (1797) are marvels of constructive skill, but the style is too diffuse.
- XVI. Line 5.—“*The fiery Front that Bardolph . . . Tavern-Door*.”—A reference to *Henry IV*, Act III. iii. 27–54.
- XVII. Line 46.—*Roman Necks in one . . . wound*.—The wish expressed by Caligula.
- XVII. Line 179.—“*Socrates or Solon*.”—Socrates (469–399 B.C.), founder of Greek ethical science, and the wisest man of his age. After living a life devoted to the good of his fellows, he was condemned to drink hemlock. His life and work are drawn from diverse points of view by Plato and Xenophon. Solon (640–559 B.C.), the law-giver of Athens.
- XVIII. Line 30.—*Zad*, the old pronunciation of the letter Z.
- XXIII. Line 155.—*Homer, Pope*.—Homer (c. 800 B.C.), the great Greek epic poet, whose *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—the former the story of the Trojan War, the latter that of the wanderings of Ulysses—take rank amongst the most perfect works of genius in the literature of the world. Alexander Pope (1688–1744), a great English poet and translator of Homer into English heroic verse.
- XXIII. Line 157–162.—This passage refers to Homer’s description of the descent of Ulysses to Hades, *Odyssey*, Book XI.

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- XXIII. Line 168.—*Asphodel*, a species of evergreen and long flowering herbs of the order *Liliaceæ*. From the length of time they remain in flower they were selected as the typical flowers of the Elysian fields, and reference to them occur continually in Greek poetry.
- XXIV. Line 293.—*Verres*, a Roman pro-praetor in Sicily (73–71 B.C.), whose extortions were so infamous that he was indicted, the prosecution being entrusted to Cicero. So terrible was his accusation in the orations *In Verrem* (only two of which were spoken) that the defendant acknowledged his defeat and guilt by flight.

THE END

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